

METHODIST REVIEW

SEPTEMBER, 1926

PETER CARTWRIGHT AND HIS COMPEERS

W. S. MATTHEW

Berkeley, Cal.

IN the beginning and development of the American nation, thus far, there have been three clearly marked centers of influence—three great streams of political power and spiritual life. Massachusetts produced John Adams, "the Town Meeting Man," "the Boston Tea Party," and "the Concord Philosophers." It also gave us Daniel Webster, the leonine orator and "expounder of the Constitution," as well as Wendell Phillips and William Lloyd Garrison, the leading spirits in the anti-slavery movement that finally shook the continent.

Virginia early came to be known as "the Mother of Presidents." On her soil were reared not only Patrick Henry, the fiery orator of the colonial period, but Thomas Jefferson, who wrote the Declaration of Independence, and George Washington, whose military genius proved more than a match for the trained legions of Britain, and whom his proud fellow citizens delighted to call "the Father of his Country." Massachusetts and Virginia fought shoulder to shoulder during the Revolution; "hand in hand they stood round the administration at Washington," the blood of their sons mingled in the soil of every Revolutionary battlefield; nevertheless, two distinct and essentially antagonistic theories of government issued from these two representative centers, and finally met in the awful clash which decided the destiny of the New World.

Now, curiously enough, the final forensic battlefield for these mutually exclusive theories of democratic government was on the soil of Illinois—the pivotal State of the Middle West. John Fiske

has drawn attention to the fact that "township government," the New England plan for the local unit of democracy in America, traveled steadily westward, conquering the tier of powerful new States bordering on the Great Lakes, while "county government," the theory of Virginia and the South, with equal persistency, came to dominate all the States south of the Ohio River. The county government idea suited the South, with its large plantations cultivated by slaves, and controlled by a widely scattered population of masterful landowners and leaders of thought. "County Court" day brought all classes once a year to the "Great Assize"; power was centered in the sheriff and the county judge; political influence was confined to the favored few.

On the other hand, the township plan, with its annual "town meeting," put power into the hands of the common people, and developed the local spirit of independence. The one system produced shrewd and thoroughly trained leadership; the other prepared common men for combined action and intelligent citizenship.

Northern Illinois had township government; the southern half of the State at first had county government. For half a century these antagonistic systems of local government struggled there for mastery. Township government won out, and then the whole great West came under that system, clear to the Pacific Coast.

There can be no proper understanding of the history of America during the latter half of the nineteenth century without a careful study of the political, social and religious forces that struggled for the mastery of the Middle West. The advocates and defenders of Negro slavery claimed the right of introducing the system into the new and growing territories of the West, while those who opposed slavery on principle everywhere and always resisted this claim with every power at their command.

No part of America has at any period of our history produced a galaxy of political leaders more puissant than those who strove for the mastery of Illinois in the period from 1840 to 1865. But towering above them all, and by common consent the two national figures who in their persons and political leadership typified the whole struggle for national supremacy, were Stephen A. Douglas of Chicago and Abraham Lincoln of Springfield. And how strange

it was that Douglas, the idol of the pro-slavery party, was born and raised in New England, while Lincoln, the great "free-soiler," was a product of Kentucky, one of the slave States!

From 1846 to 1861 the State of Illinois, from end to end, was little else than a great political debating society. Industry went on, to be sure, and religion was not forgotten; but the one all-absorbing business was the study of national politics. Unless it might be Athens in the days of Pericles, no single spot of earth in any age ever so seethed with political discussion as did Illinois during the period mentioned. Every town and city had its political debating club, and even the scattered farmers organized "Lyceums" in the schoolhouses and country churches, where they met week by week for the discussion of the all-engrossing questions of political and national life.

Besides all this, the country was new. Forests were to be leveled, vast stretches of prairie had to be broken up by sod plows, rivers must be bridged, homes and schools and churches erected—in short, foundations were being laid for the vast new physical and intellectual empire of the West. The waves of immigration brought into the valleys of the Ohio and the Mississippi much of the best blood of the older States, and of Europe as well. But the bad came along with the good. There was a struggle going on in the moral and religious life of the people just as marked and just as vital as that in the political life of the times. Indeed, these two struggles were at times strangely interwoven. It was a life and death battle. What decided the fate of the Middle West and of the nation? No less a personage than the "backwoods preacher." There was no power adequate to the solution of this problem save the gospel of Jesus Christ; and there could be no messenger equal to the task of preaching the gospel to the ever-moving, turbulent and divided settlers save the preacher on horseback, who followed the emigrant trail to its end amid the dense forests, or on to the lonely prairies, preached law and order to the disunited and factious, and brought the power of love and peace to the hearts of the lonely and discouraged. Roosevelt, in his incomparable story of *The Winning of the West*, has given due and proper credit to the itinerant preachers who followed the people on their voyages in

the prairie schooners, everywhere, and without whose labors their divided and scattered settlements never could have been welded together into orderly communities and States.

Nobody doubts that in the political struggle "there were giants in those days." It is not too much to say that in all the essentials of leadership among men the Methodist preachers of Illinois were their equals, if not their superiors. Among them were Jesse Walker, who roamed over five nascent States with his gospel message; Levi J. Pitner, who in a single year had a thousand conversions, while pastor in Quincy, Illinois; James L. Crane, father of Dr. Frank Crane; Peter Akers, author of a great work on Bible chronology, and who in 1837, at the "Salem Church" Camp Meeting, six miles west of Springfield, preached the great sermon on the eternal conflict between Christianity and human slavery which made such a profound impression upon the mind of Abraham Lincoln, then a young lawyer of twenty-eight. Ida M. Tarbell tells the story of the discussion of the sermon as Lincoln and his friends rode homeward after the service. "It was the most instructive sermon, and he is the most impressive preacher I have ever heard," Lincoln said. "It is wonderful that God has given such power to men. I firmly believe his interpretation of prophecy, so far as I understand it, and especially about the breaking down of civil and religious tyrannies; and odd as it may seem, when he described those changes and revolutions, I was deeply impressed that I should be somehow strangely mixed up with them." Later he is reported to have said to his law partner, "Herndon, I can't get that sermon out of my mind. My destiny seems strangely bound up with the destruction of slavery."

Such was the character and the caliber of the leaders among the "saddle-bags men" of Illinois, who during the first half of the nineteenth century threaded the primeval forests of the Middle West, swam the rivers, forded the creeks, roamed the prairies, preached in homes and schoolhouses and barns; led countless thousands of the early settlers to become earnest followers of Jesus, and literally turned the moral and political world upside down.

And among all the men of great intellect and herculean labors, there was one man who outdid them all. Peter Cartwright

had perhaps the smallest scholastic training of any of them, but in vigor of mind, in pulpit power, in length of service and sweep of influence he was the greatest of them all.

His active ministry extended over a period of sixty-five years. For full fifty years—not quite consecutive—he was a presiding elder. He was a member of thirteen General Conferences, and was often elected at the head of his delegation.

Writing in 1856 he gives a brief and incomplete summary of his labors during fifty-three years: Sermons preached, 14,600; received into the church by letter and on probation, 10,000 persons; children baptized, 8,000; adults, 4,000. And then he adds: "I am in the seventy-second year of my natural life. I have outlived hundreds and thousands of my contemporary ministers and members. . . . Why I live, God only knows. I certainly have toiled and suffered enough to kill a thousand men, but I do not complain. Thank God for health and strength that have borne me up, and borne me on; thank God that during my long and exposed life as a Methodist preacher I have never been overtaken with any scandalous sin, though my shortcomings and imperfections have been without number."

Let us now consider briefly what were the elements in this unique personality which made him great, and that in spite of his lack of early education:

1. He was well born. His father was a soldier of the Revolution; his mother an orphan girl, well brought up.

Peter Cartwright first saw the light of day September 1, 1785, in Amherst County, Virginia. Soon after the United Colonies had gained their independence, the Cartwrights, with many others, removed to Kentucky. Here, surrounded by wild Indians, and accustomed to the toils and privations incident to frontier life, Peter grew up a strong, wild, rollicking, adventurous youth. His mother was a devout and intelligent Christian; his father was an unsaved man, disposed to avoid, as far as possible, the influences of the church and religion. When Peter was sixteen years of age he went with his father and his oldest half-brother to a wedding, a few miles away, where there was dancing and much drinking. He avers that he drank but little that evening; his delight was in

dancing. "After a late hour at night," writes the young man, "we mounted our horses and started home. I was riding my race horse. A few minutes after we had put up the horses, and were sitting by the fire, I began to reflect on the manner in which I had spent the day and evening. I felt guilty, and walked the floor. My mother was in bed. It seemed to me, all of a sudden, my blood rushed to my head, my heart palpitated, and in a few minutes I turned blind; an awful impression rested on my mind that death had come and I was unprepared to die. I fell on my knees and began to ask God to have mercy on me."

As one might well imagine, it did not take long for his mother to spring out of bed and get her arms around the boy, to pray for him and point him to Jesus Christ, the sinners' Friend. She prayed for him long and earnestly. But he had no peace that night, and little sleep. Next day he gave up his race horse to his father and asked him to sell him. For days he was in agony, reading the Bible and praying in secret places. "Soon it was noised abroad that I was distracted," so he writes, "and many of my associates in wickedness came to see me, to try and divert my mind from those gloomy thoughts of my wretchedness; but all in vain. I exhorted them to desist from the course of wickedness which we had been guilty of together. The class leader and local preacher were sent for. They tried to point me to the Bleeding Lamb; they prayed for me fervently. Still I found no comfort, and . . . was sorely tempted to believe I was a reprobate, and doomed, and lost eternally, without any chance of salvation." Still he continued to pray, alternately buoyed up by hope and depressed with agonizing fears. Finally, about three months later, Peter attended a grove meeting held by Presbyterian and Methodist ministers conjointly, where he was gloriously saved.

That was in May of 1801. In June of the same year Peter united with the Methodist Church. He was then sixteen years of age. When seventeen he was licensed by Jesse Walker to exhort, and "That," he says, "was the only parchment I ever received until my ordination at the hands of Bishop Asbury."

2. His life was filled with untiring devotion to the ministry. When he was nineteen years of age, namely, in 1804, he was re-

ceived on trial in the Western Conference, which in those days embraced not only Kentucky and Tennessee, but extended far south in Mississippi, northward into Ohio and Indiana, and finally over Illinois and into Missouri. Cartwright's labors were at first in Tennessee and Kentucky, but soon he is read out for the Chillicothe Circuit in Ohio; then he is in the Valley of the Wabash in Indiana, and, finally, in 1824, is transferred to the Illinois Conference.

Cartwright was born and brought up amid the influences of slavery, and he remained a Democrat in politics to the day of his death. But this is what he says of his transfer to Illinois: "I had seen with painful emotions the increase of a disposition to justify slavery, and our preachers, by marriage and other ways, became more and more entangled with this dark question." So, against the remonstrance of a multitude of friends, he decided to remove to a free State or Territory.

So in the spring of 1823 he, in company with two friends, made a tour of discovery on horseback through central and northern Illinois, and in the following year he was transferred and appointed to Sangamon Circuit. He had, the year before, bargained for a home at Pleasant Plains, twelve miles west of Springfield, and this became the permanent family residence. He was thirty-nine years old, and had been preaching twenty years. Two years later he was again appointed presiding elder, and reappointed continuously until 1869, when he had completed half a century in that important office.

3. Peter Cartwright was possessed of great physical strength, and a courage so perfect that fear seems never even to have entered his mind. Like John Knox, he feared neither man nor devil. The coming of a mob of hoodlums armed with clubs and revolvers to break up his camp meetings seemed to give him a sort of holy exaltation, and his leadership never once failed to put them to flight. His will was indomitable. He says that early in life it became his settled principle never to consider any duty impossible until at least he had tried with all his might to perform it. In the General Conference of 1844 he opposed with all his power the plan of division, without success. In the General Conference of 1848,

with equal determination, he fought against recognizing the division as legally binding—and won. Face to face and foot to foot he fought the aggressions of slavery, both within the church and without, while with equal warmth he castigated the unwise Abolitionists of the North. With all his being he wrought, in a mighty determination to carry the gospel of life to the last man, while he opposed luxury in the church, paid choirs and pewed houses of worship. Like Job's warhorse, he always scented the battle from afar; he never pawed up the ground in the valley with any mock bravery, but where the real fighting was thickest, there his plume was always waving.

4. But we must not forget what Peter Cartwright owed to the helpmeet God had given him. She was a quiet, unobtrusive woman of great piety, poise of character, executive force and patient resourcefulness. She it was who kept "the home fires burning," managed the farm and trained the fine family of two boys and six girls. Three of the daughters married Methodist preachers, all of whom rose to prominence in the Conference.

In 1880, under appointment of my presiding elder, I preached at Pleasant Plains and held the Quarterly Conference for Rev. W. E. Johnson, the pastor. There I saw the modest but commodious farmhouse that had been the home of Peter Cartwright and his family for over fifty years. In the plain wooden church where I preached they showed me the pew from which, only a few months before, "Grandma Cartwright" had gone home. She was like Anna the Prophetess, "of a great age," and was always to be found in the house of God when his people were gathered there. She survived her husband several years. Her death was a quiet translation. At the weekly prayer meeting she arose and gave a beautiful testimony, adding as she closed, "I am all packed up and ready to go, expecting the carriage may stop at my door any moment to carry me home." Resuming her seat, she bowed her head in silent prayer, as was her wont, and the meeting went on to its close. Noticing that she did not stir, her granddaughter touched her shoulder, saying, "Grandma, Grandma, the meeting is over, and we are all going home." But Grandma did not reply. She had ascended to join her husband in the skies.

5. Peter Cartwright was above all a resourceful, magnetic and powerful preacher. His success was marvelous, and it was practically uniform. The power of God always accompanied the word, in his earlier ministry, at least, no matter how untoward the circumstances.

I have wished often that someone had given us a discriminating pen picture of the great backwoods circuit rider in the days of his strength. He must have revealed a striking and compelling personality. When, in 1865, I was converted and joined the church at Zion Chapel, formerly the famous "Horse Creek Meeting House," Cartwright was serving his fourth and last year on the Springfield District. He was then eighty years of age. His shoulders were bent with the burdens of the years, his voice was at times tremulous, but his deep-set black eyes still flashed ominous fires from under his shaggy brows, and he was even yet "a master of assemblies." If I might judge by the two sermons I heard from him that summer, I should say his power in the pulpit was greatly enhanced by his vivid word pictures, his brilliant sarcasm, and the readiness with which he could turn from pleasantry in illustration to play upon the deeper emotions of the spirit. He knew as well as John B. Gough that the fountains of laughter and of tears lie near together. Human, he was a true humorist, but humor sweeps the whole range of human feeling.

In the first of the sermons above referred to Cartwright arraigned with all his powers of ridicule the preaching of certain "transcendentalists," as he called them, who were wont to obfuscate the minds of men with discussions of what they themselves did not really understand. "I went to hear one of these fellows myself, not long ago," he said, "for I honestly wanted to know what he would say. I early perceived that this man was leaving the solid ground, but I determined to follow, no matter where he should go. Soon he began to ascend into the air, but I got him by the bootstraps, determined that he should not get away from me. But when I discovered that I too was being lifted off the solid ground of good sense, I let go my hold of him and came back to earth. Where he went after that I do not know. But I do know, as I did then, that we can trust in the Lamb of God that taketh away the

sin of the world, and know we are saved." The effect of this climax you can imagine, but I cannot describe.

In the second sermon the topic was "Christ Our Glorious Leader," and his peroration ended substantially in these words: "My father was a soldier of the Revolution, and fought under Washington for the liberties we enjoy to-day. I have never been a soldier myself, though during our late struggle I helped more than one brave officer to secure the full quota of his company or regiment to fight for the Union. Too old to enter the ranks myself, I was glad to aid in this way." Then, suddenly, as by fire from heaven, his words flashed forth: "But for more than sixty-one years now I have been a recruiting officer for Jesus Christ; I have seen thousands enlisting under the blood-stained banner of the great Captain of our salvation, and I now call upon you all, young and old, to rally to the standard of the Lord our King!" And his words and his manner stirred men to their depths.

When the General Conference met in Boston in 1852, Cartwright found to his dismay that the exaggerated reports of his eloquence and power were a sorry preparation for his preaching there. He tried it for two Sundays, but then told Joseph Cummings that he would not preach again in Boston. "Your pewed churches and paid singers and stuck-up minds make your people incapable of knowing a good sermon when they see it—I am done."

It is not generally known, but in 1828 Cartwright was elected to the Illinois Legislature "on a platform distinctly opposed to the extension of slavery." Here he served two terms, having beaten Abraham Lincoln in the campaign of 1832, strange as that may seem. In 1846 he was nominated for Congress. Lincoln was again his opponent. During the autumn Cartwright was conducting a camp meeting. Lincoln was campaigning in the neighborhood and went to hear his opponent preach. Near the close of the service Cartwright gave a fervid exhortation and asked all who hoped to get to heaven to stand up. All save Lincoln rose to their feet. Then the preacher unwisely said, "All who expect to go to hell, please stand." No one stirred. Then Peter, looking straight at his political opponent, said, "Mr. Lincoln, I notice that you did not rise to either of these propositions. May I respectfully in-

quire where do you expect to go?" Of course the audience was on the *qui vive* at once, not knowing what to expect. But Lincoln quietly rose to his six feet four, looked round a moment, and then said, "Well, Mr. Cartwright, I came in here quietly to worship, not expecting to say anything; but if I must answer your personal question, *I expect to go to Congress!*" And go he did. The great backwoods preacher had met his match.

It would be easy to moralize on the career of this striking and unusual character—easy to criticize his manners and his methods. He was by no means uncouth in person or method; but he was basally untrained—uneducated in the broadest, truest sense. If Cokesbury College had not twice been burned to the ground and then left to perish, young men like Cartwright would have entered its doors for the completer training they so much desired. As it was, Cartwright put himself under the direction of his presiding elder, William McKendree, and for years pursued a vigorous course of study, so that he actually became a close thinker, a cogent reasoner, an unusually well informed man. And it is perfectly fair to say that being one of the common people himself, inured to hardship as they were, he knew how to reach them. With deft hand he played upon their deeper emotions, and under the power of the Spirit of God, he moved them mightily. He knew Methodism, its history, its doctrines and its system of government—and he loved the church more than he loved his life. He loved America. His patriotism was inseparably linked up with his religion. He was a wise master builder, not only for the church, but for the government of human society. He was, in a sense profoundly true, a providential man. God raised him up for such a time as that. He and his compeers laid deep and broad the foundations. They left upon the church and the nascent nation an indelible impress. Literally turning the world upside down, they saved society and the nation.

Illinois, "the Great Prairie State," with its thousands of Methodists, might well erect an equestrian statue of heroic mold to show her appreciation of Peter Cartwright and his compeers, who helped to make her great and free. And it ought to stand in Oak Ridge Cemetery, not too far from the tomb of Abraham Lincoln.

HOURS WITH DOCTOR SAMUEL JOHNSON

CHARLES McCAMIE

Wheeling, W. Va.

THERE are different kinds and fashions in collecting. Some are bug collectors, some are rug collectors, some are flower collectors, others are bulb collectors, stamp collectors, print collectors, picture collectors, poster collectors, and so on. One is reminded that

Large fleas have little fleas upon their backs to bite 'em.
Little fleas have smaller fleas, and so ad infinitum.

So in book collecting each author has his following with this difference. The famous old books of the world in first editions are in many cases beyond the purses even of millionaires. Who would not love to own a first edition of *The English Book of Common Prayer* (1549)? It is easy to name a hundred of the most famous books in the world one would rather own in first editions than a great deal of the gold in Lucifer. Among these are:

Coverdale Bible (first complete Bible in English) . .	1535
Paradise Lost	1667
Pilgrim's Progress	1678
Religio Medici	1642
Vicar of Wakefield	1766
Way of the World	1700
Gulliver's Travels	1726
First Folio of Shakespeare	1623
Second Folio	1632
Gray's Elegy	1751
Robinson Crusoe	1719
Pope's Essay on Man	1733
Kilmarnock Edition of Robert Burns	1786

And the list has not yet been begun. None of the so-called later-day writers have been mentioned: Keats, Shelley, Byron, Wordsworth, Leigh Hunt.

What would you give for a copy of the Gutenberg Bible? This Bible, bear in mind, was the first book in the world printed

from movable type, and it appeared fifty years before Columbus made his famous voyages west that led to the opening of a new world. This past winter at an auction sale in New York, \$106,000 was paid for the Melk copy (now in the library of Yale University) and Dr. A. Edward Newton has placed the sentimental value of the Gutenberg Bible at one million dollars. Bibles also have their collectors, too.

Following the introduction of printing from movable types came the rise of bookmaking in Venice, Italy, and to this day examples of old printing in Venice delight the world. There is a volume printed in Venice in 1550, bound in vellum, and a finer piece of printing with pictures printed from wood cuts is hard to be seen. To add to its attractiveness, this volume has in it a book-plate of David Garrick with his famous motto in French:

"La premiere chose qu'on doit faire quand on a emprunte un livre, c'est de le lire afin de pouvoir le rendre plutot."

Who was David Garrick? The most noted actor in England in his day. David Garrick has his collectors. Garrick went to London in the same conveyance with Samuel Johnson. Both poor, extremely so. In talking of this trip to London made in 1737 said Johnson, "I came to London with two pence half-penny in my pocket." Garrick, overhearing him, exclaimed, "Eh, what do you say, with two pence half-penny in your pocket?" "Yes," says Johnson, "when I came with two pence half-penny in my pocket, and thou, Davy, with three half pence in thine." There is a peculiar connection between Johnson and Garrick, both of whom are from Litchfield. Garrick, the younger by seven years, had been one of the three pupils in Johnson's academy at Edial, near Litchfield. This pair set out for London on March 9, 1737. Johnson then had two possessions, part of the manuscript of the tragedy of "Irene" and "two pence half-penny" in his pocket, and Davy with "three half pence" in his. Both became famous—Garrick, the pupil, distancing the teacher in immediate fame and fortune; and making a fortune which apparently went to his head. In October, 1741, we find Garrick appearing as Richard III. Six months before his first appearance had been incognito. Within

six months he had appeared in eighteen characters, and from December, 1741, he appeared in his own name. Johnson wrote the prologue which was spoken by Garrick in Drury Lane, 1747. Garrick, it is said, used to delight London audiences with his mimicry of Johnson and his wife, Tetty, with her "bosom of more than ordinary protuberance, with swelled cheeks of a florid red produced by thick painting and increased by the liberal use of cordials, flaring and fantastic in her dress and affected both in her speech and general behaviour." Johnson's "Irene" was not produced until 1749, when Garrick was the manager of the theater. Garrick wrote kindly verses on Johnson's Dictionary, which verses appeared in April, 1755, in both the Public Advertiser and the London Magazine. Garrick, too, was the original of Prospero in No. 200 of Johnson's Rambler. After his death, Johnson prompted Thomas Davies to write the *Life of David Garrick*, supplying the early part of Garrick's life and "several diverting anecdotes."

Johnson has been dead over 140 years, but to-day there is more interest in him than when he lived. With all this, his writings and books are in the discard. He is scarcely ever read; few wreaths, if any, are laid on his tomb, although there is an annual pilgrimage to his place of interment. His fame and name are fresh to this day, and that this is true is in a large measure owing to James Boswell's *Life of Samuel Johnson*.

Note that I say that this is in a large measure owing to Boswell. I qualify because it is claimed that Johnson would be equally as great without Boswell's Life. "Johnson without Boswell" may exist, as Sir Walter Raleigh contends, but that Johnson does exist with Boswell is beyond the peradventure of a challenge.

And who is Boswell? Called by some a "curious cub," by others a great fool, yet without a doubt he wrote a great book. I am not of the class who believe that the stream rises higher than its source. A fool is ever a fool; a great man is ever a great man. "Pygmies are pygmies still though perched on Alps, and pyramids are pyramids in vales."¹

This book appeared in its first edition in 1791 in two large folio volumes. Seventeen hundred copies were printed and it is

¹ Young's Night Thoughts.

already a rare book and seldom seen outside of the libraries of collectors. Let us read the title page and see what Boswell promised:

"The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D., comprehending an account of his studies and numerous works, in chronological order; a series of his epistolary correspondence and conversations with many eminent persons; and various original pieces of his composition, never before published. The whole exhibiting a view of literature and literary men in Great Britain for near half a century during which he flourished."

Did Boswell keep his promise? We will read in the work references to the most noted men of his day. It is hard to determine where to begin or where to end. Addison is there, Pope, Akenside, the Dukes of Argyle of Scotland, Ascham, Lord Auchinleck, Edmund Burke, Joseph Barretti, a colored man, Francis Barber, Fielding, Topham Beauclerc and his wife, Lady Diana, Sir William Blackstone, Dr. Hugh Blair, Lord Bolingbroke, the Boswells, the King of England, John Wilkes, Lord Chesterfield, Fanny Burney, Oliver Goldsmith, the Campbells, Sir Robert Chambers, Sir Joshua Reynolds, William Pitt, the Walpoles, Colley Cibber, Dr. Dodd, a minister of the gospel, who was hanged for forgery, Adam Smith, David Hume, the Thrales, General Paoli, the Garricks, the Cumberlands. I stop naming names through utter inability to make a complete list.

The book is a roll of literature. Scarcely a book or known subject in the then literary world but is the object of comment in the life. And such comment. Boswell doesn't spare even himself. "Who is this Scotch cur at Johnson's heels?" someone asked. Says Oliver Goldsmith, "He is not a cur. He is only a bur. Tom Davies flung him at Johnson in sport, and he has the faculty of sticking."

Tom Davies was the bookseller who had the pretty wife who always caused Johnson when he saw her to repeat that part of the Lord's prayer, "Lead us not into temptation."

Boswell met Johnson on his second visit to London in 1763. Johnson had published his great *Dictionary of the English Language* in 1755 and was well known before Boswell. But as Goldsmith said, Boswell was a Scotch "bur" and he stuck. The result

of his sticking has been to give us the greatest biography in the world.

How would you like to read of Oliver Goldsmith and his love of clothes; with his bloom-colored coat, of the story of the giving of the *Vicar of Wakefield* to the world! Read Boswell. The latter is good enough to repeat:

"I received one morning," so Johnson told Boswell, "a message from poor Goldsmith that he was in great distress, and as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had got a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me that he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it, and saw its merit; told the landlady I should soon return, and having gone to a bookseller, sold it for 60 pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill."

That book was the famous *Vicar of Wakefield*, in first edition selling now for nearly \$2,000. Note Johnson's language, "I put the cork into the bottle." A modern prohibitionist could not do much more.

Goldsmith, of whom Garrick wrote the couplet:

"Here lies Nolly Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll,
Who wrote like an angel, and talk'd like poor Poll"

—this same Goldsmith made perhaps the best retort to Johnson in a tilt in conversation on little fishes: "The skill," said Goldsmith, "consists in making them talk like little fishes." Johnson began to laugh, upon which Goldsmith said: "Why, Dr. Johnson, this is not so easy as you seem to think; for, if you were to make little fishes talk, they would talk like whales."

Was this comment of Goldsmith justified? Take some of Doctor Johnson's writings; for example, his definition of "network" in his dictionary: "Anything reticulated or decussated at equal distances with interstices between the intersections" and "reticulated" in turn becomes "made of network; formed with

interstitial vacuities." Notwithstanding this, the value of the Dictionary was in its definitions, and it is said of Robert Browning that when he adopted literature as a profession, "He qualified himself for it by reading and digesting the whole of Johnson's Dictionary."

This great Dictionary of the English language remained for practically a century an unrivaled authority. But what scenes of sickness and sorrow, inconveniences and distractions it witnessed! Johnson himself in his celebrated "Preface" wanted the world to understand that it was written with "little assistance of the learned, without any patronage of the great" and "not in the soft obscurities of retirement or under the shelter of academic bowers." Seven years were occupied in the task, six amanuenses were employed, five of whom were Scotch, the whole completing the work in a garret in Gough Square. In the midst of it all his wife, the beloved "Tetty," died, March 17 (O. S.), 1752.

Until his death, Johnson never ceased to be devoted to her memory. Thus in his *Prayers and Meditations*, 1770, "This is the day on which, in 1752, I was deprived of my poor dear Tetty." "When I recollect the time in which we lived together, my grief for her departure is not abated." "It is now eighteen years." Again in 1776, "The time is again at which, since the death of my poor dear Tetty, on whom God have mercy, I have annually commemorated the mystery of redemption and annually purpose to amend my life."

On Easter Day, April 22, 1764, his memorandum says, "Thought on Tetty, poor dear Tetty, with my eyes full. Went to church. After sermon, I recommended Tetty in a prayer by herself, and my father, mother, brother and Bathurst in another. I did it only once so far as it might be lawful." On January 23, 1759, the day his mother was buried, he, as far as it was lawful, commends her soul to God, imploring for her whatever is most beneficial to her in her present state.

The Dictionary was not a failure, notwithstanding Johnson's statement "that if our language is not here fully displayed, I have only failed in an attempt which no human powers have hitherto completed." Carlyle said of it, "Had Johnson left nothing but his

Dictionary, one might have traced there a great intellect, a genuine man. Looking to its clearness of definition, its general solidity, honesty, insight and successful method, it may be called the best of all Dictionaries." Until a generation ago, in the London Times, supported by the authority of the Dictionary, Courtney's Bibliography says it was compulsory to spell it "diocess."

But to go on with Boswell's Life.

What is there more pathetic than the story of Doctor Dodd, the minister of the gospel who came to be known as the "unfortunate"? This man Doctor Johnson never saw in his life, yet he concerned himself because the man was in distress, and he tried to save his life. Doctor Dodd was convicted of forgery, and forgery was then a capital offense; and when all else had failed and it was known that Dodd must die, Johnson wrote him:

"Be comforted, your crime morally or religiously considered, has no very deep dye of turpitude. It corrupted no man's principles; it attacked no man's life. It involved only a temporary and reparable injury."

Becky Sharp thought it was easy to be good on 5,000 pounds a year. But poor Dodd didn't have the pounds, so he forged the name of Lord Chesterfield to a note for 4,200 pounds and got the money, of which he returned 3,000 pounds. Lord Chesterfield was persistent, and Dodd died on the end of a rope. Long afterward Chesterfield was razing a brother peer in the House of Lords with the question; "When did you kill a highwayman last?" and was met with the answer, "When did you last hang a parson?"

While Dodd was in prison awaiting execution, Johnson wrote for him, "The Convict's Address to His Unhappy Brethren." He also wrote a petition for his pardon, but it was not to be, and Dodd wrote to Johnson:

"Accept, thou great and good heart, my earnest and fervent thanks and prayers for all thy benevolent and kind efforts on my behalf."

It is told of the execution that some medical friends had advised that if the knot was tied in a particular manner Dodd's life could be saved. The hangman fixed the rope as desired and Dodd was told not to move, but Dodd died in the hanging.

But what about Johnson himself and his companions? He

literally dressed like a beggar before he got his pension, and there is authority that he even lived like one.

Mrs. Piozzi relates that Johnson said to her, "There is little pleasure in relating the anecdotes of beggary."

The pension came in 1762, seven years after the first edition of his Dictionary, priced at 4 pounds 10 shillings, and six years after the second edition appeared. And what a turmoil the pension caused! Cowper, commenting upon the treatment of Milton in Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, "Oh, I could thresh his old jacket till I made his pension jingle in his pocket." His Dictionary definition of *pension* was, "An allowance made to anyone without an equivalent. In England it is generally understood to mean pay given to a state hireling for treason to his country."

The pension was only 300 pounds a year, payable quarterly, and it was never afterwards increased. It came without solicitation from the King, George III, and it can now be truly said that the pension was one of the peculiar glories of that King and his reign.

When the pension was offered, the pension definition gave Johnson concern. His friend, Joshua Reynolds (afterwards Sir) was called upon and asked of the propriety of his accepting the pension after the dictionary definition of "pension." Sir Joshua took the night to think it over and then answered that it was clear that there could be no objection to Johnson receiving the pension as a reward for literary merit, and that the definition did not apply to him. It is known that Johnson accepted, and said, "The English language does not afford me terms adequate to express my feelings on this occasion. I must have recourse to the French. I am pénétré with his Majesty's goodness."

During this period, so mean was his appearance at his best, that on one occasion when he was visiting a lady of fashion, on entering the house he was seized by a servant with, "Where are you going?" The servant was stopped by Mr. Joshua Reynolds, but it is said that Johnson growled all the way upstairs. Who can blame him much? His appearance on the street was the occasion of a mob gathering, which may have been occasioned by his gait walk, and his appearance, caused in part by the "serophula,"

for which he was touched by Queen Anne, and for which he was later cut, so that the under part of his face was seamed and scarred.

While writing the "Idler," he had one chair with three legs, and upon having a visitor, he would place the chair against the wall or hold it in his hand.

Fancy eating at the table with one so extremely shortsighted that he "throws his meat anywhere but down his throat," pours a large quantity of wine in a glass and drains it greedily, and in "mental distempers" would splash those at the table with him.

"Herculean strength and stentorian voice

A trembling form and distorted sight,
But firm in judgment and in genius bright,
In controversy seldom known to spare,
But humble as the Publican in prayer."

Never to be forgotten is his rebuke to Lord Chesterfield in connection with the Dictionary, for a slight, real or otherwise. Lord Chesterfield, according to Allen Lyel Reade, in his *Johnsonian Gleanings*, was a relative by marriage to Johnson, a fact of which probably both were then unaware. Some years before, Sir William Stanhope, the brother of Lord Chesterfield, had married a Miss Crowley, great niece to the wife of Johnson's cousin, "Parson Ford," brilliant, but notorious. Johnson, who had never had a patron before, dedicated the Plan of the Dictionary to Lord Chesterfield, yet seven long years of sickness and sorrow, inconveniences and distractions, he had witnessed since the "Plan" had been addressed to the "patron." But not a word from the patron, until on the eve of its publication, Lord Chesterfield wrote two letters recommending the work in a newspaper, *The World*. The poor, struggling scholar proclaimed his independence of a patron. He had gone through his seven years to the verge of publication without a word, "without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favor."

"The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary and cannot impart it; till I am known and do not want it."

"The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with love and found him a native of the rocks."

"Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a Patron before." This said the end, because it was the death knell of patronage.

Of Lord Chesterfield's papers, Horace Walpole's *Noble Authors*, Vol. I, p. 536, says:

"His papers in recommendation of Johnson's Dictionary were models of that polished elegance which the pedagogue was pretending to ascertain, and which his own style was always heaving to overload with tautology, and the most barbarous confusion of tongues. The friendly patronage was returned with ungrateful rudeness by the proud pedant; and men smiled without being surprised at seeing a bear worry his dancing master."

After the appearance of the Dictionary in 1755, money did not flow in upon him. He had received at various times during its progress the amount of his contract, and on March 16, 1756, we find him under arrest for a debt of five pounds eighteen shillings, upon which he wrote to William Richardson, the author of "Clarissa," entreating his assistance. Richardson sent six guineas, or in terms of modern money—disregarding the current rate of exchange—eight shillings, or two dollars, more than the debt. So reduced in extremity was he that Johnson gave up his quarters in Gough Square, and took even meaner ones in Gray's Inn—then to Inner Temple Lane, where he lived in poverty and total idleness, when on one occasion he was without pen, ink or paper. Here he lived when the pension was awarded him and after its award Johnson gave up his chambers in the Temple and took up quarters in Johnson's Court, Fleet Street.

Horace Walpole said of him:

"With a lumber of learning and some strong parts, Johnson was an odious and mean character. By principle a Jacobite, arrogant, self-sufficient, and overbearing by nature, ungrateful, through pride, and of feminine bigotry, he had prostituted his pen to party even in a dictionary, and had afterwards for a pension contradicted his own definition. His manners were sordid, supercilious, and brutal, his style ridiculously bombastic and vicious; and in a single word, with all the pedantry, he had all the gigantic littleness of a country schoolmaster."

Not only was he so attacked, but he was threatened with a libel suit at the instance of the Crown itself. "*Excise*" was its cause. The Dictionary defined it as "a hateful tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged not by the common judges of property, but wretches hired by those to whom excise is paid."

Johnson survived the attacks and comments and now, one hundred and forty years after his death, we are still talking Doctor Johnson, but this is in spite of the pension.

Johnson was introduced to James Boswell in 1763 in the back parlor of Tom Davies' book shop in Russell Street, Covent Garden. In 1765 came the famous Literary Club—that club without a name, founded by Reynolds with nine original members. In the same year he was introduced to Henry Thrale.

This Literary Club was originally composed of Sir Joshua Reynolds (the proposer of it to Johnson), Doctor Johnson, Mr. Edmund Burke, Doctor Nugent, Hon. Topham Beauclerc, Mr. Bennett Langdon, Dr. Oliver Goldsmith, Mr. Chamier and Sir John Hawkins (afterwards an executor and author of a "Life"). Turk's Head, Gerrard Street, Soho, was the meeting place, one evening every week at seven.

Beauclerc (who through Charles II, whom he is said to have resembled, was descended from Henry IV of France) wrote in 1773 to Lord Charlemont, "If you do not come here, I will bring all the club over to Ireland to dine with you and that will drive you here in your defense. Johnson *shall spoil your books*; Goldsmith pull your flowers; and Boswell will talk to you; stay then if you can."

Beauclerc, that brilliant mind of whom Doctor Johnson said: "Topham Beauclerc has wit, and everything comes from him with ease; but when I say a good thing, I seem to labour"—Beauclerc, with all his wit, his talk without effort, is said to have been so filthy in his person as to germinate vermin. Yet when he lay sick of the disease of which he died, Doctor Johnson paid him the great compliment of saying, with a voice faltering with emotion, "Sir, I would walk to the extent of the diameter of the earth to save Beauclerc." Nothing finer is to be found unless the sympathetic kindness of General Robert E. Lee to General

Stonewall Jackson in our own Civil War. After Jackson had been wounded, which resulted in his death, General Lee is said to have called and have said to him, "Sir, you have lost your left arm, but I have lost my right arm."

Beauleclerc returned this feeling of affection, for on the frame of his portrait of Doctor Johnson he had inscribed from Horace, *Satires* I, 3. 33, "— Ingenium ingens inculto latet hoc sub corpore." ("Underneath this rude, uncouth disguise, A genius of extensive knowledge lies."—Francis' translation.) After Beauleclerc's death, the picture falling into the hands of Bennett Langton, another of Johnson's friends, the inscription was eliminated, to which Doctor Johnson said, "It was kind of you to take it off, and not unkind of him to put it on."

One beggarly in appearance, the other filthy and dirty; living in a mean part of London, the object of ridicule and scorn; living for a while on 8 pence a day, 6 pence for a slice of meat, one for bread and one for tips to the waiter, in the neighborhood of another mean street, called Porridge Island, the world may never again witness the equal.

In this Grub Street section of London we find, in the period of Johnson's life, various characters gathered around him. Samuel Boyce (1708-49), a literary dunce who was killed by being run over by a hackney coach while drunk. Boyce at times had his clothes in pawn, and for want of clothes, used to while away the time in bed with his arms poked through two holes in the blanket, and in this method composed and wrote Latin verse. Richard Savage, commemorated by Johnson in his "Lives," and said to have been the illegitimate son of Countess Maclesfield, was of the circle. Savage had the unusual experience of eating with the blue ribbands of Saint James Square and being tried and condemned for murder, pardoned, and later dying in a sponging house—a debtor's prison—a term defined in Johnson's Dictionary as "A house to which debtors are taken before commitment to prison, where the bailiffs sponge upon them, or riot at their cost." Savage would live by begging. When he had money he lived on venison and champagne. It is related of Savage that when it was the fashion for men to wear scarlet coats trimmed with gold lace, he was met on

the street one day by Johnson so attired, but his naked toes were at the time peeping through his shoes. John Hoole, the Tailor, who translated Tarso and Aristo, and who wrote a narrative on the Doctor's end, was another of the group.

Johnson believed he could give a better history of Grub Street than any other man living, and he probably thought, as did Hazlett Cockney, that he would rather be hanged in London than die a natural death elsewhere.

Johnson then had some bottle friends around him. Perhaps this is what he meant when under "To bottle" in his Dictionary he defines it, "Bottle is often compounded with other words; as bottle-friend, a drinking-friend; bottle-companion. Sam, who is a very good bottle-companion, has been the diversion of his friends."—Quoted from Addison's Spectator, No. 89.

Goldsmith, dubbed "ursa minor," in contradistinction to Johnson, dubbed "ursa major," with jealousy of his friend, Doctor Johnson, was also luminary of this circle. To Johnson he dedicated "She Stoops to Conquer." Goldsmith in his time thought the English Grammar of Johnson in the beginning of his Dictionary the best in our language. Goldsmith, though, does not appear in the *Lives of the Poets*, as Johnson did not select the names to appear therein, and it is said that Goldsmith's poems are not included owing to a difficulty about the copyright.

Into his Fleet Street household came Johnson's Grub Street friends, and he supported them. Blind and poor Mrs. Williams, who had to be placated before Johnson would dine with John Wilkes; Mrs. Desmoulin, poor as Mrs. Williams, and her daughter, called by Johnson "Polly."

The old quack doctor, Robert Levett, "of every friendless name the friend," whom Goldsmith described as "poor and honest, which is enough to Johnson," was a character, practicing chiefly among the poor, and accepting as fees strong drink, which was not poured out, and such other incidentals as the patients had. He seemed to feel that he must get a fee of everything. Levett married a street walker, she thinking him connected with royalty, and he thinking she was rich. His sudden death was the occasion of a great poem by Johnson:

"In Misery's darkest caverns known
His ready help was ever nigh,
Where hopeless anguish pour'd his groan
And lonely want retir'd to die.

"No summons mock'd by chill delay,
No petty gains disdain'd by pride,
The modest wants of every day
The toil of every day supply'd.

"His virtues walk'd their narrow round,
Nor made a pause, nor left a void;
And sure th' Eternal Master found
The single talent well employ'd."

Also in this household was the black servant of Johnson, "Frank Barber." So he lived in torment for years, enduring insults from them with the utmost patience.

Here was Johnson, the literary dictator of London, the leader of the Club, at the Turk's Head, Soho, with a representative gathering: Goldsmith, of poetry; Reynolds, of art; Burke, of political eloquence; Gibbons, the historian; Jones, the linguist; Garrick, the mimic; Langton, Greek literature; Beauclerc, the sarcastic wit; Johnson, the bear and the dictator of London's literarii.

Shakespeare died in 1616. The first folio was published in 1623, and if you have \$25,000 you want to spend for one book, you may be able to buy a copy; the second folio appeared in 1632; the third folio in 1664, and the rarity of this third has led to the supposition that a large number of the copies were destroyed in the great fire of London in 1666. The fourth folio appeared in 1685.

The first attempt to edit Shakespeare occurred in 1709 (by Rowe). Then came Pope's edition in 1723; then Lewis Theobald's edition in 1733; Thomas Hanmer's edition in 1744; Bishop Warburton's edition of 1747; Samuel Johnson's edition of 1765.

Johnson had been engaged on this work for many years. He had the scheme in mind as early as 1745. It was promised by Christmas, 1757, and after that was postponed from time to time. Boswell tells us that Johnson was engaged on the work year after year. Johnson, as was the custom of his day, had collected part-payment from time to time, had spent the money and had lost

his subscription books with the list of names; when he was attacked in 1762 by Charles Churchill, in the lines:

"And what to serve our private ends,
Forbids the cheating of our friends?"

So in 1765, after a lapse of twenty years, we have Johnson's edition of Shakespeare.

Doctor Johnson's views on America would not meet with popular approval to-day. He hated democracy in all its forms and never lost an opportunity to say something bitter on this subject. Boswell's "Life" is full of quotations of Johnson's language. Those who are curious may also read two of his political pamphlets, *The Patriot*, 1774, and *Taxation no Tyranny*, an answer to the resolutions and address of the American Congress, 1775. Boswell speaks of *The Patriot* as "written with energetic vivacity" and praises it, except those passages in which it endeavors to justify the attempt to reduce our fellow-subjects in America to unconditional submission. Of the *Taxation no Tyranny*, Boswell says he was "constrained to say" his opinion was unfavorable, and then he comments: "It was congenial with the sentiments of numbers at that time."

Macauley thought that Boswell was a great fool and therefore he wrote a great book. Let us see. Macauley had had a run-in with the brilliant Irishman, James Wilson Croker, and when Croker edited his edition of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, Macauley thought he had his chance. He wrote his sister that he "detested Croker more than cold boiled veal. See whether I do not dent the varlet's jacket in the next number of the Edinburgh Review." Therefore because Macauley did not like John Wilson Croker, and dented that "varlet's jacket," the conclusion has been reached from his review that Boswell was the fool, when the effort of Macauley was primarily intended for Croker. Macauley in his method of attack selected instances without reference to their context. A great many writers can be made foolish by this method. It is commonly reported that the Supreme Court of the United States said in the Dred Scott case (60 U. S. 393) that the "Negro has no rights that a white man is bound to respect," but it did not say

80. The statement is taken out without reference to the context and is a slander on the Court. What the Court said was this:

"It becomes necessary, therefore, to determine who were citizens of the several States when the Constitution was adopted. And in order to do this, we must recur to the governments and institutions of the thirteen Colonies, when they separated from Great Britain and formed new sovereignties, and took their places in the family of independent nations. We must inquire who, at that time, were recognized as the people or citizens of a State, whose rights and liberties had been outraged by the English Government; and who declared their independence and assumed the powers of government to defend their rights by force of arms.

"In the opinion of the Court, the legislation and histories of the times, and the language used in the Declaration of Independence, show, that neither the class of persons who had been imported as slaves, nor their descendants, whether they had become free or not, were then acknowledged as a part of the people, nor intended to be included in the general words used in that memorable instrument.

"It is difficult at this day to realize the state of public opinion in relation to that unfortunate race, which prevailed in the civilized and enlightened portions of the world at the time of the Declaration of Independence, and when the Constitution of the United States was framed and adopted. But the public history of every European nation displays it, in a manner too plain to be mistaken.

"They had for more than a century before been regarded as beings of an inferior order; and altogether unfit to associate with the white race, either in social or political relations, and so far inferior, that they had no rights which the white man was bound to respect; and that the Negro might justly and lawfully be reduced to slavery for his benefit. He was bought and sold, and treated as an ordinary article of merchandise and traffic, whenever a profit could be made by it. This opinion was at that time fixed and universal in the civilized portion of the white race. It was regarded as an axiom in morals as well as in politics, which no one thought of disputing, or supposed to be open to dispute; and men in every grade and position in society daily and habitually acted upon it in their private pursuits, as well as in matters of public concern, without doubting for a moment the correctness of this opinion.

"And in no nation was this opinion more firmly fixed or more uniformly acted upon than by the English government and English people. They not only seized them on the coast of Africa, and sold them or held them in slavery for their own use; but they took them as ordinary articles of merchandise to every country where they could make a profit on them, and were far more extensively engaged in this commerce than any other nation in the world.

"The opinion thus entertained and acted upon in England was naturally impressed upon the colonies they founded on this side of the Atlantic. And, accordingly, a Negro of the African race was regarded by

them as an article of property, and held, and bought and sold as such, in every one of the thirteen Colonies which united in the Declaration of Independence, and afterwards formed the Constitution of the United States. The slaves were more or less numerous in the different Colonies, as slave labor was found more or less profitable. But no one seems to have doubted the correctness of the prevailing opinion of the time.

"The legislation of the different Colonies furnishes positive and indisputable proof of this fact.

By the same method Macaulay himself can be made to look foolish, and he can in addition be charged with having at heart as much vanity as Boswell, and in support of the charge of vanity it is said Macaulay dated letters from London Castle, when he was not there.

I do not believe that the world today agrees that Boswell was a fool—rather its judgment is that he was a genius—a great genius.

Boswell had a side apart from the association with Johnson. It may be that his association with Johnson has kept alive Boswell's name, but certainly Johnson lives without Boswell.

Johnson was a Tory. Yet we find Boswell supporting the Americans in the Revolutionary War. We find him attempting to argue that Great Britain had no right to tax America, during the course of which Johnson asserted that in his time on most every question before Parliament a man might vote well on either side "except that respecting America." This was not the occasion when Boswell made Johnson angry about the Americans and was told, "If your company does not drive a man out of his house, nothing will."

Boswell wrote Johnson from Edinburgh under date of January 27, 1775, confessing his ignorance of America, but expressing the opinion that "our government has been precipitant and severe in the resolutions taken against the Bostonians." By March 21 of that year Boswell arrived in London, after Johnson's pamphlet had appeared, *Taxation no Tyranny*. Boswell tells us he avoided talking to Johnson of it,

"for I now had a clear and settled opinion that the people of America were well warranted to resist a claim that their fellow subjects in the mother-country should have the entire command of their fortunes, by taxing them without their consent."

Just when this clear and settled opinion had been formed is not made clear, for the *Life* was not written until after Johnson's death in 1784. On March 18, 1775, three days before he had arrived in London, Boswell wrote to his friend Temple:

"As to American affairs, I have really not studied the subject. It is too much for me perhaps; or I am too indolent or frivolous. From the smattering which the newspapers have given me, I have been of different minds several times. That I am a Tory, or a lover of power in Monarchy, and a discourager of much liberty to the people I avow. But it is not clear to me that our colonies are completely our subjects. I am puzzled with the Charters."

He wished to see America, he wrote to James Abercrombie, July 28, 1793, "and I once flattered myself that I should be sent thither in a station of some importance." Parliament on March 2, 1778, authorized the appointment of a commission to negotiate peace with America, and six days later Boswell wrote Burke:

"I have professed myself a friend to our fellow-subjects in America, so far as they claim an exemption from being taxed by the representative of the King's British subjects. . . . I wish I were a commissioner or one of the secretaries of the commission, for the grand treaty. I am to be in London this spring, and if his Majesty should ask me what I would choose, my answer will be, to assist at the compact between Britain and America."

A high ambition, will you say? Remember, this is from a man termed a "green goose" in the correspondence of Lord Orford, and who has been looked upon as a fool for three generations since the attack of Macaulay.

A REVIVAL OF MYSTICISM

WILLIAM K. ANDERSON

Pittsburgh, Pa.

No one familiar with present-day religious literature can escape the conviction that, if bulk of output is any evidence, there is a new and growing interest in mysticism. From philosophers to magazine writers there is a new emphasis upon the spiritual aspects of religion. Professor Charles A. Bennett of Yale, in his book *A Philosophical Study of Mysticism*, says regarding this, "In general it is safe to surmise, if not to infer, that much writing about a subject is an index not to its vitality but to the opposite. This certainly holds true of mysticism. In recent years a plethora of books has appeared upon mysticism and the mystics—biographies, psychological studies, devotional works, works of philosophy; yet few ages can have been less mystical in temper than our own." In comment, may I ask the question as to whether this non-mystical temper of the age is not giving birth to this plethora of literature, as indicating clearly the need of a revival of mysticism, and whether this new emphasis on the part of religious leaders may not logically be expected to bear fruit in the days to come?

While claiming a deep personal interest in the subject, I write more in the attitude of one who admires at a distance than of one who defends his own cherished possessions. I should inevitably be classed by James as "once-born" and "healthy-minded." I can remember that, at about the age of twelve, I made heroic attempts to induce a "religious experience," but failed to realize the coveted exuberance. One of the officials of the church, pilot of one of the Hudson River boats, was much interested that a definite experience should be mine. Every Sunday he would approach me with the question, "How do you feel now, Will?" "Just about the same," was my answer, until he gave up hope and anticipated my answer without asking the question. The years which followed

brought alternating periods of devotion and neglect, but never that unmistakable voice of God which I heard people talk of. Being the son of a minister, I was frequently faced with the question, "Are you going to follow in your father's footsteps?" It always roused my ire, and I swore that I would never enter the ministry. One would naturally suppose under those conditions that the experience which led me to enter seminary would be of a cataclysmic and mystical type, but it was not. As a college sophomore, the ills of the world were spread before me in *Seven Economics*, a course dealing with the delinquent and dependent classes. I can still remember how foolishly angry I became when my roommate asserted that one could "never get anything out of such a course." I had gotten much out of it, for here came to life an almost unrecognized conviction that my life could best be invested in serving my generation. It was the service side of things that attracted me to the seminary four years later—an intense service motive and a corresponding lack of spiritual appreciation.

Without any diminution of the service interest, I trust, I have felt coming upon me during the past two or three years a growing conception of the spiritual universe—of myself and my fellow men as a part of it. I am deeply impressed with this as I compare my present-day sermons with those of four or five years ago, those of the recent months evidencing a clearly marked mystical aspiration which was in those former years a very much neglected emphasis.

I give this too lengthy apologia not for the purpose of boring the reader, but to ask whether my experience is not a reflection of a widely spread trend within the church. Religion, knocked off its pins in its war with science, suffering one defeat after another, until its cause looked hopeless, secured a new hold on life through the service emphasis. It saw the need of the downtrodden classes of humanity and gave itself to them. The institutional church came into vogue, feeding the hungry, getting work for the jobless, giving recreation to the children, and in so doing feeling sometimes that it had done all it could or needed to do. A favorite text has been, "He went about doing good"—with the emphasis, as some critic has said, particularly on the going about. Churches

have wanted sometimes not prophets but organizers, as their ministers.

For the sake of her service ideals, the church has courageously faced persecution in preaching Christian principles in human relationships. The social creed has had widespread and enthusiastic support since its inception, and some of us should not be proud of ourselves as ministers of Christ did we not bear on our bodies some of the marks of conflict. It is difficult now to think of the creed as being a radical document, for we are to-day much nearer to its realization than we were a dozen years ago; and the church has had her share in starting this movement of industry toward Christian ideals.

But is not the church beginning to realize that her duty to the working classes of the world is not completely fulfilled by fighting by their side for materialistic aims, necessary though they are? After an era of service, laudable in every way, is there not a growing realization that life for the working classes cannot be really made worth living by shortened hours, higher wages and a share in the management alone, important as these things are, but that it must be redeemed spiritually before it can be lifted to a permanently higher plane? After a generation of self-denying service of others, are we not face to face with the fact that after all the highest service the Church can render a man is to hold before his eyes the reality of the spiritual aspects of life? In other words, is not the church itself coming to a revaluation of mysticism?

One of our fundamental Christian convictions is that we live in a spiritual universe, that we are creatures not only with bodies but with souls—at any rate, that we are spiritual entities. For a definition of religion in terms of its origin, we may well accept the view of the psychologist that “any value taken ideally and pursued intently tends to become religious.” But for a satisfactory definition of religion in its advanced stage, we must rather turn to the theologian who tells us that religion is “the life of God in the soul of man”—that is, God, a spiritual father, living in man’s inmost self. The religious consciousness invariably expresses some aspect of this truth, which we find so well expressed by Wordsworth:

And I have felt, A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things.

James calls the religious attitude that which recognizes that "there is an unseen order and the supreme good lies in harmoniously adjusting ourselves thereto"; and says further, "Personal religion has its root and center in mystical states of consciousness." Of course we expect it from such a writer as Rufus Jones, but is he not right when he says, "I am more and more convinced, as I pursue my studies on the meaning and value of mysticism, with the conviction that religion, when it is real, alive, vital, and transforming, is essentially and at bottom a mystical act, a direct response to an inner world of spiritual reality, an implicit relationship between the finite and infinite, between the part and the whole"?

Religion has shown a disposition to obliterate the line between the sacred and the secular, which is good so far as we *do* make all things sacred; a disposition to discount special times and places as religious with the claim that all life should be transfused with religion, which is good provided religion is not thereby placed in danger of being absorbed into the secular instead of stamping the latter with its own character.

Religion, as Hocking puts it, is something separate and distinct from the arts to which it has given birth. "There is little in what we call culture which has not at some time been a purely religious function"—music, dancing, legislation, ceremony, science, philosophy, moral control, architecture, painting, sculpture—all of these have the fecundity of religion to thank for their existence. "At the beginning of history religion is the whole of culture; at its end, it may seem, culture is the whole of religion." So we often find people giving themselves to one or more of these arts and considering further religion as superfluous.

But religion, Hocking maintains, is something separate and

distinct. You recognize it in an individual as "being less a product of individual force than a result of profound partnership with some invisible source of wisdom." So he also brings back our wandering needle to its proper pole, seeking to teach us that a complete religion is found only where there is a genuine sense of God, or that the truest interpretation of true religion must be mystical in nature.

I am well aware that many of the devotees of mysticism have lent it a bad name, through fatuous expressions, fanatical conduct and arrogant claims to omniscience. James quotes from mystic literature: "He who would hear the voice of Nada, the Soundless Sound, and comprehend it, he has to learn the nature of Dharana. . . . When to himself his form appears unreal, as do on waking all the forms he sees in dreams; when he has ceased to hear the many, he may discern the ONE—the inner sound which kills the outer, . . . for then the soul will hear and will remember. And then to the inner ear will speak the voice of the silence. . . . And now the Self is lost in Self, thyself unto Thyself, merged in that self from which thou first didst radiate. . . . Behold! thou hast become the Light, thou hast become the Sound, thou art thy Master and thy God. Thou art thyself, the object of thy search; the voice unbroken, that resounds throughout eternities, exempt from change, from sin exempt, the seven sounds in one, the voice of the silence. Om tat Sat." Such flapdoodle sometimes passes for typical mysticism.

Even the best of the mystics have sometimes discounted the effect of their own message by "queer" conduct, responding to voices which they heard. George Fox, walking barefoot into Lichfield in the middle of winter and crying on the street corner, "Woe to the bloody city of Lichfield," until his vision revealed the streets running with blood, is an example of this. Such extreme mystics are often undependable, for they will act only when the Spirit moves. Another type of common pseudo mysticism disgusts us with its claims to certainty in such matters as theology and biblical criticism. For instance, a pastor friend tells of a woman who came to him a few days after he had preached on Jonah as an allegory, with the statement that she had got down on her knees and asked

the Lord whether Jonah were literally true and He had told her it was.

As a philosophical system, also, mysticism has proven to be a failure. Royce once and for all has disposed of its claims in his *World and the Individual*, where the argument runs as follows: Mysticism holds that reality consists in unity with the Absolute, which means forgetfulness of your own personality, in short, of everything finite. But all our definite mental content is finite. Therefore the Absolute is the absence of content, or, in other words, it has no reality—it is a zero. The mystic retorts that this zero has infinite worth "because it is the goal of the series of states of finite consciousness." The value of such an infinite Absolute, however, must be, says Royce, in contrast with the finitude of the search for the Absolute, just as the significance of a mathematical zero is its contrast with definite quantities. But the mystic's contention is that this finite search also is a zero—has no Being at all. Thus the value of the Absolute as a contrasting goal is gone and the mystic's Absolute is as empty of value as it is of content. The mystic cannot lead the way to Reality. (Vide *The World and the Individual*, Vol. I, pp. 145-200.)

But why let freaks and fanatics and impossible metaphysicians hold the field for mysticism? To consider them as exhausting the categories of mysticism is as gross an error as two reactions I witnessed last week. When I spoke at a dinner table of my present interest in the study of mysticism, the person at my left spoke immediately of Oliver Lodge and the person at my right of Houdini.

There is another type of mysticism which is the life of the individual's faith, the power behind the church and the hope of the Kingdom. Let us look, for instance, at the old Hebrew prophets. Who can disdain mysticism and exalt them? Hear Amos saying, "Thus saith the Lord! . . . Surely the Lord God will do nothing, but he revealeth his secret unto his servants the prophets." Hear Micah, "What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly and to love kindness and to walk humbly with thy God?" And second Isaiah, "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength, they shall mount up with wings as eagles, they shall run

and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint." Whence comes this knowledge of God save as a result of mystical experience?

Witness Jesus believing early that he must be about his Father's business, and deriving his strength from a hidden source which others, following him and through his inspiration, have been able to lay hold on. Among the long line of prophets and church builders who might be named as mystics were Paul, who said, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me"; Augustine, whose words are often on our own lips, "Thou, O God, hast made us for thyself and our hearts are restless until they find thee"; Martin Luther, who writes, "When a fellow monk one day repeated the words of the Creed, 'I believe in the forgiveness of sins,' I saw the Scripture in an entirely new light; and straightway I felt as if I were born anew. It was as if I had found the door of paradise thrown wide open." George Fox, Jacob Boehme, William Law, John Wesley are some of the names that come to us as practical men with mystical inspiration.

Among the experiences narrated in James' *Varieties* perhaps the following might be picked as one typically normal:

"I remember the night, and almost the very spot on the hilltop, where my soul opened out, as it were, into the Infinite, and there was a rushing together of the two worlds, the inner and the outer. It was deep calling unto deep—the deep that my own struggle had opened up within being answered by the unfathomable deep without, reaching beyond the stars. I stood alone with Him who had made me, and all the beauty of the world and love and sorrow and even temptation. . . . Since that time no discussion that I have heard of the proofs of God's existence has been able to shake my faith."

A few years ago an anonymous writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* narrated the following:

"I only remember finding myself in the very midst of those wonderful moments, beholding life for the first time in all its young intoxication of loveliness, in its unspeakable joy, beauty and importance. I cannot say what the mysterious change was—I saw no new thing, but I saw all the usual things in a miraculous new light—in what I believe is their true light. . . . I have looked into the heart of reality; I have witnessed the truth; I have seen life as it really is—ravishingly, ecstatically, madly beautiful, and filled to overflowing with a wild joy and a value unspeakable."

Within more recent months, a Unitarian layman has been preaching this evangelism to the world—Philip Cabot. Regarding the communion of God with man he says the following in his book *Except Ye Be Born Again*:

"But what will be the nature of the answer? . . . Most of you are city folk, to whom the silence and the wonder of the wilderness at night are strange. But I know that world well. I have spent many a night on the lakes and barrens of the north listening for the faintest sound that the ear can catch. I practiced often and acquired skill in the art of 'calling' moose at night. The 'call' is made on a birchbark horn (like a megaphone) in imitation of the lowing of the cow moose. It can only succeed when no breath of wind is stirring and only in the autumn months. In order that the 'call' may carry far, it is usual to take your canoe to the middle of a lake (after the sun and wind have gone to bed) and spend the night there. The hunter 'calls' about twice an hour and then listens with intense alertness to every sound. He will hear an owl hoot miles away, and a deer walking on the game trail, or a dead tree fall with a crash; perhaps a bear may wander across the hillside or a wolf howl to his friend; and strange little puffs of wind will arise suddenly on the mountain side and as suddenly die away. All these sounds he notes but disregards. They are not the sound he seeks. And then, if you are fortunate, after hours of listening you may hear the answer to your call. It will be very faint at first and you will often doubt its reality; for it is like the faintest echo of your call, and only by intense concentration can you be sure of it. . . . You have often heard the phrase, 'the still small voice.' That is the sort of answer which I am trying to describe to you."

These instances, which might be duplicated in nature in literally millions of lives, indicate that something has been found that lends life a new significance and depth.

Our Methodist Church claims to be based on mystical experience. Its founder was a practical administrator, an intelligent educator, and indefatigable worker—many things except a successful husband—but behind all his industry was a mystical experience, when his heart was "strangely warmed" in Aldersgate Street, which, together with a continued "witness of the Spirit," constituted the inspiration for his prodigious labors. He communicated this experience of God in human life to others and thereby laid the foundation of one of the effective branches of Protestantism. If Methodism to-day is relatively untouched by the storms of theological dispute, that is in no small measure due to

the fact that it has an experiential rather than a creedal foundation. If Methodism shows signs of advancement instead of being chained to the past, is not that in large part due to the conviction that God speaks to his children to-day as he did in former days?

Further, this is the accepted apologetic of the day. As Hocking says, "God is known in experience if at all." On that ground stands the truth of Christianity to-day—the knowledge of God through experience. But if we say that, and then discount the validity of mysticism, we are retreating into the fortress and then surrendering the fortress. What boots it that we live in a spiritual universe if there is no contact between our spirits and the great Father of spirits? Are we going to say that the chief evidence of religion is in the experience and to deny the reality of the experience? Is not this religion's Verdun, which must be held at all costs? If the spiritual world is real and we are spirits, why is not the life with Him the high destiny which God holds out to every man? In Hankey's phrase, "We bet our lives that there is a God," and when we thus live, the reality of his own presence fills our lives. We live "as if" there were a God, and the resulting experience makes us know unmistakably that we are his and he is ours.

But is this psychologically possible? As we ask this question let us first remind ourselves that psychology is descriptive only and that when it assumes to itself an interpretive function it is holding an Alsace-Lorraine which will ultimately get it into trouble. Psychology may set Jerry McAuley in the middle of the classroom, view him from all sides, examine, criticize, appraise; but when it is through explaining away his experience of God, he is still there. He is the reality—the raw material of psychology—without which psychology must cease to be; but he asks no permission of psychology to continue living the Godlike life. And while many psychologists scornfully claim autosuggestion, epilepsy, sexual origin and whatnot, it is no small comfort to find a good group of eminent psychologists and philosophers who will lend support to our hypothesis.

Let us take two quotations from James:

"We have in the fact that the conscious person is continuous with a

wider self through which saving experiences come, a positive content of religious experience which, it seems to me, is literally and objectively true as far as it goes." Again, "The unseen region in question is not merely ideal, for it produces effects in this world. When we commune with it, work is actually done upon our finite personality, for we are turned into new men, and consequences in the way of conduct follow in the world upon our regenerative change. But that which produces effects within another reality must be termed a reality itself, so I feel as if we had no philosophic excuse for calling the unseen or mystical world unreal."

A favorable position is also taken by Professor McDougall, whose animism interprets mind in its "interpretations of meaning" as beyond the material organ on which it depends, and allows man the dignity of being called a spiritual being.

Professor Hocking takes the position that it is "doubtful whether there are any finite ideas at all," and says in substance that

"Just as the sea captain corrects his course by daily observations of the sun, the center of the solar system, so man must correct his course at frequent intervals by transferring his attention to God by means of worship or prayer. After the corrections have been made—that is, after God has indicated to him his true course—man's attention must be retransferred to the temporal world and its material duties."

This he calls the principle of alternation.

And one who acknowledges Hocking as his master, Charles A. Bennett of Yale, says:

"When the work of criticism has been completed whatever permanent knowledge about God emerges will be all of a piece with mystical revelation. . . . Mysticism is a perpetual return to the vision of God, to the original datum, a return therefore to the old; but to the old not as an exhausted but as an inexhaustible datum from which may be drawn out new suggestions, new dogmas—not in the form of pure metal but in the form of ore. . . . It would be foolish for either the refiner or the miner to take exclusive credit for the final product. The work of neither is complete without that of the other. . . . Wisdom lies not in choosing either mysticism or philosophy but in choosing both. Philosophy is the articulation and completion of mysticism, but mysticism, in turn, is needed in order to complete by correction and supplementation the work of philosophy. And this is a perpetual process. For if it is the destiny of mysticism to lose its life in philosophy, it is the destiny of philosophy to recover its hold upon its object by renewal of the mystic vision. Of each we can say, He was himself the slayer and shall himself be slain. The

life-in-death and death-in-life of these two movements constitute the metabolism of the mind.

"One thing remains to be added. In the beginning was the ore. Mysticism seems to me to have priority in this relationship. It is not only the completion of philosophy; it is its presupposition. Reason may establish our certainties: it does not initiate them. The task of philosophy might be defined as the problem of showing how reality and appearance belong together. Philosophy therefore begins with a distinction which it did not create, with a problem: "Things are not what they seem. How can this be?" It is religion, with its vague and awful contrast between the sacred and the secular, between the familiar and the unfamiliar, that generated and still keeps alive the problem. Yet religion could hardly have condemned the appearances without a hold upon that positive reality which exposed their incompleteness. It is this mystical knowledge that sets going the rumble of the distant drum, and philosophy is part of man's attempt to quell the restlessness that ensues. This is the sense in which mysticism lies at the beginning of philosophy as it lies also at its end."

The claim is made that mysticism discovers nothing new—that it brings out of its experience no knowledge which was not previously present. Bennett denies this, but suppose we grant that there is nothing original, unless originality consists not so much in the discovery of the new as in the rediscovery of the eternal; at least another new individual has made the old truth his own. And if there is no new knowledge there are new habits, new power, new ideals, new values, new life—the process by which the Kingdom comes.

Thus we find that mysticism does show us the way out—the way out of spiritual unreality, out of incomplete materialistic programs, out of everlasting futile battles between fundamentalists and modernists. We may stress it not as a substitute for ethical zeal, but rather as its complement—sometimes preceding it in experience, sometimes following, but always present in every complete personal faith as an energizing and vitalizing force.

THE REAWAKENING OF MYSTICISM

JOHN MOORE

Amesbury, Mass.

EVERY century exhibits a few genuflections of human mentality, a few gestures of the human spirit, which reveal its temper and decide its trend. Likewise each generation is marked by some distinctive feature which exactly accounts for it being what it is. For instance, to take a segment of history like the Renaissance of 1200 to 1500 A. D., and subject it to historical and critical analysis, is to see something of the education of the human race. The parallax is wide enough to see God's dealings with mankind. It is sufficient to the purpose of this paper to search no further back than the last two centuries, for they are distant enough to allow of calm, clear vision; moreover, both were epoch-making.

The year 1700 A. D. was a period of intense rejoicing at the triumph of the Protestant principle. About that time Newton, the mathematician, was in middle life. In the year 1687 he had produced *The Principia*, which all competent judges are convinced is one of the greatest productions of the human mind. In it he laid the foundations of mathematical astronomy, enunciated the law of gravitation, showed the movements of the planets may be deduced from one simple law of attraction between the heavenly bodies, and set the laws of disciplined mentality and mental tidiness as the goal of highest striving for the human mind. Consciously and unconsciously men's minds began to move into the realm of scientific study, the human spirit began to rejoice in new-found freedom. Jonathan Edwards in New England wrote his treatise on *The Freedom of the Will*, and Isaac Watts in Old England wrote his book called *Study of the Mind*, and the release of intellectual and spiritual energy set John Wesley marching up and down the whole of England proclaiming the Gospel of Redemption to the whole of human kind. Three quarters of a century of work by the intellectualists had discovered the value of the human soul to such an extent that it set the world ringing with

the Declaration of Independence, when in 1776 King George III was apprised that America had awakened! Men's minds were swayed to a passionate assertion of freedom in both individual and national life. Ere the century closed the institution of Foreign Missions was born and the evangelization of the world was begun.

Then came the wonderful nineteenth century, when the doctrine of Evolution was popularized and entered every department of human thought, and mankind became vividly conscious that things "just grow." That was a veritable illuminated miracle. It was as George Tyrell says: "Like looking down on a hilly region in the early morning, when the summits of the hills stand out far from each other, but a mist lies in the valleys and conceals their connections. Then the sun rises and the entire panorama of hill and dale becomes a connected whole before your eyes." The only valid truths were those to be reached by the intellect; intellectual interpretations were the only valid ones. The only methods regarded seriously were the logical and scientific methods. Then mankind was precipitated into the explosive rise of modern science and the feverish absorption in the exploitation of the resources of the natural world. Mankind could scarcely think of anything else. Human gaze was turned consistently outward. The practical man is now assumed the man who has the greatest facility in dealing with human concerns, not the man who can show what life is, and how to live it.

Thus in the realm of religion we reach a time when everywhere there is the witness of spiritual pauperization in both Romanism and Protestantism. Neither of them seems to have enough truth and spirituality to satisfy the religious demand. Everybody experiences the feeling that there has been a profound materialization and secularization of life. Yet there are signs of subtle change; and I wish to point out those signs that make for the reawakening of mysticism.

Before doing this, however, we will define what we mean by mysticism. The tendency is to confuse the term with the "mysterious," as though mysticism was something in the nature of an intellectual conjuring trick. But mysticism accepts the vulgar theory that grass is green, the sky blue, roses red. So far from

being mysterious, mysticism is the explanation of mystery. In essence it is the inspired revelation of the meaning of beauty. It is, in the words of Blake, seeing *through* the eyes, not *with* them. Mysticism is not a study, it is a practice; it is not an inclination, but a faith. A person is so much less a mystic if he considers the life mystically lived or the objects mystically apprehended to be "mysterious." They are for him the plain, obvious things. There are a great many mysterious things which, when unraveled and explained, take their place in the texture of ordinary intellectual knowledge. The whole point in mysticism is that it has a different order of knowledge and experience, and a non-intellectual faculty for apprehending the one and entering the other. The mystic is a person who claims a vision clearer than that of the scientist, and makes his way through life with surer tread and by a directer road and more lucid awareness than the usual man. Hence it will be seen that there is nothing in common between mysticism and eccentricity. The superlative quality of mysticism is vision, its profound sense of the knowledge of reality. Without vision it is impossible to see beyond the mere physical effects of contour, color, odor in things. And one of the present-day tragedies of life is that so few people understand why they are alive in the world. It is this quality of vision that we shall have in mind, and its hold upon reality, as we present the significant signs of the mystical reawakening.

There is, first of all, a deep dissatisfaction and unrest in modern life. The many who have not made the discovery of the why and wherefore of life goad themselves to moral madness, tear themselves into shreds, eat their own substance. Metaphorically this is what humanity is doing as it feels itself in the grip of a sinister materialism that will not satisfy the instincts of personality. Labor is wrestling with its chains, and the menace of its gathering power is a physical menace. But we shall do labor an injustice if we think there are no more than economic interests at stake. In essence the Labor Movement is profoundly spiritual. Under the burden that centuries have heaped upon the toiling multitudes is the individuality—the evolving spirit of man. Industrialism has done more than hurt mankind in the flesh, it has lit-

erally tortured it in spirit. It has narrowed life down to a few sordid circumstances such as where to live cheaply, how to live cheaply, how to get the most out of little. It has engendered the prevalent philosophy of "get on." It has trained life down to elementary economic circumstances. All this grazing and grubbing in the fields of time is not enough for beings whose deepest affinities lay hold of God and reach out after the supernatural. The explanation of the rise of the social consciousness on materialistic or economic grounds is insufficient; man's social consciousness is supernaturally inspired; apart from this there is no basis for the realization of social dreams and hopes. Really and truly the present social consciousness is vitally connected with the Evangelical Revival of the eighteenth century; and the struggle to cast off the chains of industrialism is a revolt against the sordid ugliness that it has brought. The undefinable feeling and groping after social salvation arises out of the fact that man imagines himself to be more beautiful than his social conditions and experiences will let him be; he desires to taste life's richer, rarer wine. During the intellectual awakening of the nineteenth century the drift of civilization turned from religion till now we arewhelmed in all sorts of magnetic mire. The idea has become vivid and poignant that our gross materialism and proliferating secularism are leading to the break-up of the present social order. Economists and financiers, philosophers and sociologists, are beginning to search hurriedly round for some form of religion that will restore the social instincts. Even they are turning to religion! And everybody expresses the conviction that our social hopes can be realized only if we can change human nature. Beneath the bending, bursting crust of materialistic and secularistic living fiercely seethe the fires of spiritual dream and desire, as lava seethes in the heart of a volcano. Mysticism is just this inwardness of life which is trying so vaguely, and often blunderingly, to express itself. The social problem in its many phases is turning humanity back to God.

Secondly, there is a passionate outreaching and outstriving for betterment which may be seen more clearly than in the realms already mentioned. It is most clearly evidenced in the realm of art. Art is an effort to explain the spiritual and intellectual mean-

ing of nature. Mysticism is the quality of its success. Art is the voice of the soul in its fundamental longings and strivings; it is the intellectual and emotional expression of the soul in its growth. It is one of the many mediums of personal expression. By it we give permanence to our moods and memories. In the history of art we can trace the utterances of the soul of humanity in those longings and strivings by which it has grown and is growing.

Now the modern growth of art has sought two media of expression that are very mystical, viz., the painting and description of scenery, and wordless music. In the spaciousness and purity and freedom of the splendors, mysteries, solemnities of the visible world about him man has ever felt a foretaste of the larger world for which his spirit craves; while in the appeal of music to his finer sensibilities and emotions man has come to recognize a medium whereby he can apply them to ideas already in the mind, yet too vague to be put into words. And these two forms of Art seem to indicate that humanity is now reaching out grasping tentacles for a new kind of life transcending its dull and ordinary existence. Too spontaneously exact for detailed exposition, they teach nothing, but explain everything.

Similarly in the realm of poetry there is a decided trend toward mysticism. It is the function of poetry to harmonize the soul of man with the immense enveloping universe in which man discerns order in the midst of every chaos. The poet attempts by parable and symbol to convey this sense of the "grand, harmonious, universal orchestral movement" (vide *Studies in Literature*, by A. Quiller-Couch). Now there has been a rather rapid growth in the taste and need for poetry. All sorts and conditions of mankind are reading it; and large amounts of poetry are being published. If we add to these facts the human tendency to keep one's verse dark, we shall have some apprehension of the tremendously wide and deep channel of self-expression which has opened out before the human race. Examine modern poetry and it will be discovered to be full of a vague passionateness, as if the soul were gathering itself for a great effort to clutch at something unearthly that is not far out of reach.

Art is gathering into itself the passion and beauty and agony

of the past and transmuting it all into something more wonderful and thrilling, more satisfying and divine. It is expressing the evolution of humanity. Such a profound historical and spiritual scholar as Mr. T. R. Glover has given it as his opinion that there will be a revival of Wordsworth in the not distant future.

Thirdly, the greatest omen of a mystical awakening is the sense of mystery that broods over life. Mystery presses in upon us from all points like the power of gravitation. It witnesses to an inescapable Presence. The sense of mystery is far deeper and stronger than it was forty or fifty years ago.

In the high fields of philosophy there is consciousness of a great change. After decades of materialism and agnosticism there is a disposition to re-examine Christianity and its presuppositions as possibly containing the truth elsewhere sought in vain. The belief in reason to go everywhere and do everything is not now so tenacious. Reason is regarded as a brilliant and splendid instrument to search out far-reaching and recondite truth, but it is now recognized that there are truths which reason alone cannot grasp. If anyone doubts this, let me ask him to study old Zeno's puzzle of Achilles and the tortoise, and he will discover that there is a truth, deeply felt as truth, which completely eludes and baffles the logical processes. Ethics so mightily believed in at one time is seen to be a puny solvent and cement for society. It is the business of philosophy to look after the Absolute, but for awhile it forsook its job and tried to abandon it. But it is taking up the task again re-inspired. Have we sufficiently considered the fact that the Christian religion has shown itself to be strangely independent of philosophical theory? Hegelianism comes and passes; Pragmatism is born and languishes, leaving religion secure. Philosophy is moving in the direction of Intuition through Bergson. In speaking of the vital impulse he tells us, "It is something that ever seeks to transcend itself, to extract more than is there, in a word, to create." "Now a force," he says, "which draws from itself more than it contains, which gives more than it has, is precisely what is called a spiritual force." Here is stated the fact that life's ascent, its invincible *élan*, is a transcendental entity, an immediate impulse or movement toward completeness. Mysticism

is just the unfolding of it, its stream flooding through the race at higher levels. If we take and analyze Bergson's doctrine of Intuitionism we find it to be very nearly what others, not philosophers, call Christian faith.

Take Science. Mr. Soddy, in his *Science and Life*, says that the progress of science has abolished mystery so far as it has progressed. Doubtless it has brought us a wonderful world of knowledge. It has revealed to us a world of dancing atoms, molecular instabilities, torrential electrons. But in expanding the sphere of our knowledge Science has enlarged the circle of mystery that surrounds us. The rim of the Unknown faces us at every turn of the road. Electrons are whirlpools of force, atoms are storehouses of energy, and everywhere in the scientific world we bump up against "unexplored remainders." Proud and boastful Science once lorded it over us and looked to an unregretful past. It is so no longer! It has now the same regrets as religion. It produced the engines of war which threatened to wreck civilization. It is now clear as noon that without religion Science stands in danger of destroying the very social fabric it has helped to construct. If it was once in danger of claiming omniscience as its guide, it may now tread very lightly before the Lord! For when it talks of laws of nature, it must now declare that these laws are the result of experience. There is no one whose experience is not limited. Newton expressed the truth for all time when he said he felt like a child on a shore gathering here a pebble, there a pebble of knowledge, but with the uncharted ocean before him. Science has abolished miracle, but revealed the miraculous. It makes creation a standing wonder. Unconsciously, but nevertheless truly, it discovers that we live in a spiritual universe. Robert Blatchford was a thoroughgoing materialist, and a dangerous foe of the spiritual interpretation of life. Now he has faced about and tells why he gave up materialism:

"Ever since I began to read and think about life I have been what is called a materialist. But of late a distant drum has been beating out new strange measures, and it has never been a fault of mine to shut my ears. The fact is, I have had to abandon my positions. Materialism seemed to be an impregnable fortress so long as there remained a material foundation to stand on. But how can one hold to materialism if there is no material?

It seems to me that the division of the atom shook the materialistic fabric dangerously. If the infinitesimal atom is divisible into millions of electrons, all of them in motion, there is no such thing as material substance. I have been driven out of my materialist philosophy. Let us, then, give a little thought to the soul."

That is an honest confession of the bankruptcy of materialism given to us years ago.

Behind every material fact is a spiritual fact of which the material is the expression. Behind loom and lathe, mart and cable, train and steamship, is a spiritual fact. They are only ideas ensouling spiritual forces.

The indication is that to say we are living in a scientific age is only partly true. Really we are living at the end of a scientific age and the dawn of a spiritual awakening. Materialism is slain in the house of its friends. The sciences which deal with life are in a state of flux with regard to fundamental postulates. The mechanical conception is staggering underneath the rain of blows from the neo-vitalists, and biologists are assuring us that new categories are required to make the evolution of living matter intelligible.

All this pushing out to new ways of thought, this searching for new concepts, comes from the scientific circle itself. And surely it is an indication that natural science has at last found itself brought up against the fundamental questions of philosophy, questions with which philosophy has attempted to deal in its own way. The signs of the times point to the fact that we are living at the confluence of three sundered streams, Science, Philosophy, Theology. And whatever may be in store for us in the twentieth century we can be reasonably certain that the first quarter of it has demonstrated beyond a peradventure of doubt the total incapacity of Science to alone satisfy the demands of the human spirit. In his book on mysticism Dean Inge says very significantly, "Science has not found her God, and to this is largely due the unrest of the age." But like Mr. Brittling, Science with swift inevitableness is seeking a faith, building it up out of the tragic issue of events! Philosophy, too, has become aware how barren it ultimately finds itself apart from religion. Theology is strug-

gling heroically against deadly inertia to become both more scientific and philosophical. As an illustration of the coming together of Science and Philosophy we may point out that Dr. Wildon Carr thinks Einstein's doctrine of Relativity will finally obliterate the idea of a material or mechanical substratum as a necessary postulate of thought. He expresses the belief in the coming of a great movement toward harmonizing Philosophy and Science. As an illustration of scientific method in theology consider Professor Douglas Clyde Macintosh's books, *Theology as an Empirical Science* and his more recent volume which won the Bross Prize, *The Reasonableness of Christianity*. The trend is certainly toward a synthesis of Science, Philosophy, and Religion. Art, Science, Philosophy at their highest and best serve to bring the soul to the confines of the spiritual world. From all these quarters there can be felt the pulsing twilight of a spiritual renaissance.

In Literature there is a craze for individuality which has its root and source in the awakening of the eighteenth century. And it sets all unwritten laws at defiance; but in it all one can feel the great brooding mystery that overarches life elsewhere. Over fifty years ago Tennyson wrote his moving little poem "Flower in the Crannied Wall," and illustrated the attitude of the human mind when it feels intensely the mystery of things. To-day we add to Tennyson's doctrine that God is found in Nature, the further idea that he is found in the inner sanctuary of the soul. The sense of mystery is therefore more keenly felt. And for this reason we are being driven to see the need for solitude, and we are striving to get away from the mad whirl of life in its organized forms. Slowly and through variable media we are learning the need and the attainment of detachment, the detachment that makes for spiritual vision. The dizzy dance to the Orchestra of Industry, the breathless jazz to the Overture of Civilization, are not so feverish as once they were. Human life is *cored* and it is fast becoming *veined* with mysticism, like the Marshes of Glynn—"meshed with a million veins."

As another proof of my thesis let me refer to two fairly recent books, both by thinkers and writers of brilliance. Lord Haldane's book on Relativity is a great augury for the times. Standing in

the forefront of thought, he has in his own way been led to give expression to the everlasting thought of the mystics. What they assert on experiential grounds Lord Haldane declares on philosophical grounds. The tremendous quest of thought and objective discovery has been so assiduous, sincere, intense, that at last it has landed us back to God! "In a sense we have been seeking him under other names through all." The book exhibits a philosopher gently tip-toeing to the mystical threshold! The second book is by Dr. L. P. Jacks, the brilliant editor of the Hibbert Journal. In his *Smoke Over* he tries to show how at heart Christianity is the sporting spirit carried to its highest quality and power. He envisages order and progress as the growth and fruit of this principle of adventure. And he expresses the thought that the world is trembling on the eve of a spiritual revolution of the same nature as the revival of learning in the fifteenth century, but on a more extensive scale and at a higher altitude.

Finally, the cumulative evidence points to a strengthening trust in the feelings and the will. The intellect is given its due place, but there is a deepening conviction that it is the fine excesses of life that save society; that it is passion which gives value to life. Its rough, tough stalks of ordinary days are tolerable only because they every now and then burst into vari-hued blossoms.

Now mystical feeling may prepare for but is not equivalent to true spiritual consciousness. Its function seems to be that of relieving the soul from pressing perceptions and insistent thoughts, and thus enabling it to behold spiritualities. The ordinary material consciousness, consisting of perceptions, ideas, desires, has to make way for the spiritual consciousness. Material things and interests have to be pushed to the margin of life so that they cease to disturb and distract. The mystical awakening will do this and mediate the true spiritual consciousness. Like every awakening it will need guidance and direction. The church, therefore, should not be unprepared. It can do nothing better at the present moment than to begin a new teaching crusade with the mystical renaissance in mind, for everything will depend upon how the church directs the flow of feeling. An analogy may be taken from individual and personal life. In any single spiritual consciousness

and experience there are grades and stages of mystical development. The first awakening to the divine life is followed by the purgation of the grosser forms of sin, largely bodily satisfactions and pleasures; then follows the more illuminative spirituality which purges away the more refined and subtler sins of character, the hardness and meanness which tend to petrify the feelings, spiritual pride, and the inherent tendency to enjoy religion instead of using it for service; then there is the further stage when the individual soul with all its faculties and powers wishes to live for mankind, all self-development is that the world may be richer, and enjoy a more abundant life. The stupendous task of the church will be to guide the mystical life to these lofty levels of spiritual attainment and not let it burn out on the lower levels. The church must make the coming mysticism Christian, incite it to activity, and teach everybody that life in God and life in the world of human souls are complementary parts of the great experience of holiness.

To anxious watchers of the skies there are many tokens that the long stretch of these spiritually arid years is about to emerge into green fields. And once again the glowing sands will become pools of water, the barren wastes will be transformed to fiery blossoms, and the ground will be sown with the dust of rainbows. Men will say, as once before, "Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive."

HOLY SANCTITY

Behold the sweet blossom of life, revealing beauty uncreated by mortal hand,

Not seen by these, our eyes,

Unsensed by senses;

Yet seen and felt by the sense of sanctity.

Holy Sanctity, Light of heaven,

Fill my life with Thy divine radiance.

Transform my body, my senses and all that is senseless in me,

Make me Thine own.

SWAMI PARAMANANDA.

JACOB BOEHME ON THE DIVINE NATURE

GUSTAVUS E. HILLER

Indianapolis, Ind.

JACOB BOEHME lived and wrought about a hundred years after Luther, at the time when the Protestant theologians were wrestling with the task of welding the teachings of the reformers into a coherent system. Boehme's life was spent in the quiet town of Goerlitz, Sillesia, where he supported himself and family by plying the humble trade of a shoemaker and was known to his neighbors as a man of honest, humble piety. It was on his cobbler's bench where he thought out his remarkable ideas, which he scrawled on paper sheets in the quiet of the evening or in the early hours of the morning.

In his childhood Boehme had received only the most necessary rudiments of an education in the German language, which he supplemented, later, by diligent study as best he could. On this account he was held in such contempt by the theological highbrows of his day that, after he had written his first brief dissertation, entitled *Aurora* (which a few of his friends read in manuscript) the highstrung Lutheran parson of Goerlitz induced the town council to pass a special ordinance by which they forbade "this presumptuous shoemaker" writing on theological questions. So Boehme obediently laid his pen aside for about a year. After that he was persuaded by influential sympathizers that the town council had superseded its authority, and thus he was emboldened to continue writing, until, in the course of his life, he produced the seven stately volumes, of which I am fortunate enough to have a set in my library. Whether there is an English translation of Boehme's works to be found anywhere in America, I do not know.

John Wesley, who had a peculiar curiosity for mystic lore, studied Boehme's writings in his day, as also did his famous contemporary, William Law, and other noted English writers. Why Wesley denounced Boehme's teachings, I cannot fully understand. But Wesley was an exceedingly busy man, and I have an inkling

that he did not take time to master the somewhat outlandish phraseology of Boehme sufficiently well to fully appreciate his meaning. For this honest shoemaker, when he found the vocabulary which he had acquired to be inadequate for expressing his thought, manifested a truly wizardlike faculty for coining the words and inventing the phrases he needed, and thus came to create a philosophical dialect all his own. But it has ever been admitted by men of authority that when the Bohemian lingual hieroglyphics are properly deciphered, the thoughts they convey are not only profound, but also unusually clear. At any rate, it is a fact that to this humble artisan of Goerlitz has been assigned a place among the thinkers of the first order. In Germany he is known by the simple, dignified cognomen, "Der deutsche Philosoph." Since Kant's day very few philosophers, or outstanding theologians, have permitted themselves to neglect Boehme's writings, and some of them—including Hegel, Schelling, and, I think, Leibnitz—were profoundly influenced by his thought. The noted Danish theologian Dr. H. Martensen was not less an admirer of Boehme than Franz Delitzsch, for he was a lifelong student of Boehme's writings, and published a very thorough and sympathetic critique of the latter's theosophical teachings.

Boehme has been classed with the mystics. But this can be admitted only with certain reservations. He was a mystic in the sense that he believed he was directly illuminated by God's spirit, and there are depths in his thinking that seem uncanny to some complacent orthodox students, when they try to follow him in his bold explorations. But, on the other hand, he felt himself bound, not only by the Scriptures, but even by the Lutheran catechism, and his views of Christian experience and life were sane and decidedly evangelical and practical. His stirring calls to repentance are heard in all his books.

Students of Boehme are familiar with his often reiterated "Three Principles," by which he endeavors to make plain the moral riddles of the present world order. First, the principle of absolute good, which is in God. Second, the principle of absolute evil, to which, according to his view, the devil and his angels have abandoned themselves, and to which they have also been condemned

by the Almighty. Third, the principle of temporary indecision, which controls man in his earthly state, and out of which he will ultimately pass either into the divine principle of absolute goodness, or be delivered over to the satanic principle of absolute badness. To what sort of eschatology the acceptance of Boehme's Three Principles must logically lead, can easily be seen, although it must be admitted that their logic is in keeping with old-time orthodoxy and cannot consistently be found fault with by those who are satisfied with such a gruesome outlook for God's creation as the endless partition between the absolute good and absolute evil. But there are many of us who see that Boehme's "Principles" give to evil a power of self-existence which neither the Scriptures teach, nor sane thinking accepts. The view that absolute and endless evil comes out of God's creation is not the gospel of Jesus Christ. This teaching is no better than the Parseeism of Zoroaster, which tells us that the Spirit of evil and the Spirit of good are both without beginning and without end.

But, predominant as his Three Principles are in his writings, they are really inconsistent with Boehme's one great contribution to theological thought, namely, his conception of the Divine Nature. He contends—and I think with good ground—that the ordinary idea of God as a Spirit, as formulated by the Catholic scholastics and generally accepted by Protestant dogmaticians, is altogether too abstract and meager for our needs. God indeed is Spirit, but he is more than that. To really conceive of him as the living God, such as he reveals himself in his word, as well as in his creation, we must think of him as endowed with a divine nature which, in the fullest sense, enables him to live a real life. Man, who is created in the image and likeness of God, is not merely intellect and will. Back of these is the region of his nature, his subconscious being, from which well up the emotions and impulses which move him to think and act, and without which both his intellect and will would be hopelessly static. It must be the same with God. Intellect and will are not sufficient to constitute him a living God, with a wealth of emotions and beauty, as he reveals himself in the Bible. His intellect and will must be supported and filled by his nature, from which come his emotions and, if we may say so, his imagina-

tion (which plays such a great part in human life) and by which God brings forth the orderly forms of beauty that manifest themselves in all his works, to the creation of which his nature impelled him. Hence the Bible untiringly represents him as the living God, the God who loves the good and hates the evil, who pities, regrets, and rejoices, who gives forth power to carry forward the work he has undertaken.

Of course, in contemplating this truth (for truth it doubtless is) we must be careful to distinguish between the uncreated nature that belongs to the being of God himself as a person and what we call nature in his visible creation. His own nature he always possessed, independent of any creation outside of himself. But his own nature was the source upon which he drew when he brought forth the created world as we know it. This world is not a spontaneous emanation from God, as the pantheists teach, but was brought forth deliberately by the free will of God.

In carrying out his astonishingly bold and very profound arguments in support of this interesting thesis Boehme does not shrink from accepting all its implications. He demonstrates irrefutably that we cannot think of "nature," even in God, without thinking of contraries and conflicts, such as between bitter and sweet, sharp and mild, cold and heat, darkness and light. For without such contraries there can be no movement, and therefore no life. All the phenomena of life around us arise from such struggle between contraries, and it must be so in the life of God, that is to say, in the hidden depths of his subconscious nature. But Boehme reiteratingly and persistently warns his readers not to misunderstand him in this phase of his discussion. He tells us that, as far as the personal life of God is concerned, all the contradictions and conflicts of his subconscious nature are moment by moment, and without interruption, controlled, harmonized and made to serve the love and purpose of God, so that, in his personal life, God is all wisdom and love and harmonious power and thus presents himself to the faith of his human children, as well as to the angels that surround his throne. So that we know God as the living God, who is a Spirit and the Father of spirits, and in whose Spirit-life there is no conflict of light and darkness, but all is light

and love. But how about the creation to which we belong? From his conception of the living God Boehme proceeds to construct what may be termed his doctrine of creation. Although his own personal life was very rich and encircled with the glory of the uncreated heaven, in which he evermore dwells in triunal bliss, God had the impulse, if not the need, within him, of revealing himself, that is, bringing forth by his power, from the deeps of his own nature, a world which is a living mirror of himself, in which he could behold himself as he is and in which he could be seen and known and enjoyed by his creatures. And thus in love and wisdom he utilized the powers that his nature gives him in bringing forth this created world into which he placed us. He was impelled to do this by the urge for self-revelation that was within him, just as man, who is created in God's image, was given the same urge to reveal himself to those who surround him.

Thus far we can agree with our shoemaker philosopher. We have here a very sublime and most satisfactory view of the "why" of creation. It gives our minds a wonderful uplift and enlargement to think of God as having such a real and rugged life, as this conception of the Divine Nature presents him to us, and we are gratified to learn that God brought forth this world as a means of revealing himself to us. We can also agree with Boehme, when he proceeds to explain how it happens that the world which God created is full of sinning, suffering and dying, by telling us that the potential turmoils in God's subconscious nature which were absolutely controlled in God's personal life, broke forth in our created world with discordant strife, and brought to light the evils that are necessarily inherent in the elements of nature when not held in leash by absolute love and wisdom, and with which God, for reasons satisfactory to himself, gave angels and men the opportunity to experiment. We have here the sanest and most reasonable explanation of what we call the origin of evil. But when Boehme goes on to discuss what the outcome of God's creative venture will be, the good cobbler's adherence to the traditional doctrines of the orthodox church plays him a bad trick, by leading him into what the Germans call a *Sack-gasse* (a blind alley).

He does not only tell us that the evils of this world were

caused entirely by the will of Satan and the disobedience of man, and will ultimately result in the division of God's creation into two kingdoms—one absolutely good and the other absolutely evil—but also that men and angels are fitted for membership of the one kingdom or the other by divine predestination. An outlook most dismal! But, thank God, it is not the outcome that Christ and his apostles place before our minds.

After Boehme saw the beautiful and satisfactory truth, that God created the world with the purpose of revealing himself, logical consistency should have led this great thinker also to see that, as God in his own personal life is evermore the victorious God, so he will also show us in this creation of his that his love, wisdom and power will ultimately gain a complete victory over all opposing forces, and thus bring this world to such perfection and harmony that it will be indeed a mirror of his own life. Such was the outlook of the more consistent (and inspired) thinker, the apostle Paul, when he wrote to the Corinthians (1 Cor. 15) that Christ must reign until he has put all enemies under his feet, and has abolished the last enemy, which is death, and that then "God will be all in all," and when the same apostle said in the eighth chapter of Romans that the whole groaning Creation will be delivered from the bondage of vanity, to which it is now subjected, and brought "into the liberty of the glory of the sons of God." Good has an absolute existence in the personal life of God; but evil has only a relative existence in the creature. It can and will be vanquished by the redeeming power of the victorious Christ. The optimism of humanity, that survives every calamity, is planted in our hearts by God himself, and the latent hope by which it is inspired will be fully realized when God has finished his mighty creative and redemptive program, no matter how often our unseemly haste leads to disappointments. "For my thoughts are not your thoughts, and your ways are not my ways, saith Jehovah." The fault of much of our modern thinking is not that it is modern, but that it is shallow, being satisfied with the little nuggets that it picks up here and there, instead of digging down to the place where "the unsearchable riches of Christ" are hidden.

It will not have escaped the attention of my thoughtful readers

that Boehme arrives at his views concerning the Divine Nature by analogical reasoning, that is, by applying his knowledge of human nature to God. However, it should also be noted that, in doing this, he succeeds in presenting God as not only possessing nature in a perfect manner, as compared with our imperfections, but as possessing nature in a transcendent and divine way, as against our earthly limitations. This sort of inductive reasoning from analogy is entirely legitimate, for it is implied by all the anthropomorphological representations of God's life and work as we find them everywhere in the Bible. To object to these anthropomorphisms as being unworthy of God, is meaningless pedantry. For, in the first place, we cannot possibly think and speak of God in any other than human terms. All efforts to avoid this result in conceptions of God which are mere metaphysical abstractions—not really thoughts, but shadows of thoughts, lifeless spiderwebs that cause spiritual death to everyone that enters into them. And, in the second place, if it is true that man is created in the image of God, it follows that the personal life of man must furnish the symbols by which God is known. Herein also is found the basis for the divine incarnation in Christ, who is spoken of in Hebrews 1. 3 as being “the effulgence of God's glory and the very image of his substance.” It is in this sense that Christ could say, “He that has seen me, hath seen the Father.” If, then, Christ became man in order to reveal the Father—albeit a perfect man—we are fully justified in speaking of God in human terms, and conceiving his life and nature according to human analogies, though not in a carnal, but in a spiritual way, especially when we have “the Spirit that searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God.” And is not this analogy between God and man made use of by Christ in all his parables, as well as by the prophets in all their allegorical figures of speech? And do not the Bible writers, when they speak of God as walking, as stretching forth his arm, as seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling, speaking, laughing, being jealous, being angry, roaring as a lion, etc., express something that really transpires in the life of God, though of course not in a carnal, but in a spiritual sense? Along these lines we cannot find any fault with Boehme's argumentation. If he had only carried this thinking process to

its logical conclusion, instead of permitting himself to be side-tracked by the dogmatic preconceptions of contemporary orthodoxy, he would have given us the true "*Weltanschauung*" which God has revealed in his word to all who have eyes to see.

Boehme's wizardly insight into the secrets of nature shows itself in a passage discussing future judgment with reference to the teaching of Jesus that "in the day of judgment men will have to give account of every idle word spoken by them in this life." Boehme says that the atmosphere around us has the power of receiving and preserving our words, and reproducing them to our face, when the day of judgment comes. This was written by this remarkable cobbler-philosopher nearly three centuries before the phonograph was invented, proving to us that human words can indeed be stored, and reproduced long after the mouth which spoke them has been silenced by death. We wonder what Boehme would have been able to tell us about nature as God's instrument for self-revelation, if the man had known electricity, ether waves, and radio!

When we have learned to do correct thinking, we have a price-less advantage over those who stray in their search for truth. But that God overlooks mental aberrations in those whose hearts are sincerely turned to him is well illustrated in the experience of Jacob Boehme. When, after a consistently holy life before God and man, his last earthly hour arrived, he gave his son, who was at his bedside, some directions about his financial affairs, and then said, "Son, this is all. Now I shall ascend into Paradise. Please, leave the room, so that I may talk undisturbed with Christ, my Lord." Then he turned his face toward the wall, and soon fell asleep in God.

THE MYSTICAL UNION

"THEN putting off whatever is human and putting on what is Divine, it (the soul) is, as it were, transformed and changed into God, as iron placed in the fire receives the form of fire, and is changed into fire. Just as the iron thus glowing with fire does not cease to be iron, so the soul, as it were deified, does not change its nature and still remains itself. The Essence of God has so flowed into its essence that we may say the soul has, as it were, the same tint or colour."

—From *Spiritual Instruction*, by Blossius.

THE POETRY OF EMERSON

HARRY T. BAKER

Baltimore, Md.

It was a British critic who said that Emerson is "the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit." Nowhere does the American voice of idealism speak so clearly and winningly as in his essays and poems. Though not many of the latter are well known, no other American poet has produced so many memorable passages of high distinction, passages which reflect the intrepid spirit of the moral explorer. The America of the present and of the future finds one of its greatest prophets in the man whose personality so impressed itself on the common people of his Concord and Boston neighborhood that an old lady who was on her way to hear one of his lectures said, when someone asked her whether she could understand Mr. Emerson, "Not a word, but I like to go and see him stand up there and look as if he thought everyone was as good as he was."

One has merely to quote his best passages to establish his primacy as inspirer and awakener—*dormitantium animarum excubitor*, an awakener of sleeping souls.

Here once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world.

God said, I am tired of kings.

Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?

Things are in the saddle,
And ride mankind.

When half-gods go,
The gods arrive.

When me they fly, I am the wings.

Will take the sun out of the skies
Ere freedom out of man.

The sun set, but set not his hope:—
Stars rose, his faith was earlier up.

'Tis man's perdition to be safe
When for the truth he ought to die.

But in the mud and scum of things
There alway, alway something sings.

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, *Thou must*,
The youth replies, *I can*.

Of the last quotation Holmes said, "These lines, a moment after they were written, seemed as if they had been carved on marble for a thousand years." If Emerson, both in poetry and prose, was an epigrammatist, he was no epigrammatist of the usual sort. He said memorable things rather than clever ones. He could sum up an American aspiration or belief with a finality which none of his contemporaries or successors could reach. It is to Emerson that we must turn for some of our best American watchwords. His optimism always has sinew in it, is never foolishly commonplace; it is not the optimism of Chambers of Commerce.

Emerson's gospel, moreover, is uncompromising. Most of the above quotations give ample evidence of that. Gentle as was his own personality, he offered no gentle compromises, moral or other, to his world. He threw the whole of his nature into his epigrams. They offered to coming Americans no easy solutions of their difficulties; but they put into the hands of the young an axe wherewith to make a clearing in the woods. Our "new birth of freedom" is traceable in part to Emerson as well as to Lincoln. And if one thinks of Emerson as optimist chiefly, one must deal with his characterization of his own America, a characterization still truer now than then:

Things are in the saddle,
And ride mankind.

When man mistakes, as Disraeli said, "comfort for civilization," and allows himself to be ridden by inventions and machines, he surrenders his mastery of his world and of himself. Through the

telegraph and the cable, the movie and the radio, man has made no advance of the kind passionately sought and advocated by Emerson. We have fallen upon an age of prose and minor poets, and even our colleges are rapidly becoming a series of chain stores. The gospel of individualism sounded by Emerson and Whitman is hard put to it by the rivalry of the pressure for standardization. We are being controlled by merchants. It is they who find it convenient to know what *all* Americans will wear, eat, smoke, look at and be amused by. To be Emersonian to-day is to be shunned by community boosters, Chautauquas, fraternal organizations, regular attendants at the movies and all other persons who find their greatest joy in discovering that one human being is often very much like another.

With this dull uniformity a genuine poet has little sympathy. Emerson is for those who have the courage to remain islanded off the Great Peninsula of the Commonplace. His first important poem sounds his characteristic note:

Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home.

Home was for Emerson a place for the preservation of individuality as well as for the blessings of domestic life. Yet there is abundant contemporary evidence that he was a man of strong sympathies. He used the woods and solitudes as friends and aiders to reflection, a kind of reflection that was strongly individual. As he himself says, in his *Woodnotes*,

Knowledge this man prizes best
Seems fantastic to the rest.

He was not one of those who agree with the "divine average." To quote his own words again:

Where his clear spirit leads him, there's his road.

No one who reads *Woodnotes* attentively can think of Emerson as chiefly bookish. He was wise; but that is a different matter. The bookish man becomes a palimpsest; his own personality is hidden beneath alien writings so successfully that only an expert perceives that it exists. But what said Emerson in his prose?

"Man is timid and apologetic . . . he dares not say 'I think,' 'I am,' but quotes some saint or sage." The ringing independence of *The American Scholar* is the quintessence of Emerson. It is a courteous but manly defiance to European influences—as unacademic a speech as was ever delivered to that perhaps too academic body, the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Cambridge.

Emerson was certainly not scholarly in the sense of being humble before tradition; but, like Whitman and Mark Twain, he was himself a center of influence, a beginning of tradition. The Emersonian tradition, I take it, is that man can be master of circumstance, that he need not allow "things" to place a saddle on him and mount for a ride. His best passages cry to his fellow men to take the initiative, to lay hold on life and master it, each in his own fashion. He has few definite formulas for this mastery; in fact, no one comforting "secret of success" such as we see set forth monthly in one of our modern magazines. Not that he is vague. He is honest. He supplies only courage. But he supplies it in so many ways, in so many passages, that he leaves his reader a memory of leadership, of serene and unhurried determination in the midst of ugly perplexities. He communicates a spirit to his followers; it is his own wise attitude to circumstance and fortune. He "forbids to despair." With Stevenson and Goethe, he bids us "renounce when that shall be necessary and not be embittered," bids us "give all to love," yet surrender the loved one

When the surprise,
First vague shadow of surmise,
Flits across her bosom young,
Of a joy apart from thee.

His secret is that of giving courage. Though often deficient in poetic form and in melody, often deficient even in clearness when clearness would be welcome to would-be disciples who find him difficult, he is nevertheless successful as a poet. For he has struck out a few great passages which everyone can understand and which only Shakespeare could have equaled in phrasing. These passages are the refuge of his followers, however humble. Alfred Noyes considers him the best American poet. If Emerson could

know how eagerly his watchwords are seized upon to-day, often by people who do not even recognize them as his, he would surely echo his own line,

The astonished Muse finds thousands at her side.

Who has phrased so well as he the impulse to great deeds?

So nigh is grandeur to our dust.

It is not difficult to understand how inspiring Emerson's poetry is to those who have read it with intelligence. It is "fire to a man's brain." So unconventional as to be utterly unlike any other American poetry, it makes a place of its own in the hearts of questing youth. It deserves a far wider reading than it has hitherto received; for it has in it much of the essence of the best Americanism.

MY PILOT

I watched two tiny stars,
Gleaming through the night,
And wondered whence they came,
Beaming there so bright.
They shone out from above,
Lest I should stray,
And wandering afar,
Should lose my way.

I watched two tiny eyes
Fraught with love divine,
And wondered whence they came,
Peeping into mine.
They came from Heaven above,
Lest I should roam,
And losing such a Love,
Forget my Home!

HENRY CHARLES SUTER.

Marion, Mass.

RECENT MISINTERPRETATIONS OF THE PSALTER

EDUARD KÖNIG

University of Bonn, Germany

CONTEMPORARY biblical criticism regards itself, not entirely without reason, as superior to the exegesis of some past epochs, when the allegorical method held sway and it was possible, for instance, to identify the raven of Noah's ark with human beings carnally inclined. However, one may doubt that the ideal of a thorough grammatical and historical interpretation of the Old Testament has really been attained in as full a measure as could be desired. At least so it seems to me after examining the latest investigations of the Psalms of David; some of the observations made during this survey are collected in this article.

I

Let us begin with matters pertaining to grammar and style, and note a few errors of translation.

In Psa. 74. 9a the Hebrew text reads *othothenu lo ra'inu*, meaning, of course, "the signs which we expected we have not seen." But in the leading commentaries we read the translation, "our signs we see no longer" (so Bertholet, Duhm, Budde, Briggs), meaning, according to Bertholet, that the emblems of the worship of Jehovah are no longer visible. And yet the context makes it clear that "miraculous signs" are referred to, since the very next clause mentions the prophets; the Septuagint version correctly translated the verb with a past tense (*οὐκ εἶδομεν*). To my great satisfaction, in looking up the greatest Jewish commentators I found that they confirmed my own view. Rashi says: "Our signs, which Thou didst let us see in the past through Thy prophets"; and Ibn Ezra writes: "The meaning of *othothenu* is, according to our interpretation, 'the words of the prophets.'"

Another case in which the commentators (for example, Duhm and Wutz) have not recognized the force of a Hebrew perfect, is found in Psa. 118. 16 (*berakhnu khem*; Septuagint: *εὐλογῆκαμεν*;

Vulgate: *laudavimus*). Although the verb refers to the past, it is rendered with a present (we bless you). Likewise *nasathi eth-enai* (123. 1) should be rendered, as the Septuagint and the Vulgate do, with "I have lifted mine eyes" and not with "I lift mine eyes" (so Kautzsch, Kittel, and Wutz). Other cases in which the latest interpreters translate a perfect with a present are "he has cut asunder the cords of the wicked" (Psa. 129. 4) (Bertholet), "the proud have hid a snare . . . spread a net . . ." (140. 6) (Duhm and Wutz), "have stood aloof . . . have stood afar off" (38. 12) (Gunkel and others).

One case may suffice to illustrate the change of a future into a present. Psa. 110 is patently a prophecy concerning a future king: "The Lord will send out of Zion the scepter of thy might" (v. 2). It seems incredible that recent commentators either translate with the present (Nowack, Kittel, Schlögl, Bertholet, and Wutz), or, taking their cue from the second half of the verse, with the imperative: "Send forth!" (Staerk and Budde); Briggs even strikes out the first half of the verse as "incongruous."

In preparing my commentary on the Psalter I have noticed this tendency to disregard the force of the Hebrew tenses with much sorrow; but even more distressing to me were errors in more serious matters.

II

I have observed in recent commentaries a decided tendency to look for mythological allusions in the text of the Psalter.

Let us begin with a significant case. In the first part of the nineteenth Psalm we read these words: "In them (that is, in the heavenly spaces) hath he set a tent for the sun, which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber." According to Robert Eisler we have here a poem on "Jehovah's wedding with the sun." I would not draw general conclusions from this single extreme opinion, which Budde (*Orientalistische Literaturzeitung* 1919) has already criticised with these pertinent objections: Is it necessary to regard the "tent" as a designation of bridal quarters, as if a single individual did not need shelter at night? Eisler does not notice that the text says "as a bridegroom" and disregards the word

as, which is the rock on which his proud vessel makes a sorry shipwreck. But although Budde thus rejects this eccentric view which would add feminine qualities to the sublime God of the Israelites, he is not free from the mythological interpretation of this Psalm, for he writes (*Die Schönsten Psalmen*, p. 103) that "the mythological substratum of the ancient religion still shines through the monotheism of Psalm 19." These verses are often called a hymn to the sun, like the famous one of Amenophis IV (Ichnaton) (about 1370 B. C.), although it is a hymn to the Creator of the sun; nor have we any right to connect with mythology the followers of the prophetic religion, which had been, once for all, divested of all myths.

Notwithstanding, such is the prevalent tendency among commentators, as can readily be shown. In Psa. 104. 6f. we read: "The deep! Like a garment Thou spreadest it, till waters stood even above the mountains. At Thy rebuke they fled, at the sound of Thy thunder they hasted away." What is the verdict of the critics on these verses? Kittel finds in them a mythological element, in the form of "a dimly perceptible wrapper"; the "rebuke" reminds Bertholet of the "threats of Marduk"; and Budde notices there an echo, "a flash of lightning" of the creation myths of Babylonia; and at last Gunkel says: "There is a flavor of antiquity here, for it speaks of an outburst of the vehemently enraged God against the wild floods." But we must ask: How should a poet express himself, in order not to speak mythologically? There is no evidence in the text that the poet referred to the Babylonian myth of the fight between the god Marduk and the primitive ocean, personified in the goddess Ti'amat.

Is it really certain beyond any question that the Babylonian word with the feminine ending "Ti'amat" is more primitive than the Hebrew *tehôm* (primordial ocean), which does not have that ending? The question is not even raised by the advocates of this new dogma. But it seems highly probable that the Babylonians, whose pantheon included not a few feminine deities, personified the concept of primeval deep (*tehôm*) and made out of it a primeval feminine demon, the consort of Qingu. But even if we should adopt the other alternative and regard the Babylonian word as the

source of the Hebrew one, we could not admire sufficiently the thoroughgoing elimination of everything feminine from the realm of the divine, down to the removal of a feminine ending, and we should be warned not to make this process of purification retrogressive, as is commonly done.

Or does the Psalter perchance contain statements that confirm this modern view? Gunkel asserts it, and writes that "Psalm 74. 12-17 refers to a mighty divine deed through which Jehovah reorganized the world and became its lord. This can only mean the 'creation.' Therefore Leviathan and the 'dragons' which God defeated, and whose conquest is mentioned together with the 'scaring away' of the sea, can only be the monsters of the primeval deep." How much of this is confirmed by the text? I translate these verses as follows: "Notwithstanding, God is my king from remote times, accomplishing deeds of salvation upon the round earth: Thou with Thy might didst make the ocean tremble, the heads of the long sea monster didst Thou shatter upon the waters. Thou didst crush the heads of Leviathan, gavest him as fodder to the beasts of the wilderness. Thou didst bring forth through clefts (cf. Exod. 17. 6, etc.) fountain and brook; Thou (on the other hand) didst dry up ever flowing streams (Josh. 3. 17). Thou canst summon the day and the night, Thou hast set in place the luminaries, and chiefly the sun. Thou didst fix all the borders of the earth, summer and winter didst Thou make."

The author of this Psalm looks back (v. 12) to the time when Jehovah became the King of Israel (Exod. 15. 18: Jehovah is King) and mentions then (vv. 13-15) some of the deeds of salvation accomplished by this divine king upon the earth. These mighty works, including the drying up of the Jordan (Josh. 3. 17), can be identified in the history of the Israelites. But does he then speak of the creation of the world in v. 16f.? No, he only adds a few touches with his brush to illuminate better that activity of the God of the world which he is singing. Since, for such deeds as the sending of the pillar of cloud and the pillar of fire (Exod. 13. 21), God needs the control of time, the poet says that day and night are his, and, in connection with this, he looks back to the placing of the heavenly bodies in the skies (v. 16); from their circuit de-

pend naturally the seasons (v. 17). Under these circumstances it is impossible for me to believe that the poet was speaking of the creation of the world and that he was alluding to Ti'âmat when he spoke of Leviathan; the mythological interpretation of Gunkel, I am frank to say, does not appeal to me.

III

Another tendency in regard to the study of the Psalter may be called eschatological.

Psa. 93 begins with the words: "The Eternal has come forth as king, He has robed himself in majesty, the Eternal has clothed himself with power, and the earth was steadied so that it did not shake." The thought of the psalmist is that God established, together with his work of creation and of arrangement of the world, a kingdom, and he speaks in later verses of the royal power of God as existing in the present: "More than the voice of numerous majestic billows, nay, than the ocean breakers, is the Eternal majestic in the high heavens" (v. 4). But Gunkel says of this Psalm: "It belongs to the hymns of Jehovah's enthronement and should therefore be understood eschatologically." Is it true? The first part of his statement rests on precarious evidence, for, in connection with the universal kingship of God, as sung here, there is nowhere a single mention of a coronation ceremony, not even in Psa. 103. 19 ("The Eternal has set his throne in heaven," does not mean that he was enthroned). The second part of the statement is even less plausible, for the hymn does not speak of the beginning of the final stage of God's universal kingdom.

Psa. 47 begins with the words: "All ye nations clap your hands, shout unto God with ringing voice! For Jehovah is the highest God, He inspireth reverence, a great king over the whole earth. He subjected nations to our rule, and races under our feet. He chose our heritage for us, the pride of Jacob whom He loveth. God ascended to the throne amid shouts, Jehovah amid trumpet-blasts." What does this mean? After the mighty deliverance of the Children of Israel from the Egyptian bondage had proved Jehovah to be the Saviour King of the Israelites, God ascended a new throne, and the nation sang: "Jehovah will be king forever and

ever" (Exod. 15. 18): "Jehovah his God is with him, and the shouting for the King is among them" (Num. 23. 21).

Psa. 47 speaks therefore of the earlier foundation of the peculiar kingdom of God, whose first member was Abraham (v. 10). There is no warrant for the assertion of Kittel that it deals with the end of time, because the events described fit no historical occurrences, but are expected to come to pass in the future. This is nothing less than a flat denial of the events recorded in the historical books of the Old Testament. Did not Jehovah, after the Exodus from Egypt, "subject nations to their rule and races under their feet"? Did he not give this nation the victory over the Amalekites and the Amorites? Did he not place under their feet (Josh. 10. 24) the Canaanites with their thirty-one kings (Josh. 12. 24)? Even the allusion to those who were willing and ready (v. 9: *nedibhe*; Authorized Version, *princes*; margin, *The voluntary of the people*) to join the nation of the God of Abraham, can be explained by recalling the events of the time of Nehemiah, for this Korahite Psalm may well be dated in a late period, when Malachi could say: "From the rising of the sun even unto its going down is My name great among the nations" (1. 11). And the second part of v. 9 may well be an echo of actual events: let us not forget the Ammonite Tobiah (Neh. 2. 10ff.). The perfect tense used in v. 9 is to be understood as referring to the past, and should not be changed into a present, as Kittel, Bertholet, and Wutz do. The "messianic-eschatological character" of the 47th Psalm (Kittel) is nothing but a product of modern misinterpretation.

Let us give another instance of this modern tendency to interpret some psalm eschatologically. In Psa. 144 the prayer is based upon a conception of God rooted upon happy past experiences (vv. 1-8). In the following verses (9-15) the petition for deliverance from deceitful enemies becomes the occasion for a prayer for a general blessing of the nation of Jehovah. Kittel speaks of the "messianic and eschatological" character of this poem. Again we see the modern tendency at work, for where is there an allusion, in this psalm, to the final destiny of the kingdom of God, not to say of its messianic character? There is, of course, a group of

psalms in which this hope is clearly expressed, but let us not uncritically add to their number many others that are quite different.

Such are the tendencies of modern exegesis of the Psalter that in my opinion should be corrected: a disregard of the Hebrew tenses, a search for myths, and a discovery of unwarranted eschatological allusions. If my forthcoming commentary (*Die Psalmen, eingeleitet, übersetzt und erklärt*) will in a measure test the validity of these current assumptions, it will not be entirely unworthy of consideration; but it also hopes to make some contributions to the solution of the difficult problems that face the interpreter of this great collection of sacred hymns.

ABOVE ALL THINGS, OUR REST MUST BE IN GOD

Above all, in all, thou, my soul, Shalt alway rest in God;

He is the saints' eternal peace. Grant me, sweet and loving Jesus, in Thee to rest above created things;

Above all Health and beauty, Power and dignity, Knowledge and cleverness, Riches and arts, Joy and delight, Fame and praise, Sweetness and comfort, Hope and promise, Merit and longing.

Above all gifts and presents Thou canst give or pour on me;

Above all jubilation That my mind can take or feel; Indeed, above all angels and archangels, and all the army of the heaven;

Above all that I see and see not, And above all where Thou art not, my God.

For Thou, O Lord my God, art best above them all, Highest alone, alone most powerful, Alone able to satisfy, Fullest of all, Sweetest alone, alone most comforting, Most beautiful, most loving, Noblest and most glorious; In Whom all good together is; Is and ever was and shall be.

And therefore anything Thou givest me, apart from Thee, It is too little for me, and it satisfies me not; And anything Thou showest me of Thee or promisest, Is not enough, if Thou art still unseen, And not quite gained by me.

For my heart cannot truly rest, nor wholly be content, Except it rest in Thee, Passing all gifts And all created things.

—From The Imitation of Christ.

THE SYMPHONY OF AUTUMN WOODS

THE WAY OF THE AUTUMN WOODS WITH A MAN'S SOUL

WILLIAM L. STIDGER

Kansas City, Mo.

THE man was tired and restlessness was in his soul.

He walked into the autumn woods with a friend, built a fire, basked in the sunlight, listened to the whisper of the winds, and was suddenly rested.

The world had been much with that man and his nerves were worn and wasted. He was like a Prodigal Son; he had come to the end of his poise, and the night in the city brought no sleep to his eyes; only the jangling of cars and the stampede of thought through his brain. His mind at night was like a prairie over which a stampede of cattle was rushing, and there was no rest in him.

Then came the day in the woods; and that day brought rest to his soul.

It was a simple medicine, but it cured his unrest, for

"The little birds flew east,
And the little birds flew west;
And he smiled to think God's greatness
Flowed around our incompleteness,
'Round our restlessness—His rest."

First there was the Symphony of Autumn playing in the woods. That rested his soul. All the pettiness and littleness of politics and business and human relationships on the lower planes suddenly seemed so insignificant to him as he lay on the tawny, burned, grassy slopes of autumn, beside the little river, and listened to Nature's Autumn Symphony. Before he knew it, peace came to replace his restlessness.

First there was the wind in the trees that soothed him. That was like the whisper of beloved voices of boyhood when no care was on a man's heart. The brazen leaves of autumn made sweet strings for that Æolian harp of the forest; and the music seemed

more beautiful because it swept through crimson and golden leaves. Soft, like the sigh of a girl for her lover, that wind-tide was sweeping in; soft, like the touch of a mother's lips against her baby's cheeks; soft, like the whisper of twilight's old sweet song. That was the first note of the Symphony of Autumn; the note of the winds in the trees.

The next note was the sighing of the winds through the canyons below in the valley where the river wound its winsome way. That second note in the symphony was low and lovable. One felt as if he were hearing the voices of singing angelic hosts, sweet and low, like the winds of the western sea, of which the man had heard so long ago.

The third note that sounded through the Indian summer morning was the note of the quiet little stream running over white little pebbles, with a murmur like the murmur of the eternal dawning, quiet as midnight, save for that low whisper of water over stones and through reeds and rushes of the marsh below.

Then came the chorus of the crickets; that sound in fall time which is forever associated with youth, autumn, and hillsides of homelands; and as he listened, the holy happiness of complete peace came upon him more and more.

Then the cheeping of birds that must have forgotten their way southward came from vale and valley and tree and hillside; soft cheepings as of birds asleep in downy nests covered with their mother's wings. Then the far-off hammer of the red-headed woodpecker, and the call of a hawk, and far overhead—what did it mean?—the only sound that obtruded from the world—the hum of an airplane. But only for a minute of break the beauty, and then, even that sound disappeared in the distance—and naught remained save the Symphony of Autumn.

The Æolian harp of brazen leaves, the sighing of the winds through the canyon; the murmuring of soft waters over white stones; the singing wind in the swamp grasses; the chorus of crickets; the drumming of a woodpecker; the little lost birds and their plaintive loneliness; this was the music of peace; this was God's greatness flowing round the man's incompleteness; around his restlessness; God's rest. This was the Symphony of Autumn.

The color symphony was full of peace, as was the symphony of sound.

There were the flaring crimson leaves of the great old maple tree. The man had been told by a comrade who knew such things that the average maple has four hundred thousand leaves. The sun was shining through this particular maple which crowned the hillside, and as the sun shone through these four hundred thousand leaves, it seemed to give them light and luster like the hand received when one holds his fingers up to let the sun shine through them. The X ray of that splendid sun seemed to show every vein and every glory of that tree.

It was as though that old maple tree was on fire with heavenly light. It seemed to live in a vibrant way. It was a tree of the flame of Beauty as the sun shone through its magnificent foliage.

Not far off yellow vines clambered up a slender poplar, like a throng of boys seeking to be the first to reach the top; and those vines were as yellow as goldenrod. This touch of color, too, was as restful to the soul of the restless man from the city.

And below that yellow splash of color in the color symphony of autumn, the man noted glorious clusters of bittersweet, drops of blood from the heart of the lonely autumn world, dripping in splendid sacrificial drops, the last long note of color that autumn sends forth as a dying splendor along the hedges and rail fences, in fields and forests.

Then suddenly in vivid contrast the man in the woods, tramping along, came upon a patch of milkweed nodding in the sleepy autumn day. They were weary and worn. Their eyes were almost closed for winter's sleep. Every leaf was gone from every stalk. The pods were full and ready for flight. These winged silver airplanes were gently lifted to the lips of the man in the woods and a breath blown through them. They sailed away on the quiet autumn day, into the path of the sun, like silver ships. As the sun shone through them, they gleamed like white silver gossamer ships floating away as light as the ray of the sun itself, and with a fairy grandeur like whispered words of God.

The man had never seen any silver so white, so sun-white, so

clean and beautiful; so light, so wistful, as these fairy ships of mystic beauty that autumn day. He stood like a boy with a new toy in that patch of milkweed, blowing these bird-like beauties into the path of the sun, to see them sail away and alight on the blue waters of the little stream, or on the tawny marsh, or on the crimson hillside, like the "fluttering feathers from a sea gull's wing, alight on the white-tipped waves of the bay."

The bloom-crimson leaves of the maple and the snow-white silver of the milkweed down, both poised in the direct and burning bombardment of the autumn sun, were such a splendid and vivid contrast that his soul laughed aloud at the sheer beauty that was before him, spread out for his eyes and the eyes of his comrade alone; while the world was far away.

Then the red-headed woodpecker, which he had heard drumming in the symphony of sound, flashed across that same path of sunlight like a crimson oriflamme. The crimson head of this bird of beauty, the darkness of Erebus, the white of Mount Shasta's snows, all in one bird's plumage, made the man feel that he had never seen such colors in a single bird's coat as that drumming fellow who seemed to fit so well into the autumn, drumming away at his dead tree; dashing now and then across the path of the sun, like a busy drummer in an orchestra, jumping from one instrument to another; now giving the symphony of sound the benefit of his tenor-drum—his snare beat—and now giving the symphony of color the benefit of his crimson, and midnight, and snow-white beauty, flashing in the sun.

Then there was a curve in the little stream where the moss was deep and green; deep and mysterious as dawn; as beautiful as a queen's robe; as soft as the lips of love; that bank of moss in the little stream, with its emerald glow and glory, as if light was streaming from volcanic fires up through that stream and through that bed of moss.

And over yonder on the hillside the woods were carpeted with Oriental tapestry as beautiful as a vast Persian rug; with here a path of lavender, splotched with crimson leaves; and there a patch of yellow floss; and then a tawny acre of leaves knee deep to tread upon; and further on, the sun shining down in purple patches

because some leaves of purple hue had dropped in silent flowers upon that beautiful carpet.

And the sun waded through these leaves just to hear another part of that symphony of sound, and just to feel the rich, warm depth of his kingly carpet of Persian rugs, fit for the gods to tread upon in stately robes of autumn.

And, as he felt the warm, soft touch of that rug of leaves beneath his feet and heard the rustle as he waded in this carpet, knee deep in color, old and blessed memories of boyhood days came back again. "Knee deep in June?" No, dead Riley man, he was "knee deep in autumn" this time of quiet splendor, and soul-deep in rest and peace.

Then there was the valley to be walked from one end to another; the winding little stream to be crossed on great footpaths of fallen trees, over blue holes where tiny fish flashed in the sun. There was a lazy, lazy, great, old, brown grandfather crawfish basking in the sun on a brown stone at the bottom of that stream. Then there was a stick thrown into the stream to watch it drift with the current; to see it carried with sudden swiftness through a rough ripple; and then to see it suddenly—just as suddenly—swept into a quiet pool where no current disturbed the placid waters, deep and sure and restful; and the man felt that his soul also had been swept out of the turbulent, swift currents of life into the quiet pool of that autumn day, to hear that autumn symphony of color and sound; at last to sit with God and a comrade friend upon a high knoll and smell the crisp bacon in the pan, and the hot coffee, and the bed of leaves—and afterwards came sleep and the restful rustle of the leaves—and oblivion—and dreams of still waters—and loved ones far off and near—and home—and God—and:

"The glory that the wood receives
At sunset in its brazen leaves."

A murmur of dream; a sound of laughter; and a weary man's yawning; an awakening of rested eyes, blinking in the autumn sunset; a stretching of limbs that had lain on the bed of leaves along warm Mother Earth's breast, with the friendly sun pouring health

into him; and the man remembered lines he learned in boyhood on such a hillside of Peace:

"The haze on the far horizon,
The infinite, tender sky,
The ripe, rich tints of the cornfields
And the wild geese sailing high;
And far over upland and lowland,
The charm of the goldenrod;
Some of us call it Autumn,
But others call it God."

SONG OF KABIR, A. D. 1400

O how may I ever express that secret word?
O how can I say He is not like this, and He is like that?
If I say that He is within me, the universe is ashamed:
If I say that He is without me, it is falsehood.
He makes the inner and the outer worlds to be indivisibly one;
The conscious and the unconscious, both are His footstools.
He is neither manifest nor hidden, He is neither revealed nor unrevealed:
There are no words to tell that which He is.

Translated by RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

SHOW ME THY FACE

Show me Thy face—one transient gleam
Of loveliness divine,
And I shall never think or dream
Of other love save Thine:
All lesser light will darken quite,
All lower glories wane,
The beautiful of earth will scarce
Seem beautiful again.

Show me Thy face—my faith and love
Shall henceforth fixed be,
And nothing here have power to move
My soul's serenity.
My life shall seem a trance, a dream,
And all I feel and see,
Illusive, visionary,—Thou,
The one reality!

ANON.

AN EMBARRASSING ERROR

WILLIAM H. SHIPMAN

Indianola, Iowa

THE Fifth Restrictive Rule in the constitution of the church contains an error that has caused endless embarrassment but has never received serious attention. The Rule reads as follows: "The General Conference shall not deprive our ministers of the right of trial by the Annual Conference, or by a select number thereof, nor of an appeal; nor shall it deprive our members of the right of trial by a committee of the members of our church, nor of an appeal."

The guarantee of trial to our ministers is proper because it defends the most vital interests of their lives, but the guarantee of a trial to our members when none of their vital interests are concerned is a very grave error which has produced the most unfortunate results. Nothing could present a fairer appearance than this guarantee of trial to our members, nothing could be more unwise.

The reason for this is obvious. The laws enacted under the Constitution of the United States may take the life of a citizen, they may take his liberty, they may take his property. Therefore the Constitution protects these most vital interests by a jury trial which requires that twelve men must be unanimously convinced, beyond a reasonable doubt, that the defendant is guilty before any legal penalty can be executed. The trial by jury is therefore one of the most sacred rights of the citizen.

But when a member of the church is brought to trial his life, his liberty, and his property are not concerned even in the most distant way, for the church has no power whatever over those rights. The only power the church has is over the membership in the church. The member can end that relation by signing a written request that his name be removed from the record. But no matter how gravely the member has violated his duty, nor how utterly he has repudiated his membership by refusing to attend the church or support it, the church can end the membership only by

exactly the same process by which the State would convict a man of murder in the first degree and hang him.

The placing of church membership for the judicial purposes of the church upon the same basis as life, liberty, and property, is not merely a grave error, it is a most ridiculous error, and has placed the church in a most ridiculous position. The intent was excellent, namely, to protect our people in their membership, upon which the church very properly places a high value. But our pastors only too sadly know that countless thousands of our members place no value whatever upon their membership. They never attend the church. They never support it. Yet it is easier to try a man for murder in the first degree and hang him than it is to try a member for improper amusements or neglect of the means of grace and expel him from the church. The reasons why it is easier to so try a man for murder and hang him than to try a member and expel him from the church are, first, that the State can subpoena witnesses and the church cannot, and often essential witnesses refuse to testify. Second, public opinion will support the State in prosecuting the murderer but the membership will not support the church in prosecuting for improper amusements or neglect of the means of grace. No pastor ever brings them to trial, because he knows that it would rend his church asunder. Neither will any official ever prosecute members, for precisely the same reason. In the thirty-five years of my active pastorate I never knew of such a trial, but I knew of multitudes of such recreant members.

The present status of this ridiculous error is church records padded with the names of thousands who have repudiated their membership, which the church rightly values so highly, who never attend it and never support it, and pastors, official boards, and the General Conference are alike helpless except by the State's method of hanging a man, or by using foolish makeshifts such as lists of non-resident members, inactive members, and other such subterfuges.

The church should have precisely the same right to terminate membership when it sees fit that the member has to terminate it when he sees fit. Where neither life, liberty, nor property is at stake, this is *prima facie* true. When the member shows plainly

that he places no value on his membership it is in the highest degree irrational that the church should be powerless to end it as the member can end it.

I sat in the Moody Church one morning in Chicago in an audience of 5,000. A committee appointed to investigate an erring member reported after careful examination that it advised that the man's membership should be ended. Paul Rader, the pastor of the church, put the matter to vote, and the great congregation voted as the committee advised. Here the membership themselves ended the man's membership. The pastor and officials had no responsibility.

The General Conference, if it had the power, might not think that the best way of ending membership. The highly significant thing was that the great congregation had the power to act, and suffered not the slightest embarrassment in acting effectively.

There is here a subject of practical legislation which includes the paragraph on amusements, and should receive the most careful attention of the church, for in it lies an error that has produced the most gravely unreasonable results.

The error is this, the church has attempted to accomplish by the threat of trial and expulsion for improper amusements and the neglect of the means of grace results which have never been so accomplished, and never can be. This every pastor knows as one of the saddest facts in the pastorate. To see many members forsake the church and never support it, and have that empty requirement in the Discipline that he should bring them to trial and expel them if they do not return to their duty, places upon every pastor an embarrassment that he has no way of solving, for it is utterly impossible for him to do what the Discipline directs him to do. This error has placed in the Discipline a body of legislation which every pastor knows to be absolutely worthless because utterly impossible to execute, and to which therefore no pastor pays the slightest attention, and rightly so, for if he attempted practically to apply that legislation to the members in his church who were subject to it his act would go far toward ruining his church. Every pastor in the church knows these facts as certainly as he knows that his heart beats. Yet that body of absolutely worthless legislation has bur-

dened the Discipline and embarrassed pastors and official boards for uncounted decades.

When the amusement paragraph was under discussion there was hot revolt against the policeman's club, that is, against the threat of trial and expulsion from the church as a penalty for improper amusements. That revolt certainly had a rational basis. That threat for such neglect of duty is a grave error. It never has and never will prevent countless thousands of our members from doing the thing forbidden. But the most absurd aspect of this condition is that the church puts this threat in its law when there is not the slightest intention of carrying it into effect, and when if any pastor did it effectively he would destroy his own usefulness and embarrass his bishop, his superintendent, and his official board to the limit of endurance.

In the presence of this error the General Conference of 1924 did a most remarkably inept thing. It attempted to improve the paragraph on amusements by leaving in it the most offensive item, the threat of trial and expulsion, and at the same time refusing to define improper amusements. The General Conference by this new law now threatens trial and expulsion, that is, it brandishes the policeman's club as fiercely as ever, but at the same time makes it quite impossible to carry out its threat. How improper amusements will be controlled by merely refusing to define them no man can tell. But exactly that was done. The old paragraph defined improper amusements. Every lawyer I have consulted tells me the State cannot try a man for an offense not defined by the law. But that is exactly what the church now threatens to do under the new amusement paragraph. This means that if a member is brought to trial for dancing, his counsel can claim that it is not an improper amusement. The church must then prove that it is. The defendant can then appeal from the ruling of the trial committee, and in due course the ruling will go up to the General Conference and it will be compelled to define the offense it refused to define. This is exactly the status of the present paragraph on improper amusements. It would be very difficult to invent a combination that would more completely invalidate the law by making it unworkable.

It is not easy to understand how such a law could pass in an assembly where able lawyers of the highest standing were present and active leaders in its work.

Surely the time has arrived when the church should see that the policeman's club, the empty, perfectly meaningless threat of trial and expulsion for improper amusements and neglect of the means of grace, is as discreditable to its government as it is useless to our recreant members. Is it not now time for the church to recognize that the only way to help and restore these erring members is by the sweet and gentle power of Christian love eloquent in kindly, fraternal, and patient counsels and in loving oversight? The simple fact is that all the power the church ever has had over such members is this ministry of love, and it must be perfectly evident to all that it is the only influence to correct and restore that the church ever will have. Is it not therefore evident that it will be in the highest degree wise for the church to remove that threat of trial and expulsion for improper amusements and neglect of the means of grace entirely from the Discipline? Would not every pastor welcome that decision with a grateful heart and deep sense of relief?

When the church substitutes in the Discipline for these utterly vacuous threats of trial and expulsion the affectionate warnings, the wise counsels, and the intelligent instruction which love dictates it will remove a grave error from its government and be wielding the most powerful and effective agency for the restoration of its delinquent members.

When members place themselves beyond the gentle ministries of love, then, when the fifth Restrictive Rule is amended by omitting the guarantee of a jury trial for membership, the General Conference can enact such wise provisions for ending, without a trial, after a fair hearing, the membership of those who have repudiated their duty to the church, no longer love it, and no longer respond to the appeal of love.

THE PAGAN MILLENNIUM—II

ALLEN H. GODBEY

Carrsville, Ky.

VI.—*Origin of the Time-Cycle*

THUS our inquiry as to the provenance of thousand-cycles has led us to Egypt on the one hand, and to Babylonia on the other. But that raises the question, Have their cycle-notions a common ancestry? And if so, why should remote, prehistoric savages think of time-cycles at all?

That Hamitic and Semitic peoples are branches of one early stock is now recognized. Dr. Elliot Smith tells us that the skeletons in early Egyptian graves show a people practically identical with the so-called Hamites and Arabs in modern Somaliland—the ancient Punt. Egyptians called this “The Land of Spirits”; suggesting that it was the land of the ancestors of some of the Egyptian clans. Ancient Egyptian speech was nearer to classical Arabic than modern Ethiopic or Amharic is; pointing to an identity some fifteen or twenty thousand years ago. We have then ethnological and linguistic reasons for asking if some words may not still exist that come from that ancient time.

But we may then dismiss at once any theory that finds the origin of the notion of time-cycles in planetary observations or astronomically regulated calendars, as seems to be the notion of Origen and Herodotus, already cited. The ancient Assyrians never attained such accuracy of observation as to be able to determine the synodic revolution of a planet, or to regularly predict eclipses, or to establish the real zodiac, or the actual solar year. The superstitions of astrology rather than the science of astronomy were their interest; and of this our records come from the time of the Sargonid Kings, in the last century only, of Assyrian history. Not till the year 523 B. C., sixteen years after Cyrus entered Babylon, do we find Babylonian tablets with some careful astronomical calculations made and announced in advance. “It

was not in the remote obscurity of the fourth or fifth millennium B. C. that the mighty fabric of Chaldean astronomy was reared, it was during the first millennium B. C. that it was laboriously and gradually constructed."¹ Nor is there anything in known astronomical periods to suggest the particular number 1,000. Yet we have already cited views that included thousand-cycles from times anterior to any scientific astronomy known, and from lands far from Babylon—like the Orphics in Thrace.

We must recognize that man's unit of measurement is himself; and that our familiar ideas "everlasting, eternal" are synthetic ideas, built up by adding together the ages of men. The Zulu speaks of Unkulunkulu, "The Old, Old One," as his nearest expression for an "eternal" one. And this same term may only mean the legendary founder or first chieftain of a new clan or tribe. Anderson says of the Damaras, or Ova-Herrero, that each tribe has its own Omu-Kuru, or Old One, and ascribes all its superstitions, customs, peculiarities, etc., to that Ancient One—somewhere in the far north; evidently a tradition of the region whence they came.² In fact, throughout Bantu Africa the same name may mean what we would call "God," or it may mean "the first man," or it may mean the eponym ancestor of the tribe. The missionary is often puzzled to know which the native means.³ In like manner Tangaroa, Tangaloa, in various dialectic forms, is used in the South Seas. In some places, clearly the leader of early colonists to the island; in others, the chieftain of the island from which they came; again, the Creator of all things. Such data are familiar to the anthropologist.

Our own Indo-European languages preserve the fossil fact in question. The Latin *ævum* is primarily "the age of a man," the duration of his life. The Greek form is *aiôn*, and is used the same way. (See Liddell and Scott.) "Let not thy good *aiôn* pine away," says Calypso to the sorrowing Odysseus. Homer and Pindar and also tragic poets use the word thus as the lifetime of a man; *psyche kai aiôn* is a connection we find, in reference to one's living. The use of the word as the time of the generation

¹ Cumont, *op. cit.*, 10-13.

² Lake Ngami, 218.

³ Mrs. Fringie, *Mountains of the Moon*, 110.

during which a man lived is a secondary and natural one. Each generation is then an *aiôn*; posterity may be referred to as "the following *aiôn*." And so philosophic minds eventually write of "every *aiôn*"; or *ton hapanta aiôn*, to express our similarly reached "forever." So using the same root in locative form the Greek gains *aiei*, *aei*, etc., in the various dialects, to express "continually, always." When we speak of "the livelong day," that is, "the life-long day," we are using equivalent terms to express the "everlasting" idea.

So in Latin, parallel to *diu-ternus*, "day-lasting" we have the word *ævi-ternus*, "life-lasting." But this *ævi-ternus*, *æternus* does not come into use in Roman ritual to express our use of it, "eternal," until the second century A. D. Cumont supposes⁴ that its regular linking at this time with a sidereal god, usually Syrian, proves that the idea of "eternity" was acquired from the suggestions of the changeless heavens to the Chaldean astronomers. But this overlooks two facts. First, if *æternus* did not already mean "eternal" to the Romans, they would not then have applied it to new sidereal gods. Second, Cumont was unaware that a term for eternity was reached by Semitic peoples by the very process we are viewing, ages before their astronomy. But our immediate interest is in the fact that the Romans did not use *ævi-ternus* in ritual in this special sense till very late in their history, though they had the word.

Turning to our own Teutonic speech, we find ideas expressed by using the same old root *aw*, *āw*, in the same way. Its accusative "aye" corresponds to the Greek *aiei*. The word remained in Gothic as *aiw*; Icelandic *āfi*; in Anglo-Saxon we had *æfre*, our "ever." We made "each" and "either" from it. And we preserve the fact that the word alone did not originally express "eternity" by the phrases in which we have added "age to age"; the word "age" itself being a corruption of this root. A thing that is "as wet as ever it could be" is as wet as it could get in a life time. "Forever and aye" adds two age-terms together. So "forever and ever"; possibly the "and" is the preposition *an*, "on"; at any rate this "age upon age" is the match to the Greek "æons of æons,"

⁴Op. cit., 104-106.

"Forever and a day" means outlasting a mere human "age." We see that no matter when our remote Indo-European ancestry began expressing the idea of "eternity," they did it by using the age of man as their unit of construction. "Man is the measure of all things." But these data have no hint of "recurring cycles."

But let it be emphasized that man had to have the notion of his own "everlastingness" before he invented ways to express it. Nothing wilder has ever passed as "scholarship" than the statement that Hebrew and Babylonian had no alluring individual hope beyond the grave. The Assyrian and Babylonian, taking over the ancient Sumerian culture, accepted its ancient ideogram for "forever"—DA-ER. But this is an uplifted hand before a "step-altar," as it is called; a miniature of the tiny mountain-slope shrines, in which the upper story covers only half the lower one; the ancestor numen being in the little upper room (cf. 2 Kings 4. 10). But this Sumerian hand upraised in oath or petition before an ancestral Shade meant "eternally!" The Shade was eternal, if nothing else was. "Man is the measure of all things."

Similarly our very oldest records in Egypt show us the ancient Egyptian concerned above all things about that element of his personality that he considered to perpetually haunt the grave. He called it the Ka; and for the welfare of the Ka all provision was made, and from a powerful Ka all blessings were asked; for the Ka of a Pharaoh pyramids were built, and by the Ka of a Pharaoh solemn oaths were sworn, binding one forever; the Ka's anger followed the perjured "to the end of days." But his ideogram for this eternal, ever-revered, ever-cared-for Ka, was a pair of arms upraised as in prayer or rejoicing. Before the Ka of some departed one he prayed and rejoiced; from that Ka he begged perpetual joy. And the prehistoric Hamito-Semite had been doing this for so long that when he began to write and picture his doings and thinkings, his conventional gesture of joy or supplication before something he loved and feared was used to suggest that "Something." That was eternal, if nothing else was. "Man is the measure of all things."

What was there now, connected with the primitive Hamito-Semite's notion of his own "everlastingness" and his mode of

expressing "everlastingness" by adding words for a man's age or generation together, that could also furnish the notion of "circles" or "cycles" of time?

It was the residence of the early nomads who ventured to abandon caverns and rock shelters and live, for part of the time at least, in the open country. We have a root DWR expressing "circle, circumference, surrounding," surviving in all the principal Semitic languages; *dār* and *dahar* in Arabic; *dûr*, a "circle," in Hebrew, and Egyptian Aramaic *dûrā*; Syriac *dôrā*, Arabic *dûr*; and a "period of time, era," in Arabic also is *dûr*, Aramaic *dār*, Syriac *dôr*, Assyrian *dûru*, *dâru*, Hebrew *dôr*, the time of a single "generation"; Ethiopic *tsar*. Or, "an enclosure, circular dwelling"; Arabic *dâr*, Syriac *dôra*, *dairā*; Jewish-Aramaic *dûrā*, Sabeian *dwr* (dowar?); Assyrian *dûru*, the enclosing wall of a camp, fort, or town; in New Hebrew, Biblical Aramaic, and Jewish Aramaic *dwr* expresses "to dwell, abode." Also, as oxen walk round in a circle to thresh the grain, as our horses walk round to turn some farm-machinery, we find the Hebrew using this same circle-word to express "to thresh, to trample to bits, to destroy."

Beginning with the residence-circle; African open country huts are circular,⁵ and a kraal (our "corral") is a circular enclosure, the huts ranged around the inner side of the palisade, the center of the enclosure being an assembly ground, where the villagers sit in a circle when in council; or it may be also a cattle-yard. Sometimes a second palisade surrounds this central sacred court, so that the villagers' huts stand between two concentric circles. Abyssinian churches are usually of this primitive ground-plan. The more primitive pastoral tribes still abandon a site⁶ when the chieftain dies, burying him in the center of the cattle-yard, or in his house. Thus no permanent town can ever be made by such people. But every abandoned circle-site will mean a past generation, a former chieftain's age, to such people; and every ancient chieftain's grave is a place of prayer for blessings and for feasting. Thus a term for circle, enclosure, groups for them all the above ideas; and a town may be known simply as "the circle,

⁵ Forest folk generally build rectangular homes. Compare Bentley, *Pioneering on the Congo*, I, 25.

⁶ Anderson, *Lake Ngami*, 225.

cattle-pen." Lattakoo, a native capital in South Africa, is simply the white man's corruption of *litakung*, "cattle kraals."

Now turning to the Arab; in all nomad territory ancient stone circles are found, large and small; residence-sites of ages ago, or graves. Professor Palmer⁷ describes such in the Sinaitic Peninsula. Sometimes rough stone walls enclosed a circle ninety or a hundred feet across, with small stone enclosures around the inside wall; sometimes a burial cairn remains in the center. Bedouin legend attributes them to ancient Israelites. That now seems very probable. Ancient inscriptions have at last been deciphered, and prove to be old Hebrew; and a god Yahu has been made out. The date seems about 1500 B. C., the time of the end of the reign of Thothmes I, earlier than any guess yet made as to the date of the Exodus. But this is immaterial. The immediate point is that the Arabs call these ancient circular stone enclosures by a circle-word, *dowar*. And Palmer records that he had observed the same primitive defense still in use on Mount Hermon; flocks confined in stone "dry-wall" circles, with thorn-boughs thrust into chinks outside to repel wild beasts. The same may be seen as far west as Morocco. Mr. Currelly, examining some of these ancient Sinaitic remains, found in a few soft, rude copper instruments, with no admixture of tin, showing that bronze was still unknown in that far-off day.⁸ Yet the circle type still persists! The Bedouin declare that the Israelites built the *dowar* as protection against jinns. The average Bedouin to-day will stand and pray at a mysterious circle, thinking it the residence of some ancient ghost. Or a Moslem magician may summon the evil dead to show him the treasures of "Nimrod the accursed." But he guards himself in his midnight mummerly with a circle of blood from a black cock; and if he stepped outside the circle, the spirits would tear him to pieces.⁹ Or a Moslem may stand in a circle, and pray to each of the "four quarters" of the world for protection against evil spirits ere he sets out on a journey. He is continually connecting a *dûr* or *dâr* with past generations, abodes, ever-living spirits. And he uses it also as the territory

⁷ *Desert of the Exodus*, 120ff., 360.

⁸ *Petrie, Researches in Sinai*, 243f.

⁹ *Fletcher, Notes from Nineveh*, 294.

(circuit?) of some nomad people. We may see on a map of Upper Egypt and Soudan Dâr Fur, Dâr Medob, Dâr Bideh, etc.

VII.—*Egyptian "Cycles"*

Turning now to ancient Egypt, observe that the larger and older villages in modern Africa, becoming thickly populated, are commonly divided by two streets or lanes, crossing at right angles.

+ This simple ground plan is actually recognizable yet at some ancient Egyptian sites, and such circle with two cross streets is the regular ideogram or determinative for "town, city," in the hieroglyphic writing. Miss Edwards¹⁰ remarked that such ground-plan of the ancient city of Het-erpat, the Greek "Athribis," modern Benha, was still plainly discernible. So back in prehistoric, pre-hieroglyph times, the ancient peoples along the Nile considered this the usual plan for a palisaded village.

Now far back, among the earlier Egyptian records we find "circles" or "cycles" of the gods or spirits. These "cycles of the gods" or spirits of the dead are met with in ritual formulae in the Book of the Dead. Osiris is hailed in it as "chief of Amenti, lord of eternity, traversing everlastingness, lord (receiver) of adorations, chief of the cycle of his gods." Such is he again and again. The relatives of the deceased "offer incense to the great cycle of the gods." Thoth is called "righteous judge of the great cycle of the gods." "The great cycle of the gods" replies to the decision of Thoth. The same phrases are used of sky-spirits. Amen-Ra, the Invisible+Sun, is hailed as "president of the gods," "Bull of the cycle of the gods," "president of the ancestor-dead of the necropolis of On." Citations could fill pages.

But this proves no succeeding cycles of time. In the preceding section we saw the familiar immemorial African council-circle, the chief standing in the center.¹¹ The African naturally thinks of his guardian ancestors, the *barimo*, holding their councils the same way, whether underground or in the sky. Such council-circle is a *picho*, in South Africa. So when Livingstone observed a notable halo about the sun the natives said, "Don't you

¹⁰ Edwards, *Pharaohs, Fellahs, and Explorers*, 253.

¹¹ For illustration, see Anderson, *Lake Ngami*, 438.

see? The barimo are holding a *picho*, with the Lord Sun in the center."¹² This is identical with the Egyptian Sun-God presiding in a "cycle of the ancestors." But this notion that such halo is a council-circle of the spirits, trying a noted criminal, is common in Africa. But when the ancient Babylonian saw the like, he thought instead of the circular enclosure for flocks, and called such halos "sheepfolds" or "cattle-pens."

But the Egyptian used the circle also to express the age of a man; expressing a "million" or "innumerable," *heh*, by two characters. One of these is a human figure surmounted by a circle and bearing in each hand a many-notched stick; their way of indicating "numberless," "innumerable circles (ages) of a man," seems to be the idea. But this does not necessarily mean "recurring cycles of existence" for a man, any more than the above "circles of the gods, or ancestors" does.

Now we have to consider "one thousand." In Rev. 14. 3 we have "æons of æons"; but this is the "thousand years" of 20. 1-3; an indefinite term in the first case suggests that the other was originally meant as indefinite, and that a "millennium" eventually resulted from the bald literalism of an uncomprehending people. Egypt phraseology makes that certain. We sing in Egyptian, of the sungod, Ra, traveling through untold spaces of millions and hundreds of thousands of years. "Millions of years have gone over the world, but those through which thou hast passed I cannot count." "Thou passest on through eternity." This is our own familiar idiom of using finite numbers to aid in imaging the infinite. Again, Amen-Ra is himself the whole circle or cycle of the gods in the temples: "Hail, lord of time and bestower of years! Hail, lord of the life for all eternity! Hail, lord of ten thousands and millions (of years)"—in which the life for all eternity is paralleled by "thousand" phrases. We may expect a god to phrase his assurance of "everlastingness" the same way. So in the portrayal of the birth of the "divine" Amenophis III, the god Amen assures him before his birth, that he shall have "millions of years, like the sun." Thoth's promise to Rameses II (then reigning) is one of "tens of thousands of anniversary festivals." (The thirtieth

¹² Livingstone TRSA 240. Bentley, I, 269; Campbell, *Travels, South Africa*, I, 149, 173.

anniversary of any royal accession, if a king lived so long, was celebrated with a great "jubilee" festival. So the assurance means hundreds of thousands of years.) But incessant use of such finite terminology will make some ancient literalists eventually speculate about a limited hereafter.

Add another use of "thousand" in mortuary inscriptions. During 4,000 years a formula was inscribed upon the tombs imploring passers-by to pray to Osiris that the Ka of the deceased be plentifully supplied with provisions. From age to age the phrasing was little changed. This is from the tomb of Pepi-Na, far back in the Sixth Dynasty:

"O ye who live upon the earth!

Ye who come hither and are servants of the gods (Manes?)

O say these words! "Grant thousands of loaves, thousands of jars of wine, thousands of jars of beer, thousands of beeves, thousands of geese, to the Ka of the Royal Friend Pepi-Na, Superintendent of the Royal Household, and Superior of the Priests of the Pyramid of King Pepi!"²²

So the prayer for endless, eternal provision was expressed in thousands.

Now, very briefly; recent excavations show that Egyptian power over Byblos (Gabal), on the Palestinian coast, reached as far back as Mycerinus of the Fourth Dynasty, about 3600 B. C. (Budge) and probably to the time of Athothis, second dynastic king, 4333 B. C., Palestine and Phoenicia were Egyptian provinces during the whole of the New Empire (c. 1550-1170 B. C.). So the phraseology in question was inevitably familiar in ancient Palestine for ages. Wen-Amen, about 1100 B. C., is sent to Gebal to secure timber "for the barge of Amen-Ra, king of the gods." There is friction. He is shown the tombs of earlier envoys, who were detained seventeen years and died there. Undaunted, he replies, "These were but common people; there was no god among them." But Wen-Amen himself is a "divine" one, messenger of Amen-Ra, king of the gods. The King of Byblos should provide what Wen-Amen came for, that he might ask Amen-Ra for 10,000 years more than his fated life (earthly) and it would be granted him; and the King of Byblos would then ever

²² Edwards, *Pharaohs, Fellahs, and Explorers*, 119.

receive water in The West, like the other gods ("divine Manes") that are there. And the King would have prepared for himself a tablet to place upon his tomb to announce the fact to the world. Thus Wen-Amen, emphasizing the doctrine that life hereafter depends upon the pleasure of the Great Gods, knows what Phœnician kings hope for, and that they express that hope in terms of thousands of years. Such expressions in Palestine were inevitable after millenniums of Egypt's contact and influence, and centuries of its actual domination, during which swearing by the Ka of Pharaoh and praying for "thousands" for him would be demanded of every loyal Palestinian subject. And the Tell el-Amarna Letters, c. 1400 B. C., show Palestinians addressing "thousand"-wishes to Egyptian kings. That the fashion did not die out with them is proven by the Old Testament. We see "thousand-wishings" credited to the early nomad period, Gen. 24. 60. The Deuteronomists assure the people that "Yahu keepeth covenant and mercy with them that love him and keep his commandments, to a thousand generations" (Deut. 7. 9). And when we read Psa. 105. 8, declaring that Yahu has kept covenant with Abraham and his seed, a covenant pledged unto a thousand generations, with its appended deliverance from Egypt, we feel that this thousand-phraseology was regularly heard in the Egyptian period and has never been forgotten. And when the chronicler (Ezra himself?) incorporates this into a regular temple chant (1 Chron. 16. 15) we know that Hebrew kings have listened to such priestly extravagance from the beginning, and that the reformer prophets have battled all the time with the baalist millennialism. The world-weary Preacher is also cycle-weary. "What if you do live a thousand years, or a thousand years twice, if the following darkness be equally long?"¹⁴

Here notice the struggle with the Hittites, during the Egyptian domination of Palestine. The treaty between Rameses II and the Great King of the Hittites is under protection of "Sutekh of Kheta, Amen of Egypt, and all the thousand gods; the gods, male and female; the gods of the rivers, of the great sea, of the winds and the clouds, of the land of Kheta and of the land of

¹⁴ Eccl. 1. 4-11; 6. 3-6; 11. 8. A cycle notion has been recognized in Ecclesiastes, and efforts made to prove it Hindu. The immemorial Semitic cycle phraseology has not been recognized.

Egypt."¹⁵ Observe that instead of a "cycle" or "circle" of gods, we here have a "thousand" of them; equating the terms, as in Rev. 14. 3; 20. 1-3.

Let us hear from the Jew a thousand years later in ancient Egypt. A Jewish colony or garrison was placed at Elephantine on the frontier of Upper Egypt, by Psamtik II, 593-588 B. C. We now have many Jewish documents from that place, written between 494-400 B. C. A very long one to Bagohi, the Persian governor of Judah, complains of the ruin of their temple of Yahu. We need only the conventional or diplomatic mode of addressing Bagohi. The priests say, "May our Lord, the God of Heaven, abundantly grant to thee at all times: and for favors may he appoint thee before Darius the King and the princes of the palace more than at present a thousand times, and long life may he grant thee and joy and strength at all times!" If their petition is granted it will gain Bagohi "more merit before Yahu than sacrifices equal to a thousand of silver."¹⁶

It matters not whether these Jewish priests were using Egyptian or Palestinian diplomatic phraseology; it shows that any Palestinian court was accustomed to "thousand"-phraseology and "cycles" of gods or spirits (as a pagan would have invoked) and that the reason we do not find such phraseology in the writings of the reformer prophets is because such "millennial" terminology carried ideas that they assailed.

VIII.—*Babylonian Millenniums*

The immemorial Hamito-Semitic "cycle-thousand" phraseology being clear in the case of Egypt and her sphere of influence, we turn lastly to the other source indicated by our examination of Greece, Armenia, and Persia; the Sumero-Semitic culture in what we popularly call "Babylonia." We saw it to be thousands of years older than the cited Indo-European parvenus. Our examination must be of the use of the words *dûr*, *dôr*, *dûru*, *darû*.

Observe the Hebrew use of the word DWR for something circular, or a "dwelling" in Isa. 29. 3; 22. 18 (ball?); Ezek. 24.

¹⁵ Edwards, *One Thousand Miles Up the Nile*, p. 240.

¹⁶ Barton, *Archæology and the Bible*, 447f. (1925 edition.)

5, "pile around"; Psa. 84. 11, Sirach 50. 26; Isa. 38. 12; "abode"; also Psa. 49. 20, where AV has "generation." Observe that this last, a "circle of the fathers," is identical with the Egyptian.

Take again DWR as the length of an individual life or "generation" in Isa. 60. 15; Gen. 15. 6; Deut. 23. 3, 4, 9; Jud. 2. 10; Num. 32. 13; Joel 2. 2; Psa. 45. 18; 61. 6; 145. 13; Joel 3. 20; Psa. 10. 6 (generation and generation "I shall not be moved!")—personal expectation for the Hereafter). Observe this is the synthetic expression for "everlasting, forever," by adding human ages, as we have seen to be common with primitive peoples; the Hebrew is *dôr wa-dôr*. But we have this "synthetic eternity" in Psa. 90. 1, Deut. 32. 7, Isa. 58. 12, for the past. It implies the future in Isa. 60. 15; Joel 2. 2; Psa. 45. 17; 61. 6; 33. 2; Lam. 5. 19; Isa. 33. 20, etc. We have the equivalent "all *dôrôth*" sixteen times in the Psalms. But let it be remembered that we are dealing all the time with an originally unvoveled DWR; and could translate just as easily "circle and circle," "cycle upon cycle." In Exod. 3. 15, "in every hamlet," or campground, would nearer express the needed idea. And the plural form of DWR is also used in the same sense as *dôr wa-dôr*. Thus the "cycle" idea was implicit in Ur-Semitic idioms, and any newcomers in Palestine found it already in the warp and woof of ancient Canaanite speech. Reformers had to grapple with its limitations and suggestions from the beginning.

But we have this very phraseology in the ancient cuneiform: the Babylonian *dûru* may be an encircling wall, a round tower, a fortress-city, the skin of face or of any limb, the wrapping or circumference of a thing; while *darû* may be "cycle-long," "age-lasting, eternal"; and we have *dûr dâri*, matching the Hebrew *dôr wa-dôr*. But the absence of an article in Babylonia leaves always a certain equivocation in some phrases. When we find a life of *ûmê rûkûti*, shall we translate "a life of long days," or "The Life of the Long Days"? And when we meet a wish for a life of *I shi shanâti*, is it "a life of a thousand years," or "The Life of the Thousand Years"? It is clear that a conventional compliment with the first shade of meaning would certainly beget the second in later speculative times. And linking two forms of the root, as

in *dûr dâri*, are we wishing the king happiness "to the Cycle of Eternity"? or will he think of "The Eternal City"? It can be read so; and the ancient Orient did speak of the underworld of the dead as The City, and The Garden, just as some modern African peoples do. But this simple statement about three crucial phrases will enable any English reader to understand that the exact shade of meaning conveyed 2000-3000 B. C. remains for some a question; while our data have shown us definite "millennial" cycle ideas in later times coming out of Babylonia.

Since in Section III we considered the ubiquity of the patron-baal or "guardian angel" or "Perpetual Shepherd" in the Orient, let us note his antiquity. The Sumerians, before the Semitic supremacy, had such deified kings (perhaps as far back as 10,000 B. C., some scholars think). Hymns to Dungi II of Ur (c. 2450 B. C.) are familiar. One of them, praising the god Ellil for elevating Dungi to such kingship, says that this was done in the temple E. Kur (Mountain House) which Dungi's father, Ur-Lamma, built. It means that Dungi's statue is placed there—twenty-five hundred years before the Nero-frenzy in the East.

"In Ekur, which Ellil's appointed one built unto everlasting years,
And the Son of the appointed one hath received a scepter unto The Far-
Away Days; he, whose throne is never abolished!
In his place the god Ashimurri in Ekur chose (Dungi)

While he was yet in the womb he created him, the appointed one.
Ellil the mighty shepherd glorified him, the valliant.
As a Son, of Kingly power in the sanctuary Dungi became King.

He of clean heart, the shepherd; Protecting Genius of the Land, whose
name . . . good.

Dungi! into whose hand Ellil of the pure heart hath entrusted the shep-
herding of the peoples,

And by whose arm he caused a scepter to be stretched out (to show) that
he is the shepherd of the lands," etc.¹⁷

Consider the phraseology of this ancient "son of god," mes-
siah-baal of forty-three hundred years ago—"May Ellil lengthen
his life unto (The?) Far-away Days!"—"Dungi hath been ap-
pointed unto high-priesthood forever!"—"O Dungi, thy reign

¹⁷ Langdon, *Am. Journal Semitic Languages and Literature*, XXXIX, 161-186.

Ellil hath made all-excelling (?) for thee!"—"Unto a (The?) New Era ('days') Dungi hath he chosen, for a permanent reign." And in Sumerian hymns to Nim-Urda, coming from the same period, we find the maiden high-priestess entering the temple in splendid array to perform the rites concerning the Days of the End. "The Lord Nim-Urda looked with favor upon his spouse, the maiden lady of Nippur: he told her what was in his heart; he told her what was on his mind: intelligence concerning the Kingdom in the Far Days he gave to her."¹⁸ So our ancient baalist messiahs had their apocalypticist fortune-tellers of kingdoms.

In Section III we noticed the "messiah-ship" of Hammurabi, some three centuries after Dungi. But the new "golden age" for Hammurabi's Black-Head race means the humiliation of Dungi's "smooth-heads." (It is ever so!) But Hammurabi in his turn is the "Everlasting Seed of the Kingdom," the foreseen and fore-chosen One. (Code, V-1); he has attained—"an everlasting Kingship (*sharrutam DA-ER-tam*) whose foundations are as permanent as the heavens and the earth!" (I-21)—"May my own name be invoked in Êsagila for gracious purposes forever!" (*ana dâr. Êsagila*: "House of Lofty Top," was the great temple of Babylon).

Samsu-iluna, Hammurabi's son, says the gods have commissioned him to be a like shepherd *ana dâr*; and also *ana darâtîm*. The use of the plural shows him thinking of *dâr* as primarily a definite or limited cycle or age.

But the "Golden Age" for the Black-Head race of Hammurabi was also but a "cycle." The Kassite invaders stripped it of its earthly glory, and oppressed the Black-Heads for centuries. Toward the last, one Agum restores the splendor and service of the wrecked and plundered Sun temple at Sippara, "according to the instructions of the Bâru." But even as he does it he reminds us that it is the deed of "Agum, worker of mercies!" an expression whose force will be clearer to us if we think of Cyrus showing mercy to the God of Heaven. Agum tells us that he is the "glorious seed of the god Sukamunu, foretold (acknowledged?) of Anu and Bel, Ea and Marduk (Sky and Underworld and Sea and Rising Sun). He prays that his days be extended, his years

¹⁸ Maynard, *AJSL*, Oct., 1917, p. 51.

long; that the heaven gods let him be near (?) in heaven; that the fate-gods beneath decree for him "his fate of life" in the temple of Êkur (see Dungi above); and the sea gods give him an earth-life of many days; that the sun god make permanent the foundation of his throne unto The After Days.

This last expression¹⁹ is *ûmê arkûti*. Scholars have generally translated it without the article. But if we harmonize it with the clear suggestion of phrases already considered, then we must understand a specific epoch: "The After Days," as in Hebrew. And another phrase we shall find grouped with these; *labar palê*, usually read "length of reign-era." But *labar* is familiar as "ancient; fading, declining, by reason of age." The expression is really "antiquity of reign"! May my reign become a happy golden legend! But this then certainly results in "cycles," of varying fortune; a temporary earthly "messiahship."

Melishpak of Babylon (c. 1150 B. C.), consecrating a tomb-shrine endowment, declares it to be *ana darâti*. This plural form, as in Hebrew, again reminds us that the original *darû* was a limited era. The endowment again is "for the Far Days"; "unto the going out, or end of days" (cf. Dan. 12. 13). Tiglath Pileser I, of Assyria, near the same time, we noticed in Section III; like Dungi, sure of perpetual Shepherdship and Priesthood; expressed in *darû* terms: the adverbial *ana darish*. His making this assertion in his prologue is unusual; paralleling Hammurabi. "May Anu and Adad firmly establish like a mountain my priestship before Ashur and their own great godships, unto The Afterwards of Days!" (8. 36f. The period that comes after "days?") What he has written and placed in temples is "for the End of Days." His imprecations against possible sacrilege begin "For the Afterward of Days, for the End of Days," as all such imprecations do. It is the Hereafter of the spoiler that is preeminently cursed.

Ashur-natsir-pal of Assyria tells in a palace inscription that "I built it for my lordship of the æons" (or cycles; *belûtia darâti*); "a baal for ages."

Passing to the Sargonid Kings, 722-606 B. C., Harper's

¹⁹ Job 19. 25; Dan. 12. 13; Num. 24. 14; Deut. 4. 30; Jer. 23. 20; 30. 24; 48. 47; 49. 39; Hos. 3. 5; compare O. T., the latter days.

"Assyrian and Babylonian Letters" give us a wealth of material. Of the several scores of citations at hand, only a few representatives can be endured by the reader. First of all, in Letter (735), a broken one, Nergal-shar-ilâni writes "... frontier ... fortress ... the palace, ... (on the thr)one he sat, a circle of days he encircled (=completed), he entered in (died)." It seems to announce the death of some king. But the outstanding feature is that it does not use the immemorial term *dûr*, *darû*, that we have been following, but the very familiar verb *sahar*, "to surround," so often used in royal campaigns of surrounding a city. Its use here both as noun and verb, *sahar ûmê isahar*, puts it beyond doubt that the Sargonids spoke and wrote of cycles of life and time.

This same Nergal-shar-ilâni in (368) writes to the mother of the king, "May the goddess Tashmetum ('Hearing'; compare Psa. 34. 17) whom thou worshipest receive the uplifting of thy hands! and mayest thou behold a (the?) thousand years of the kingship of Esarhaddon!" So he writes of both; a king's "cycle," and his "thousand years."

The astrologer and temple-warden Akkullanu in (42) writes Esarhaddon, "May Ashur and—be gracious to the king my lord 100 years;" while Arad-Nabu in half a dozen letters prays that each of the royal family may live 100 years. But nothing less than 1,000 years will satisfy the verbose and polished old courtier, Adad-shum-utsur. In one letter he prays "that mighty lands adore the king my lord; and that also the great gods of heaven and earth, the gods of the land of Ashur, and the gods of the land of Akkad, all of them to give to the life of the soul (Manes) of the king my lord, and the sons of the king my lord, by night, all days, morns and eves, the might of a thousand thousand years." Again in (6) he prays that some favor of the king be repaid a thousand-fold. In (358) he prays that the gods make such kindness to the king as enduring as the heavens and the earth, using *darû* for "enduring," and using it twice more in his wishing endless happiness to the king. Compare Psa. 72.

Nabu-shum-lishir in half a dozen letters prays that the gods "give to my lord the king of lands (the?) long days, the years of æons (*darâte*), (the) Righteous Scepter, (the?) throne eternal

(darû).” Compare the greeting to the prince-bridegroom in Psa. 45. 6. Nabu-shum-iddim (371) prays “that the gods confirm the kingship of the king my lord unto years of (the æons? broken).”

A nameless prayer in (435): “Let the kingship of the king my lord come upon the people of all lands like water and oil! May the king work their prosperity for the cycle eternal (dûri-dâri).” Compare 2 Sam. 23. 3-5. Ibashi-ilu in (496): “Daily I pray Marduk and Sarpanit that they present thee (the) after days, the years of eternity (darât).” Nabu-balatsu-ikbi in (717): “May Nabu announce the name and seed of my lord for the days of eternity (darûtu); and in (716), “cause thy seed to wax ancient!” which means, to be so good they shall be remembered for ages! Compare Isa. 14. 18-21.

The guardian baalship is always in view. Nearly a hundred letters specifically pray “for the life of the Manes” of the king. (“O King, live forever!” 1 Kings 1. 31; Dan. 2. 4; 3. 9; 5. 10; 6. 6, 21; Psa. 49. 9; 22. 26.) There may be a “second death,” as in Egyptian. And over and over we have prayer for *tûb libbi*, usually read “happiness.” But it is also objective; “benevolence, beneficence”; the frame of mind that the Great Gods themselves must have, if humanity is to be made happy by them. The prayers for the king are to the end that he may become a baal of the people’s good fortune. Esarhaddon is the Sargonid especially viewed as a messiah. He restored the Golden Age of the Babylon that Sennacherib destroyed. But the earthly messiahship is never eternal; it is only a “cycle” in world history; while it is hoped that spirit-baalship may last forever; always under the favor and as the “angel” of some Great Gods.

As we leave the Sargonids, observe that Rev. 10. 6 links “æons of æons” with “(this) time shall no longer be.” (Charles, I, 261, has not understood that “this” epoch, “this age” is meant.) The two phrases are linked in a prayer of Assur-banipal in a time of great distress, when he is in danger of being slain and “cast out as an abominable branch” (Isa. 14. 15-21), to suffer “the second death” of eternal darkness and neglect by the living. “I proclaim thy preeminence, O Nabu, in the assembly of the Great Gods! Let not my soul be taken by the gathering of mine enemies! In

the house of the Queen of Nineveh (Ishtar) do I cry unto thee, the Hero among the gods thy brethren! Thou art the help of Ashur-banipal, unto æons of æons! . . . Forsake me not, O Nabu, in the assembly of mine enemies!" And Nabu responds, "I will . . . thee, O Ashur-banipal, to the End of Days! Thy feet shall never be lame; thy hands shall never be powerless! These thy lips shall not be weary through calling upon me. Thy tongue shall not . . . out of thy lips, since I am addressing kindly words unto thee! Lift up thy head! Let thy form be in the solemn procession of Ê-mish-mish!" (temple of Ishtar at Nineveh.)

The formal hope-phrases continue to the end. Nebuchadnezzar again and again records his prayer for eternal life, permanence of throne, antiquity of reign-legend. He would have his epoch remembered as a Golden Age of Long Ago. And in this prayer his repeated "eternal life," *balatam दौरا*, is once written *balatam ûmê rukûti*, "life of The Far Days"; showing that this oft-recurring expression is the equivalent of "eternal life." And each new fond dreamer announces the arrival of the End, The Last Day, The Thousand Years. It was in Nebuchadnezzar's time that Ezekiel satirized the charlatan enthusiasts who were heralding this new messiah, chanting "The End is come! The End is come! unto the four quarters of the Earth!" (Ezek. 7. 2-6).

But far back of any we have quoted; before the Great Pyramid was built, such millennial announcements rang forth. In Egypt, in the reign of Sneferu, 3766 B. C., a prophet sang:

"A king will come from the south, by the name of Amenl,
He will be born from a woman in Nubia,
He will be born in the city of Nechen,
He will seize the crown of Upper Egypt
And set the crown of Lower Egypt upon his head.
He will unite the double crown,
And happily join Horus and Set in love
He will hasten through . . .
Mighty in his time. (?) . . .
The people will rejoice in the time of the Son of man**
His name shall endure for all eternity!
For (?) they shall be far from misfortune.

* Barton, *Archæology and the Bible* (1925), p. 480. We call the Central and South African Negro stock "Bantu." But this plural, "Men," is one which they arrogantly apply to themselves. Other people are not "men." The oracle translated by Barton plainly announces the impending supremacy of a powerful "Bantu" chieftain, as Isaiah of Babylon announced Cyrus.

He who entertains hostile thoughts
 Shall be confounded for fear of him
 The Asiatics shall fall before his sword,
 The Lybians shall fall before his flame," etc., etc.

Nearly six thousand years ago: the world was already old and gray! But had not like voices rung out in Paleolithic times?

Here we may add another evidence that the Last Day, The End of Days, is an immemorial idiom of the primitive Hamito-Semitic. A great battle, in Bedouin idiom, is "a day," *Yowm*. A tribe asking another's aid in battle says, "We demand of you the loan of a day!" A tribe that has fallen back without giving substantial aid will be twitted, "You owe us a day!" And a memorable battle is recalled as "the Day of Ohod" or "the Day of Omar," etc. So the enthusiasts whom Amos 5. 18 taunts with their hoped-for "Day of Yahu" were using an idiom and dream that was many millenniums old. And Peters tells us that the Bedouin who held an Arab war-dance for the explorers at Nippur²¹ began by chanting, "The Last Day is come! The Last Day is come!" Such "messianic hope" kindles at every tribal or racial crisis. It was the inspiration of the cave-man.

So the sword-swinging messiahs come and go. "All they that take the sword shall perish by the sword." It is submitted that modern enthusiasts who construe as literal and divinely revealed the "cycles" and the "thousands-phraseology" originating with the circle-abodes and the extravagance of savage compliment, and who hope for a recrudescence of slaughter-ushered golden ages, might as profitably ask us to accept all other equipment, mental and material, of paleolithic days. To such goal would their vaunted massacre-millennium logically lead us. *Solitudinem Faciunt, Pacem Appellant!*"

²¹ Palgrave, *Travels*, p. 344; Eurchhardt, *Bedouins and Wahabys*, I, 300, 311; Peters, *Nippur*, I, 260.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

BIMONTHLY BREVITIES

NEITHER talent, power nor work makes greatness, but beneficent work. The Titans were not great, they were only huge. The schoolmen were not learned men but men with stuffed brains. Hercules was great only because he cleansed Augean stables, and slew Hydras and the Leonian lion. He alone is great of heart who floods the world with a great affection; he only is great of mind who stirs the world with great thoughts; he only is great of will who shapes the world to a holy destiny. "Whosoever of you shall be servant of all shall be greatest of all."

THE Lord's Supper is a table reaching from the cross to the crown; it is a rainbow woven of earthly material but filled with heavenly meaning. It spans the entire mediatorial reign of Christ. "Ye do show forth the Lord's death until he come." While the Bridegroom is gone the Bride will need this sign and cherish this portrait, but when he returns, then she may lay aside the token. And so this story of all time waits its dénouement in eternity and its consummation in the celestial marriage feast. This love tale is a symbol of all history.

Good breeding is a sort of surface Christianity. Yet at its highest it must be from within, not an external varnish but a polish given by the close grain of character. Birth cannot give it, money cannot buy it, books of etiquette cannot teach it, but a loving heart is its secret source. When we learn that awkwardness comes from self-consciousness and affectation from lack of sincerity and all other rudeness from selfishness, then we have won the secret of behavior. Beauty is a thing to be desired, but its highest level is not face or form, it is spirit. Well said old Dekker, "Christ was the first true gentleman that was ever born."

"You must all be born from above," so Moffatt renders the words of Jesus to Nicodemus. New life always does come from

above. When the lifeless dust prays to be a rose, the life of the rose-tree touches it through seed, fiber and root, and dull clay is transformed into bloom and fragrance. If a crimson cherry longs to fly and sing like a bird, the robin will take it and wear its red on his breast and make it into birdsong and flight, an embodied joy. Thus comes to our dead souls out of the unseen the breath of God and the children of men become the sons of God.

"His servants shall serve Him." So sings the Apocalypse of the citizens of the Holy City. Heaven is no place for lazy people. It is not a lodging house for tramps where the "Weary Willies" of earth are maintained in idleness. In some nobility of service which we cannot now imagine, we shall be set by our Master to higher tasks than those of time.

Up above a host no man can number,
In white robes, a harp in every hand;
Still some work sublime forever working
In the spacious tracts of that good land.

As on earth we praise him best by service, it may be that in heaven we shall serve him best by praise.

JOHN said of the "Word made flesh" that "He dwelt [literally, *tented*] among us." There are those that live in tents, the soldier, the traveler and the shepherd. So in the tabernacle of our human flesh was tented the Captain of our salvation, the Guide of our earthly pilgrimage, and the Good Shepherd who carries lambs and leads his sheep.

PAUL, in his prayer for the church, says of God the Father, "Of whom every fatherhood in heaven and earth is named." Every earthly fatherhood is based upon the Divine Fatherhood. Every earthly love is a flower whose root is in God. All our affections are imperfect until they become spiritual. Earthly ties are images of heavenly facts and should reflect heaven. May we become such a father as God, such a son as Jesus, and such a helper as is the Holy Spirit. Please read Bishop Hughes' lectures on *God's Family*.

DE FOE, author of *Robinson Crusoe*, more than two centuries ago wrote an ironical poem called "The Trueborn Englishman," satirizing the prevailing British prejudice of that age against the

Dutch element coming into England on the wake of William of Orange. Here is a bit of it:

"These are the heroes that despise the Dutch,
And rail at new-come foreigners so much;
Forgetting that themselves are all derived
From the most scoundrel race that ever lived;
A horrid crowd of rambling thieves and drones
Who ransacked kingdoms, and dispeopled towns;
The Pict, and painted Briton, treach'rous Scot,
By hunger, theft, and rapine, hither brought;
Norwegian pirates, buccaneering Danes,
Whose red-haired offspring everywhere remains;
Who join'd with Norman French, compound the breed
From whence your *true-born Englishmen* proceed."

Race prejudice is a supreme social sin of the present. Yet the fusion of races in France is almost equal to that here pictured in England, and the American of to-day is a still more alloyed animal than either of them. Certainly the United States should permanently cancel that Nordiculous nonsense flippantly preached by pseudo-scientists and accepted by her more ignorant citizens.

PUBLICITY is an important element in church administration. The church should decently advertise its work and worship. Yet much of the current emphasis on publicity is mischievously making Christian worship into jazz religion, and turning our holy services into shows and entertainments. All advertisers who have attractive goods only in their windows and nothing worth while on their shelves are simply frauds. It is well to bring a crowd to church but it is a foolish failure if their consciences do not find there conviction of sins and their hearts salvation by faith.

HERESY and schism as mentioned in the New Testament never are used as a title of heterodoxy nor of a difference in religious opinions. They always refer to that controversial temper which creates factions in the church. Here are some sentences from John Wesley's letter to a friend which reveal his catholic spirit:

I well know Heresy is vulgarly defined "a false opinion touching some necessary article of faith"; and Schism a causeless separation from a true church. But I keep to my Bible as our church in her sixth Article teaches me to do. . . . By schism is meant not any separation from the church

but uncharitable *divisions* in it. . . . Heresy is not, in all the Bible, taken for "an error in fundamentals," or in anything else. . . . Therefore both Heresy and Schism, in the modern sense of the word, are sins that the Scripture knows nothing about. . . . Orthodoxy or right opinions is but a slender part of religion; sometimes no part of it at all. . . . Religion is the love of God and man, producing all holiness of conversations.

To-day there is considerable heresy and schism in many of our American churches, possibly least in Methodism, but some even among them, caused by the controversial spirit in doctrinal discussion.

LE JONGLEUR DE DIEU

[BIBLIOGRAPHICAL PREFACE.—Probably many ministers in this 700th memorial year of Francis of Assisi will desire to study his life for both inspiration and instruction to their congregations. No perfectly satisfactory biography is accessible. With all its defects, Paul Sabatier's *Life of Saint Francis*, so brilliantly written, is far the best. Quite good are those by Mrs. Oliphant and Canon Knox Little. Worth reading for its singular beauty and sympathetic humor is G. K. Chesterton's *Saint Francis of Assisi*, in spite of its papal tendency. The chief ancient memoirs, that by Thomas of Celano, and the *Legenda* of Bonaventura, are probably accessible both in Latin and English in some large libraries. The *Mirror of Perfection*, although containing many fabulous elements, is well worth reading. All should be read with critical care, but no mediæval life has higher value for to-day.]

GIOVANNI BERNARDONE, born in the Umbrian city of Assisi about 1182, was in early life given the nickname Francesco, the "little Frenchman," both because he could speak the *langue d'oïl*, at that time freely used in Northern Italy, and engaged in games and tournaments. Francis, fond of the latter to excess, loved to be regarded as a troubadour, and later when, by serious illness and deeper experience of life, he began to live in a spiritual climate, he still was rapturous in holier songs and regarded himself as a troubadour of the Divine Kingdom, even calling himself and his brothers in religion by the more sportive title, Les Jongleurs de Dieu. He died, a minstrel of God, October 3, 1226, just seven hundred years ago.

Lover of the open air, he thought of himself as the lark of God, that one bird which sings as it soars up against the sky. In

his somewhat dissipated youth, probably wrongly bred in the lap of luxury, practicer of prodigal pranks and singing with frivolous fellows noisy songs at pageants, tilts and tournaments, he became finally by the transforming Breath of God, the sacred singer of his age, whose life was itself a poem. Nature became to him a sacred canticle. Flowers and stars were letters that spelled and lyres that sang by fragrance and flame a symphony of God. Not an evolutionist—he could not be in that age—he appears to have the strange thrills of the universal fellowship of all life. When he came into mystic union with the Crucified and Risen Lord, everything in the universe from pain to pleasure became an ecstatic brotherhood, born of the Elder Brother of us all. He could not use to-day's silly phrase, "the lower animals." None seemed low to him. He could think lovingly both of savage Brother Wolf and gentle Brother Sheep. One animal he did not admire, his own poor body, which he nicknamed Brother Ass. Not only living creatures but the four elements of the philosophy of that period, Fire, Water, Earth and Air, were his relations, called in his sacred song Brother Fire, Sister Water, Mother Earth and Sister Wind.

Our own father in God, John Wesley, had the same affections, especially for living things, as can be discovered in a strange sermon on the gradation of beings in creation and his now becoming famous philosophic book, *Survey of the Wisdom of God in Creation*. All who experience that Christian perfection which Wesley characterizes as perfect love will be freed from all those senses of separateness in nature and life which to-day are filling the church with controversy and the world with race prejudice and hatred.

Saint Francis had a first hand religion, got not by means of the Holy Roman Church but straight from God. In his well-known will he wrote these words:

When the Lord gave me some brethren no one showed me what I ought to do, but the Most High revealed to me that I ought to live according to the model of the Holy Gospel.

He was a prophet and not a priest. Certainly he was not fully aware of the revolutionary element in all personal religious experience. Loyal to the church, but also to nature and to all man-

kind, he did endeavor to make his Minor Friars live a life not conventional but spiritual. Subtly feeling that papal bulls only make a mess, he wrote in his will these words also:

I absolutely interdict all the brothers, in whatever place they may be found, from asking any bull from the Court of Rome, whether directly or indirectly, under pretext of church or convent or under pretext of preaching, nor even for their personal protection. If they are not received anywhere, let them go elsewhere, thus doing penance with the benediction of God.

He intended his evangelical movement to be absolutely free from all ecclesiasticism. Yet Pope Gregory IX, who canonized him shortly after his death, a year afterward canceled for Franciscans the injunctions of their founder's will!

Yet that thirteenth century was an age of religious revolution. Though the priest was at his worst the prophet was at his best. A new Apostolate had been born and the Spirituals were not wholly corrupted by the Conventuals. Toward the end of that century a Franciscan genius composed both a mourning Good Friday hymn, *Stabat Mater dolorosa*, but also a Christian song of joy, *Stabat Mater Speciosa*. A Pope imprisoned this great Italian poet, who was too truly a troubadourist successor to Le Jongleur de Dieu. Dante, greatest of all Italian poets, in his *Divina Commedia*, appearing at the beginning of the fourteenth century, as he approaches his beatific vision in the *Paradiso* (Canto XXXII) pictures in the half-circle of men, who, over against a similar circle of women, stand facing the Virgin Mother, three saints, *Francesco, Benedetto ed Augustino*. Francis is the first, before even Benedict and Augustine! Italy also possessed later such leaders in spiritual rather than authoritative religion as Girolamo Savonarola, Arnold of Brescia and John of Parma.

Not a theologian nor a scientist, this troubadour's rhythmic thrill both from grace and nature passed, later in that same century, into the mind and heart of an Englishman, Roger Bacon, who entered the order of Minor Friars about the middle of that century. Learned in languages, student of astronomy, physics and chemistry, learned in the Bible and theology, this great Franciscan opened many doors to all modern thought in science and religion. An-

other great English Franciscan of the following century, William of Occam, one of the most faithful followers in practice of the Poor Man of Assisi, was a pious positivist who opposed the rationalism of the Schoolmen and fought the political pretensions of the papacy.

This minstrel, to whom all life was a poem and its best expression a song, was a mystic in the truly Christian sense of that word. He was an active mystic like John and Paul. There is no trace either in his character or his creed of that passive pantheistic mysticism born of the Neo-Platonism taught by Plotinus in the third century and injected into monastic Christianity by pseudo-Dionysus, the Areopagite. Francis had his own sacred secrets of mysterious union with the unseen world of spiritual reality, sometimes breaking into visions both of shining seraphs and a cruel cross. But all this unfathomable ecstacy was not a suppression of his own personality; it was a call to loving and sacrificial service. His asceticism was without a single shade of gloom; it was a source of joy. Like his Suffering Saviour, in the very depths of sorrow he could see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied. Christianity is a religion of joy, a joy unspeakable and full of glory, but a joy to be realized in pain as well as pleasure.

It was Francis' praise of poverty which papacy least approved. He loved her whom he styled Lady Poverty. Few of us may dare to follow very closely Jesus Christ or his disciple, the Poor Man of Assisi, in this experience, but can we see nothing in that heroic gesture? The nobility of the holy life is not in what anyone *has* but in what he *is*. Property is no genuine part of existence. John Wesley saw it. He would allow no profits to pile up about him. He must die as poor as he was born. Wesley saw the chief peril to Methodism in the fact that the converted poor of his classes began to be too prosperous. Has not the time come in this twentieth century when the utter failure of an economic order based on property demands that the social ideal of the kingdom of God shall be at last realized by turning all life into labor and all service into song? The acquisitive element must be banished from the human conscience. This is the real secret of the creative element in life. Wealth must be within and not without the spirit of a man. The

richest souls of history are those who following Lady Poverty have achieved spiritual rather than material opulence.

Francis did give away all he had and all he got either by begging or working. Yet it was not by those gifts made without reserve to the poor and needy that he won their love. It was the sacrificial sympathy of his heart, and not the gratuitous generosity of his hands, that captured souls.

The songs of the Provençal troubadours were love songs. Francis in all his relations with folks or things was a lover. To him all life is love. Birds in the air and blossoms on the earth, the leper in the lazaretto or the noble in his palace, the sun that shines and warms or the pale snow that freezes—all alike were to him objects both of admiration and love. And as the Christ-spirit entered his life, love ceased to be a physical passion; it mounted above romanticism and became a divine love, the fulfillment of all the ideals of the kingdom of God. His relations to Santa Clara, that young woman whom he captured for the leadership of a sisterhood parallel to his own holy brotherhood, was a love as pure and spotless as that she herself won in becoming a true bride of Christ. The sexual psychologists whose rotten theories are soiling art and literature to-day cannot understand either Jesus Christ or such faithful disciples of pure and perfect love as Francis of Assisi and John Wesley.

Did Saint Francis die with the stigmata of the cross upon his hands and heart? The evidence seems strongly in favor of that fact. Many such cases have been recorded. They are simply evidences of the powerful force of suggestion upon the trophic activities of the flesh. It is not an important historic statement that, in some more literal way than even Paul, Francis found the brands of Jesus in his body. Perhaps he was glad at last to see something more in his own physical organism than mere Brother Ass!

A minstrel of God was this Poor Man of Assisi. He lived and died *Le Jongleur de Dieu*. He was not a poet in the literary meaning of the word but in the personal sense. He helped to fill the world with song. One prose poem he did write, in which he furnishes some glimpses of his own spirit. His *Canticle of the Sun* is here given as rendered into English by Mrs. Oliphant.

SONG OF THE CREATURES

Highest omnipotent good Lord,
Glory and honor to thy name adored,
And praise and every blessing.
Of everything thou art the source,
No man is worthy to pronounce thy name.

Praised by his creatures all,
Praised be the Lord my God,
By Messer Sun, my brother above all,
Who by his rays lights us and lights the day—
Radiant is he, with his great splendor stored,
Thy glory, Lord, confessing.

By Sister Moon and stars my Lord is praised,
Where clear and fair they in the heavens are raised.

By Brother Wind, my Lord, thy praise is said,
By air and clouds and the blue sky o'erhead,
By which thy creatures all are kept and fed.

By one most humble, useful, precious, chaste,
By Sister Water, O my Lord, thou art praised.

And praised is my Lord
By Brother Fire—he who lights up the night,
Jocund, robust is he, and strong and bright.

Praised art thou, my Lord, by Mother Earth—
Thou who sustainest her, and governest,
And to her flowers, fruit, herbs, dost color give and birth.

And praised is my Lord
By those who, for thy love, can pardon give,
And bear the weakness and the wrongs of men.
Blessed are those who suffer thus in peace,
By thee, the highest, to be crowned in heaven.

Praised by our Sister Death, my Lord, art thou,
From whom no living man escapes,
Who die in mortal sin have mortal wo;
But blessed they who die doing thy will—
The second death can strike them no blow.

Praises, and thanks, and blessing to my Master be:
Serve ye him all, with great humility.

THE EUCHARISTIC REAL PRESENCE

PROTESTANTS should not condemn Romanism for assembling possibly a million members in Chicago during June of this year for the celebration of the Holy Eucharist, for doubtless too few of us find as we should in the Lord's Supper a supreme act of worship. Sacramental service, if fully realized in its symbolic and spiritual significance, is a rich source of religious life.

But we do rightfully protest against the mediæval dogma of transubstantiation which was instituted by the Papacy in those centuries in which the priest took the place of the prophet and the sacrament destroyed the sermon. Its full statement was made in the decrees of the Council of Trent, in which, to save itself from the results of the Protestant Reformation, the Roman Catholic Church really did cleanse itself from many institutional evils, but with less wisdom also stoutly declared and defined its own false doctrines of the Middle Ages. Here are the especial canons then adopted on Holy Communion, which state these beliefs, including damnation elements which perhaps started with the so-called Athanasian Creed:

Canon 1. If any shall deny that in the sacrament of the most holy eucharist there is contained truly, really and substantially the body and blood together with the soul and divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ, but shall say that he is only in it in sign, or figure or power, let him be accursed.

Canon 2. If any shall say that in the holy sacrament of the eucharist, there remains the substance of bread and wine, together with the body and blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, and shall deny that wonderful and remarkable conversion of the whole substance of the bread into the body and the whole substance of the wine into the blood, while only the appearance of the bread and wine remains, which conversion the Catholic Church most aptly calls Transubstantiation, let him be accursed.

Canon 3. If any shall say that in the holy sacrament of the eucharist Christ is not to be adored and that outwardly, with the worship of Latria; and therefore that He ought neither to be venerated by any especial festive celebration or carried solemnly about in processions, according to the universal and laudable rite and custom of the Church, or that He may be worshiped and the worshippers of Him are idolaters, let him be accursed."

It was some centuries before that, in 1264 A. D., that Pope Urban IV, the somewhat excellent French bishop of Rome, insti-

tuted the festival of Corpus Christi on the Thursday following Trinity Sunday. It seems to have been originated by the vision of a pious nun, Julia de Berners, who beheld the full moon with a cleft in it, indicating that something was lacking in the feasts of the church. This appears to prove the peril of gazing at the moon, especially in the month of roses! Yet this festival has probably had a high religious value on the worshipful side of religion. In spite of the essential falsity in fact of the transubstantiation theory, it is worth while to cause the church to realize vividly the real personal presence of our Everliving Lord. And there is a bit of pathos as well as bathos in watching a procession in which is carried no crown or gems as the supreme significance, but only a piece of bread; which places the emphasis not on diamonds or flowers, which the wealthy man wears, but on a food which all men make and eat in cottage and palace.

Very briefly we are stating a few reasons against transubstantiation:

1. It is false philosophically. It is based upon that scholastic doctrine of realism, with its theory of substance and accidents. When the priest holds up the bread and recites, "This is my body," the substance is believed to be transformed into the actual body and blood of Jesus Christ, while the accidents or all the visible attributes of the bread remain unchanged. But to suppose there are any such things as absolute accidents apart from substance is a sheer illusion. When a substance changes its attributes change, for a true philosophy never separates them from each other. Fortunately, in the last two hundred years the human mind has been pretty well released from its Aristotelian slavery.

2. It is false scientifically. It is regarded as a miracle following an appeal to the Divine omnipotence. But this utterly undemonstrated transubstantiation is not a true miracle. A miracle is an invasion of the physical world by a moral force which does actually transform outward realities so that man may perceive and know that the realm of spirit is supreme to that of matter. A miracle is intended for the senses. It begins in faith and ends in sight. We can distinguish between a diseased eye and a healed one, between a leper and healthy flesh, between a paralytic and a

pedestrian, when any power, human or divine, has cured them. Miracles are meant to help faith and not to burden it. No chemical analysis of the sacramental bread can show any change in it; flour and water are there afterward as genuinely as before the sacerdotal appeal. It is as truly pious to trust the chemist as blindly to accept the affirmation of the priest.

3. It is false scripturally. It ignores the symbolic character both of biblical and all imaginative literary language. If symbolism were to be interpreted in a realistic way, we should need a sacrament of the Vine, the Door, the Sheep, and many other objects concerning which Jesus affirmed "I am." It ignores the fact that our Lord said of the bread, "This is my body," *before* his sacrificial suffering and death, and while he was still "manifest in the flesh," which he entered by his holy birth. In that great bread chapter, John 6, Jesus had said, "Unless you eat the flesh of the Son of man and drink his blood, you have no life in you," and added, "My flesh is real food and my blood is real drink." But read on in that chapter and it will be discovered that the disciples were about to make the Romanist error of literalism, and Jesus corrected them by saying, "What gives life is the Spirit; flesh is of no avail at all." Likewise the memorial meaning of the Lord's Supper, "in remembrance of Me," and the hope element suggested by Paul, "Ye do show forth the Lord's death until he come," lose much of their significance in the fundamentalistic error of literalistic scriptural interpretation.

4. It has little support historically. It cannot find any firm support in the testimony of the early Fathers of the church. They are not infallible and are seemingly contradictory on this as on many other points. But they constantly do attach a symbolical significance to the holy elements and, at least in our opinion, do not seem anywhere to have taught a miraculous change in the bread and wine.

There is, however, a True Real Presence of Christ often forgotten and neglected by too many Christians, both Romanist and Protestant.

1. This sacrament is a sign of the Covenant. Jesus in presenting the cup calls it "the blood of the new covenant." There is

indeed a new covenant on Calvary, better than even that great one of Sinai. And one of its signs is the bread and the wine of the Eucharist. We may illustrate it by human covenants, often accompanied with symbols, such as a handful of earth, a delivery of a deed or key in property transfer; the joining of hands or giving of a ring in marriage, and many more. So do our spiritual acts need a material context. There is God's part and man's part in this divine transaction. Sacraments are holy ladders by which the soul climbs from the seen to the unseen. They are the "outward and visible sign of an invisible and spiritual grace."

2. It is a divine covenant with nature. The Risen Lord does "fill all things." The sacrament is the seal of something mystic in all nature and life. The sacred use of common things, such as food and drink, makes all earth's dusty roads a path to heaven. We are to preserve both our souls and bodies unto everlasting life.

3. There is a true and far more Real Presence. When does Christ appear upon the altar? Not when those mystic words, "This is my body," are pronounced by a priest, but, rather, when believing hearts are lifted up; then will he actually appear upon that other inward altar of the dedicated heart. It is rather unfortunate that we American Methodists have left out that sublime phrase from our liturgy, *Sursum Corda*, "Lift up your hearts," with its noble response, "We lift them up unto the Lord."

Sacraments should be made a means of spiritual vision. There are many sorts of sight. What does science see? Just the things of sense: dynamical equations in physics, modes of matter in chemistry and, like all animals, food, drink, harvests, and economic law! What does the poet see? Beauty, strength, joy, the glory of the meeting of sun and soil. What does faith see? It can see more than bread and wine, and can cry, "Is it not the communion of the body of Christ?" It can find in this consecrated bread a thousand meanings—God, the universe, goodness—for the church, too, is "His body the fullness of Him that filleth all in all." Communion is even more than past remembrance and future hope, it is a present experience that makes heaven and earth one in love. We must not materialize spiritual facts, as is the danger of this Roman dogma, but we should spiritualize material things.

Possibly the greater sacerdotal wrong of the Eucharistic teaching of Papal religion is the denial of the cup to the laity on the ground that the bread being our Lord's literal body will also include his blood, and because of the danger of spilling a drop or two of the wine which is his blood. But it is as possible to lose a crumb of bread as a drop of wine. The supreme sin of this withholding the cup to any Christian is its utterly pagan practice of placing the priest between man and God. Methodism may indeed be modestly proud of one line of her ancestry, reaching back by the Moravian road to John Huss and the pre-Reformation Calixtines, who claimed the same rights at the Table of the Lord for clergy and all communicants. It is a sorrow to see, in Prague, the Calyx removed from the Tyne Kirche, where Huss preached and served the sacraments, and instead to behold an image of the Holy Virgin standing in that niche.

It is desperately wicked for Protestantism to violate its own principles of religious liberty by intolerant abuse of the Church of Rome, which unquestionably holds in its fellowship myriads of holy souls. It is wrong to unreasonably condemn her efforts to stir up the imagination of her members by such a marvelous meeting as the Eucharistic Congress. But the more truly spiritual and personal side of Christianity to which we profess to belong should itself continue to call, with a constantly increased emphasis, all men everywhere to realize the actual presence of a Living Lord in their hearts and lives.

Sense should not claim to see the body of Jesus in a bit of bread, but saving faith can discern him whom the Spirit reveals as God in the human heart.

MOTES AND BEAMS

THE Sermon on the Mount, that Constitution of the Kingdom of God, is also a plan for the architecture of human character. That passage, "Judge not that ye be not judged," with the striking illustration following it, is one of those construction lines. The mere study of architecture will not build a palace and looking

at pictures will not make anyone an Apollo. If we do not make any sermon on this text a cause for conduct, we might as well sing the doxology and go home at once. But let us enter this picture gallery of character. There used to be a portraiture of the "beam" in this eye business which turned a splinter into a sawlog. It was on an old dinner plate—a very appropriate place to have it! But when we eat and when we work and play we had better keep looking at this test of character.

False and uncharitable judgment is a danger of the good, for it is the growth of fine ideals which often turns humility into spiritual pride. Warm weather breeds both crows and corn. Strong ethical convictions are very apt to become tyrannous elements in thought. At our best none of us are fit to be judges of all mankind. This does not mean that we are not to discriminate between good and evil. It is not safe to praise everybody as a cheap sign of love. We must not paint black white or baptize foul things with Christian names. We may form opinions but must not therefore pass sentence; we may discriminate, but should not criminate. Niggardliness is not prudence, nor is ill temper mere nervousness. Never was there a time when clear vision of these things was more needed than to-day. Jesus does not forbid the performance of those necessary duties which involve judgments. But this legitimate form of judgment is rather of principles than of persons.

Human judgment requires much qualification. How carefully should any judicial affair be selected! We require expert skill in everything else, yet how lightly we criticise each other's character. Well did Shakespeare say: "Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all." And Burns sings:

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us;
He knows each chord, its separate tone,
Each spring, its separate bias;
So at the balance, let's be mute:
We never can adjust it.
What's done we partly can compute
But know not what's resisted.

No man really knows another, yet we condemn on mere hearsay.

Judgments are like many watches: no two are alike but every man is apt to trust his own.

Fair judgment depends upon our own character. Motes stand in the way of vision. "First pluck out the mote from thine own eye." A wolf may preach against sheep-stealing with a sheep's blood on his lips. The male gossip is ever making nasty remarks about a woman's tongue. Knowledge of self is our greatest help in helping others. Massillon said that the knowledge of the human heart displayed in his sermons came from studying his own heart and life. Yet, as La Fontaine says: "We are lynx-eyed to our neighbors and mole-eyed to ourselves."

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as others see us."

Even the snuffers of the sanctuary should be of pure gold. There is a strange story of a nation of hunchbacks who derided the deformity of an Apollo!

Perfect judgment requires a perfect standard, and that no mortal has. There is no infallible Pope either at Rome or at home. Methodism surely to-day needs much very drastic criticism, but the bunch who are now abusing our denomination are perhaps the worst in the world. To get it right is largely a matter of environment, and the evidence is not all in. Not what you think of me but what I know of myself is the only authority in my case short of what God thinks of me. For character is not an absolute but a relative matter. One man may be as faithful in using a tallow dip as another with his electric light. It is doubtless because the devil is believed to have been bred and brought up in heaven that he deserves execration. No one should stand in a lighted hallway to criticise a man in the dark.

God has not abdicated his throne of judgment. The whole process of man's moral culture is to teach men to leave God's government of the world in his own hands. We ourselves too often attempt to climb the steps to the great white throne, sit down and pass judgment on all the rest of mankind. It is quite right to anticipate the judgment of ourselves but not of others.

There are countless evil effects from this unsympathetic use

of the critical habit. It is a spiritual irritant with bad results. Sin is sin, but there are all sorts of attitudes to be taken toward that fact. We let the sin of the world worry us and make us mad, while it is breaking the heart of God. A horse can carry five hundred pounds of barbed wire on his back but could not endure half an inch of it against his nose. The Servant of Jehovah has "borne our griefs and carried our sorrows." It is not the judicial but the vicarious way of dealing with sin which is best. Redemption must always precede judgment. To help one soul to stop sinning is better than all eloquent denunciations of sinners.

Criticism is not constructive. It is easier to burn a mansion than to build one. A child can tear a flower to pieces; it took a God to make it. And this heartless judgment is more than self-irritant; it irritates other folks as well. Do we praise "blunt, plain-spoken people"? Nothing is more blunt than a bull, but he is not good company. Yet some of us go bellowing and horning through life.

This critical habit nurses spiritual pride. The sense of spiritual superiority at last becomes fatal to that superiority. Who are the holiest folks? Not those who by carping criticism claim to have a monopoly of goodness. That is the essence of Pharisaism at its worst. A conviction of sin may lead to holiness, but a conceit of holiness may lead to sin. The most hopeless degeneracy and damnation is this hypocritical pride. What a hideous parody of religion is much of the doctrinal controversy going on at present! Hypercriticism is akin to hypocrisy.

To keep the mote in our eye while trying to examine the sight of another leads to spiritual blindness. For at least beam-lighted eyes will have a vision for nothing but deformities. Such eyes become self-appointed inspectors of nuisances, located just above a nose which is used for nothing else than offensive smells. This road leads to that "sin against the Holy Spirit," through which our Lord's divinest deeds were described as devilish by his enemies. One can scarcely trust the accuracy of a man who always sees the failings of folks and little more. At last this misuse of spiritual discernment destroys the power of self-knowledge. "If the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness."

All such judgments of others are sure to culminate in a severer judgment of ourselves by the Higher Power. It is a revelation of character. Carrion draws the vulture but not the dove. Listen to Shakespeare again: "Men's judgments are a parcel of their fortunes; things outward draw their inward quality after them." At last we only find what we bring. A pig went to behold the splendor of a palace, and found what was grand for him in the garbage trough of the back yard. We are apt to see what is back of our eyes more plainly than what is in front of them. "Unto the pure all things are pure." That fine motto on the shield of knighthood may warn us all: *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, "Shame to him who evil thinks!"

Finally we may be weighed in our own scales and measured by our own yardsticks. For God has the right to judge us by our personal standards. He will meet us on our own ground. We shall be judged fairly, for we ourselves are furnishing the weights against which we shall be tried. Our superfluous criticisms show somewhat our knowledge of the right. It is surely our duty to be as good as we demand other people to be. To judge ourselves most strictly and strongly starts salvation of our own souls.

"Listen to this beatitude: "Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy." Make this prayer: "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those that trespass against us." And sing this stanza:

Help me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show
That mercy show to me.

Shall we not thank God that heavenly justice is not like that of earth, that there are no such defects as ours in the vision of Him that sitteth on the throne? When we shall be judged, let us hope that it may not be a terrible recoil of our own dooming and damning of our fellowmen.

THE HOUSE OF THE INTERPRETER

PERHAPS for preaching on Old Testament persons there is a no more charming topic than the story of Joseph. Besides the numerous great exegetical commentaries on the book of Genesis, there are many fascinating volumes of exposition such as *Joseph the Prime Minister*, by W. M. Taylor, and *Joseph the Dreamer*, by Robert Bird. The latter will delight both children and adults.

The boyhood of Joseph begins in Palestine. His Hebrew father, still a tent dweller, centralized his pastoral wanderings near the central sanctuary of Canaan, Shechem, where the well of Jacob can still be found. His manhood was spent in Egypt, probably in Memphis or Thebes. How it must have impressed that Semite lad, coming from the simple nomad life, to dwell in such a magnificent city, with its massive temples and rich palaces!

Joseph became the Hebrew grand vizier of Egypt, probably bearing that Egyptian official title *Yahamu*, mentioned in the Amarna tablets. The Pharaoh (a royal title somewhat similar to *Sublime Porte*, borne by the Sultans of Turkey) of that date may have been Khu-en-aten (Amenophis IV of the Amarna tablets), the very famous monotheistic king. The agrarian nationalization of land which certainly took place some time in Egypt is credited to Joseph. The date would be about 1400 B. C.

The most picturesque narratives of the Old Testament are those which come from the northern kingdom, such as the dramatic story of Elijah and the tenderly beautiful story of Joseph. It is more than a gracefully told romance: it is a picture of a necessary stage in divine revelation, of the way in which a pastoral people came in contact with the most thoroughly organized civilization of the ancient world and so began to take on the more stable and varied forms of national life.

Each of the five themes in the following exposition contains sufficient suggestions for a single sermon.

THE FIRST DREAMER OF ISRAEL

In Joseph many of the characteristics of his ancestors are reflected: the faith and dignity of Abraham, the quiet purity of Isaac, the shrewdness and vivacity of Jacob. He possesses that union of grace and power which is the highest reason both for admiration and for love. He was both "tender and true." Womanly sweetness and manly strength met in him. So he had the genius to be loved greatly by discerning souls such as his father. Such a lad was not at home in his youthful environment. His sensitive soul must have been tortured by the coarseness of the rude men whom he must call brethren. He was like a swan hatched in a gooseneast and brought up in a barnyard.

1. *Joseph the dreamer.*—Like all greatest souls, Joseph was an idealist and had that double vision which belongs to poets and prophets, and the premonition of coming greatness which so often haunts the souls of the highly endowed. His dreams were natural enough, being wrought out of his experiences. After the strain and stress of the harvest the

weary one has visions of golden sheaves, which throb with life and bow to each other. And the shepherd boy, lying under the splendor of an Oriental night, weaves the stars into his dreams, and all lesser lights range themselves before his star. God is the artificer of such dreams as these, and in them is written his mandate for the soul.

His brothers hated Joseph. There was a Puritanism about him offensive to their moral laxity. The "wets," who think that delight is chiefly found in drink, still despise the "drys" and call them "kill-joys." And the blind souls dislike the dreamer. "Here he comes, the master of dreams; let us kill him!" The world's seers never have an easy lot. "Poor, visionary, deluded fools!" so the commonplace call them. If they meet a man who claims to see what they cannot, they cry, "Maniac!" Common sense cannot comprehend uncommon sense. Even modern, materialistic pseudopsychology defines genius as "degenerative psychosis of the epileptoid order." Well, you can kill the dreamer but you cannot kill the dream.

2. *The dreamer a slave.*—Joseph was sold as a slave into Egypt and was in bondage thirteen years. A weak soul would have yielded to pessimism, a proud person would have sulked, and a mean man have become vicious and revengeful. But Joseph's dream stays with him. The stars that shine in Egypt's cloudless skies, the golden sheaves on Potiphar's rich estate, still salute his coming lordship. He is master of his fate. Slavery is only an external degradation. In spirit he is free; for Jehovah is with him. He did not leave his God behind in Canaan. Egypt has his body but cannot dominate his soul.

Joseph was a good slave. His fine fidelity made him serve as angels do, who obey the perfect will. Men, even Potiphar his owner, felt his power and yielded to it. So he prospered. The dreamer is a practical man; he is not swayed by fancies or illusions. Wycliffe translates, "The Lord was with Joseph, and he was a lucky fellow." Prosperity is from God. He is the unseen partner of the truly successful life.

And then there came his battle for purity. When adolescence brings the consciousness of sex, there comes the cruel conflict between soul and sense. It is a battle in which retreat is victory. In "the youthful lusts that war against the soul" chastity is strength, purity is power. It is only Sir Galahad, the spotless knight, who can find the Holy Grail.

3. *The dreamer in prison.*—The railways of Providence pass by strange stations and make strange connections, but they lead to the city of success. The true path to the palace very often lies through the prison. So Joseph was imprisoned in the guardhouse at Memphis, not among felons (for it seems his master did not believe him guilty) but with political offenders. Yet his reputation was soiled. But slander and injustice cannot slay character. You can bespatter the outside of a man with your filth but you cannot soil his soul. One day God shall blow his trumpet over the graves of lost fame, and there shall be a resurrection of murdered reputations.

Joseph became warden of the jail. As a boy he was greater than his bad brothers, as a slave he rose head and shoulders above his fellow

slaves, and as a prisoner he soon became the supreme man in the prison. He found a man's work to do even in the dungeon. To him it became a school where he learned civics. So officials of the court told him their dreams, and he interpreted them. Their dreams, like his own, conformed to their characters. The baker dreamed of bread and cakes, the butler of grapes and cups. Joseph was more than the dreamer: he had the vision and God-given faculty which made him the revealer and helper to other lives.

4. *The dreamer comes to power.*—The Egyptian king had his dreams. A nation's crisis was approaching. Pharaoh had lost the empire of his own soul. Had those floating phantoms of the night, with their strange symbols of wheat and cows, come through the ivory gate of illusion, or were they monitions from the Most High God? Pharaoh's throne was under the shadow of the higher throne of mystery. His magicians could not help him. Jugglers, charlatans, spiritist mediums—they cannot explain life for us. But the man was found; the real royalty of the time was in prison.

Joseph brought the knowledge of God to the court and, with God's help, he read the parable of the cows and the corn. So the dreamer became statesman and changed the iron fetters of the jail for the golden chain of authority. And he was as modest in promotion as he was superior in prison. His agrarian policy of land nationalization may have given too much power to the autocracy of the day; some time in the future democracy may need a Joseph to give every man his share in the bounty of nature. The highest statesmanship is born of practical idealism.

5. *The dream comes true.*—At last the brothers of Joseph did bow before him. They were changed men. Twenty years cannot cover up their guilt. Time is impotent against crime. Forgetfulness is no cure for sin. It is those who sinned most who made the atonement. Simeon, cruel and fanatical, offered himself as hostage; and Judah, shrewd ruler of them all, made a plea in words from which the centuries cannot dry the tears. Joseph won more than the homage of his brothers' bodies; their hearts were conquered, and his revenge was complete.

Then came the pardon. Not vengeance but mercy is the last word of God. Love is greater law. At last the strong man could hold in no longer; pent-up emotion stormed the gateway of his nature and broke out. There are no tears so sublime as those of a strong man. He hid himself for a space.

"He could not trust his melting soul
But in his Maker's sight."

The mercy of Joseph is a foregleam of gospel grace. One day shall every penitent heart find a strange God turned into a brother Christ. The throne room of Pharaoh is like God's audience chamber. The throne of justice has become a mercy seat.

Joseph is dead, and his brothers, and Pharaoh; but not dead is the perfect tale; not dead the story of the dream. For the God-given dream never dies. We have only to dare greatly to dream of God, duty, and immortality, and the dream will come true,

THE ARENA**INCARNATION NOT METAMORPHOSIS**

THE central doctrine of the Christian religion is the Incarnation of the Son of God in Jesus Christ that he might redeem and save the world. At best the doctrine is a challenging one, and the "modern mind" stumbles at it. But as is the case with most Christian truths, the chief reason for the stumbling is because the "modern mind" misconceives or misunderstands or caricatures the doctrine. For though Christianity demands faith and stalwart faith, it does not demand credulity or irrationality. As to this doctrine, it is said that it assumes such a change in God or the Son of God, that he practically and really ceases to be, becomes an embryo in the womb of Mary, is of different lengths or developments in the stages of that embryo, and since this is absurd and impossible the doctrine of the Incarnation is false. God or the Son of God cannot change or cease to be or become a foetus. Well, if it were not so serious, it is to laugh. Where did these "modern" objectors get this unheard of corollary to Christianity?

Certainly Scripture gives no clue to such a fantastic conception. It says, indeed, that that which was born of Mary was conceived in the power of the Spirit, but it does not say that that embryo was God or the Son of God, but it shows that it became a man in which the Son progressively took possession or identified himself with, so that the living being became the Incarnation of the Son or the Word. Scripture says also that Christ emptied himself, but it explains that immediately not by his becoming an embryo but by his becoming a slave, even a crucified slave. We are also told that the Word became flesh, but we are not told that he changed himself into flesh or became an embryo or an infant, and the context at once explains that the reference is to his dwelling among us full of grace and truth so that we beheld his glory. Finally the Bible says that God was in—not the embryo—but in Christ, and, in fact, in a special work or deed of Christ, that is, reconciling the world to himself. So that so far as the New Testament is concerned, the queer idea that God or the Son ceased to function for a time (as supposed to be believed) during prenatal and child and youth-state finds no suggestion.

Nor is there any trace of it in the so-called ecumenical creeds. Not in the Apostles', or the "liberals" would not recite it every Sunday, nor in the Nicene, nor in the Nicene-Constantinopolitan, an incorrect version of which is sung every Sunday in the Episcopal service, not in Chalcedonian, nor even in the falsely called "Athanasian," whose compulsory use by the Unitarian "liberals" in Anglican worship has been a horribly bitter pill, the very creed which Wesley so highly esteemed. In fact this most elaborate of them all directly excludes this new conception by saying that Christ is divine "but not by the conversion of the Godhead into flesh, but by the taking of the manhood into God." The nearest to the thought before us, I think, is the sentence in the *Te Deum* (last part of the fifth century, in full form ninth century), "Thou didst humble thyself

to be born of a Virgin," which is poetry and as such suggests a beautiful truth.

Nor do I recall any idea of this shortening of God into a span in the Fathers, even the Latin. I would not want to stand sponsor for everything Tertullian says, but he certainly has no idea of this strange misconception of a cessation or metempsychosis in God or the Son. He says: "The Word is incarnate." But how? By being transfigured into flesh or by clothing himself in flesh? he asks. "Certainly it was by a real clothing of himself in flesh." God is unchangeable, he says. But what is transfigured ceases to be what it was, and becomes something else, "God, however, neither ceases to be what he was, nor can he be any other thing than what he is. The Word is God, and the Word of the Lord remaineth forever, retains forever its proper form (=substance). Therefore the Word was not transformed into flesh, but became or took flesh, that is, was manifested in it" (*Adv. Praxeas.*) (A. D. 208 or 209), chap. 27). Augustine ought to have this idea if anyone. Harnack expresses his view thus: "The uniqueness and power of the Person of Jesus Christ were to be derived from the receptiveness with which the man Jesus met the *operatio divina*; in other words, Augustine started from the human nature (soul) in his construction of the God-man. The human nature received the Word into its spirit; the human soul, because it acted as intermediary, was also the center of the God man. Accordingly, the Word did not become flesh, if that be taken to mean that a transformation of any sort took place, but the *divina operatio trinitatis* could so work upon the human spirit of Jesus that the Word was permanently attached to him, and was united to him to form one person" (*Hist. of Dogma*, V. 129). Or, as he says himself, "For the Truth himself who was the only begotten of the Father, not by grace but by nature, by grace took our humanity upon him, so united it to his own person, that he himself became also the Son of Man" (*Enchiridion* 36 at end). "From the commencement of his existence as man he was so united in one person with the Word of God that the very Person who was Son of Man was at the same time Son of God" (40). Whether he means commencement of man as the time of self-conscious intelligent boyhood or as adulthood, in any case it was union, not transformation, not ceasing to be Word and then a new beginning, not temporary elimination of God or the Word from the universe, but a union of the Word with the man Jesus so that he became one divine human person.

Nor does the greatest perhaps of the Greek Fathers, Athanasius, know anything of this alleged church doctrine of the Son disappearing in the foetus. It was fundamental with him, that while the Word was united with Jesus, he was at the same time dwelling and working in the universe, and dwelling also in the Father. "He who was walking as man was as Word quickening all things, and as Son was dwelling with his Father. So that not even when the Virgin bore him did he (the Word) suffer any change, nor by being in the body was his glory dulled, but on the contrary he sanctified the body also" (*De Incarn.*, before 325, par. 17).

The Reformers were sufficiently massive or realistic in their repre-

sentation of incarnation, but the nearest they came to this new misconception was the word "took" (assumsit), that is, that the Son or Word took a human nature by the Holy Spirit in and through Mary. It was not a contraction, a transformation, a metempsychosis, so that the Son ceased to be either actually or practically for a time, say till one year, six years, twelve, thirty; but it was a taking, a voluntary, deliberate, gradual taking to himself of humanity. But you say, "Even so, after the taking was complete there was no Son of God any more except Jesus, which means that there was a rupture in God, that the Son part of him that existed before the Incarnation no longer existed in him, but only as the incarnate Christ."

And this leads us to the error which is at the root of this misconception—an error growing out of one of the meanings of the Latin word *Persona*, as though, Father, Son and Spirit were three individuals, an error which the Greeks avoided by their incomparable language. If the Son or Word were an individual personage in God, then how could he become man except by ceasing to be for a time, say, in his embryonic stage, and practically much later, and that, rightly says the "liberal," is absurd. But if the Son or Word is a substance in the being of God, that subsistence, spiritual as the being itself, an element in its manifoldness, not to be separated from it, everlastingly a Moment in it, then that *υπόστασις* for the purpose of incarnation and salvation could little by little appropriate to itself, mingle itself with (so to speak) the mind, soul, heart, feelings, etc., of that Divine Child, that Holy Thing, conceived by the Spirit and born of Mary, so that the Child was in God's method and time, which is a rational method and time, Son of God and Son of man; and yet the Eternal Word and Son was all the while, in eternity and in time, a part of the tideless flood we call God, ever flowing, ever free, ever coming out of the Father as an immanent and absolutely essential and necessary process, therefore impossible of transforming and annihilating itself into an embryo, but not impossible of "taking the Form of a slave" (*μορφὴν δούλου λαβών*) Christ Jesus who once "existed in the Form of God" (*οὗ ἐν μορφῇ θεοῦ ἰπάρχων*), and, knowing in this slave state that these eternal relations had never ceased (Matt. 11. 27; John 2. 51; 3. 13, some MSS. om.), this "taking" not being simply an influence, as Wesley in Adam Clarke, not a dwelling in as of a second party according to some discoveries of abnormal personality by modern psychology, not a "revelation of God" in Jesus, because everything in the universe is a revelation of God, and especially man is, but an actual incarnation which conditioned by its own laws the exercise of divine functions and powers.

"Modernist" objections to the incarnation on the strength of this fantastic (of course unintentional) misrepresentation should also instruct themselves by modern theologians who may fairly speak for "orthodox" Christianity. In telling of what that Christianity is, even Lipsius does not think of so offensive a putting, but makes it: "This divine Logos became flesh in the Person of Jesus Christ, that is, appeared in a real earthly human form of being (John 1. 14), not simply in appearance only as Docetists taught" (1 John 2. 22ff.; 4. 2, 3, 15; 5. 5; 2 John 7).

Dogmatik, 3 Aufl., 466. His statement is perfectly "orthodox," and yet so fair that the old Unitarians could have accepted it, so far have modern Unitarians traveled. Kahnis, with his usual precision and scholarly accuracy, says: "What, according to the church doctrine, the Holy Spirit could not effect, was the divine personality and nature of Jesus Christ, which was already at hand and desired only to become flesh. While the begetting (by Spirit) laid the germ of a personality consisting of body and soul, that germination had only to do with the Christ as man. How the Logos united himself with this is not said in Scripture." He says that "the human body and soul of Jesus was thought of by the church as created or begotten of the Spirit, and that when some tried later to express it as though the Logos had formed in Mary a human nature this idea was against Scripture and also somewhat docetic, as a divine Person forming or creating a part of its own being produces no truly creaturely being, as, according to the church, Jesus was" (*Dogmatik*, 2 Aufl., II., 23).

Dorner also knows no contraction or cessation of God. Speaking of Christ: "Here is the man who is not merely encompassed by him in whom we all live and move and are, but with whom the Son of God, the divine center of the world, has entered into a union of a unique kind; and the relation of God as the Logos to him, and the converse relation, is from the beginning so close that in him lives the breath of the Creator of the worlds, who here desires to found the living center of the world, nay, the birthplace of a new world, and so close therefore that this divine human child cannot come to self-consciousness [how early or how late?] without knowing God to be in himself, without knowing himself to be the Son of God and God to be his Father." Even before this his nature has intense and pure impulse toward the divine and antipathy to the impure and egoistic (*System of Christian Doctrine*, III., 356). Even Martensen would have instructed our friends who say well that a divine being could not cease or contract himself to birth. The Eternal Logos, says Martensen, did not cease with the Incarnation to exist in his general revelation in the world, nor was he as a self-conscious being shut up in the womb; but he "planted himself as a possibility, as a holy seed in the womb of humanity to rise forth in the human race as a mediating and redeeming human revelation." So far as the Son of God was a divine Ego (I) he was not in the womb of Mary; but in another sense he was, so that when Jesus came to full consciousness [when?] he felt himself as a divine-human personality, the fullness of the deity being the ground of his life as man, so there was a divine-human continuation of the eternal life of the deity (*Dogmatics*, 264-5).

JNO. ALFRED FAULKNER.

Madison, N. J.

BIBLICAL RESEARCH

THE EXTERNAL SOUL MYTH, POSSIBLY IN THE BIBLE

In *The Golden Bough Series*, *Balder the Beautiful*, Vol. 2, by the great social anthropologist, Professor J. G. Fraser of Liverpool Univer-

sity, England, there are many pages (95-278) dealing with the world-wide myths and beliefs dealing with the thought of the soul being outside the body for safe keeping. The thought has been so widespread that it is almost universal. One finds it in the folklore of China, Egypt, Ireland, Scotland, Scandinavia, the East Indies and India. Among our own American Indians the story is told. In many variations it is everywhere told that in the midst of a remote and lonely sea, there is an island. On the island is a carefully guarded animal, often an ox, from which when killed a hare rushes forth. When in turn that is killed a dove flies out. In turn it drops an egg into the sea. In that egg is the soul of a person far away. There are many variants of the story. They all end alike. When the egg is crushed or broken the owner of the soul dies.

The startling universality of the myth leads us to see if there is a hint of such a belief in the Old or New Testament. The very universality of the myth argues for its long existence.

We do find a seeming reference in a few passages. *Exod. 30. 12*, "When thou takest the sum of the children of Israel, after the number, then shall they give every man a ransom for his soul unto the Lord when thou numberest them; that there be no plague among them, when thou numberest them." Then follows a list of the offerings to be made for the ransom of the soul.

Job 12. 9, 10 represents the soul as in the hand of God. "In whose hand is the soul of every living thing."

Job 33. 18, 22, 30 has a slight suggestion of the external soul.

Psa. 33. 19, 20 seems to suggest the idea more clearly. The soul is safe with God.

Psa. 74. 19, "Oh deliver not the soul of thy turtle dove unto the multitude of the wicked." This is apparently a reference to the hiding of the soul in the dove, and is a prayer for God's help. That soul may not be found by an enemy.

Jer. 20. 13. The soul is represented as in the hands of an enemy. God delivers.

Ezek. 22. 25. Here the prophets are representing them as forming a conspiracy. "They have devoured souls." In some of the myths the owner of the same dies when the soul is devoured.

Matt. 16. 26, and *Mark 8. 37*: "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" This hints that a man may take out his soul and sell or barter it.

Luke 2. 19: "In your patience possess ye your souls," has in it a suggestion of the possibility of possession or dispossession of the soul.

All the references with the myths as a background strengthen the comforting thought that the soul is only safe that is hidden in God.

Garrett Biblical Institute.

SAMUEL GARDINER AYRES.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

LAND OF THE FIVE WATERS

[BISHOP BRENTON THOBURN BADLEY, Resident Methodist Bishop of the Bombay Area in India, has given out a number of privately printed pamphlets of profound interest on several phases of the religious situation and opportunities in that unique Area, covering a territory as large as fifteen States the size of Ohio. Bombay, because of its geographical location on the Indian Ocean, has been called the Gateway of India. In population it is the first city of the Indian Empire. These beautifully printed and illustrated pamphlets treat of *Wide Open Hindustan, For Christ in the Land of the Five Waters, The Unhappy Valley of Sind and The Kingdom of God in Rajputana*. Some extracts are here given taken from that one written by Dr. Mott Keislar and Clyde B. Stuntz, concerning the Punjab, the northern portion of the area.—EDITOR.]

The Punjab—"Land of the Five Waters"—stretches in vast expanse from the Himalaya Mountains of Tibet on the northeast to the Suleiman range of Afghanistan on the west. For uncounted centuries it was scorched by the burning sun, visited by famine, plundered by the fierce border tribes. Lying in the only pathway to India, this area felt the first shock and the lasting effects of the invasions. Its geographical position became the determining factor in its history. The Aryans took up their nomad life here. Alexander the Great crossed the Indus and probably traversed the greater part of the plain. The Scythian hordes swept over the field, leaving death and destruction. Tamerlane, coming down through the Hindu Kush range, drove his warriors through to Delhi. Mahmud of Ghazni brought in the first of the Afghan invasions, which through Barbar and the Moghul dynasty, with its capital at Delhi, and its provincial capitals at Multan and Lahore, was destined to rule India for five centuries.

Thus there was developed here a people of wonderful physique, hardy and patient in struggling with unfriendly nature, stalwart warriors to contend with human foes. History has given rise to the common sayings, "The Punjab is the sword arm of the Indian empire," "The ruler of the Punjab will rule India." Here the Moghul emperors recruited their armies. And when the recent World War made its demands, fifty-eight per cent of the soldiers India sent forth came from the Punjab. Mohammedans constitute fifty-four per cent of the population. The Sikhs have become powerful and numerous. During the last decade the Christians increased at the rate of 183 per cent and now number 350,000.

More than eighty-five per cent of the people are agriculturists. Consequently the population of 25,000,000 is scattered to the remote parts wherever the land can be cultivated. . . .

Thus we see in the Punjab a province that commands a central place in the political life of India, whose great possibilities are only beginning to be seen. Its people, virile, hardy and endowed with practical initiative, form one of the greatest of its endowments. To take the Punjab for

Christ is to take a people who will be capable of the most self-forgetting and self-sacrificing devotion to the cause of our Lord.

A meeting was in progress of the Northwest India Conference Finance Committee. Funds were low. Retrenchment was being discussed. Someone made the suggestion that the least productive field should be dropped. The name of that field was the Punjab. At that time the work of the Methodist Episcopal Church was restricted largely to English congregations in Lahore, Ambala, Amritsar, and Multan, with a few Indian Christians scattered along the railways. In all the Punjab in those days there were only a few thousand Christians, and of these only 600 were Methodists. After long and earnest discussion, on the vigorous persuasion of the representatives of our work in the Punjab, the Committee decided to continue our work. That was twenty-six years ago. Two years later, work among the Indian people was definitely under way.

The work began to grow with a rapidity that soon manifested itself in what is known as the Mass Movement. India's social organization into castes has long accustomed the people to group action. The appeal of the Gospel of Jesus is to the poor and the oppressed. The outcaste group, hearing for the first time in their lives a message of spiritual and social hope, began to turn to Christ. Whole villages sent deputations to preachers and missionaries asking for someone to teach them the way of life. I remember one such delegation especially. Ten to twelve villagers, with the large, loosely-wound turbans, and garments that had once been white. They had come on foot and by horse-cart some twenty-three miles. When finally they came to the point it was to say:

"Sir, all our friends and relatives in the surrounding villages are telling us about Jesus Christ. We want to know more. Send us a preacher or teacher, for we too want to become Christians."

Once evangelized, the village Christians themselves became zealous evangelists to their brethren. So great has been the movement that in the last quarter of a century the Christian community in the Punjab as a whole has reached the figure of 350,000, while in that territory which was termed "least productive," there are now members of our church to the number of 75,000. One district—the Delhi District—containing about 20,000 Christians, remained in the Northwest India Conference on the formation of the Indus River Conference, and the four districts included in the latter contain 55,000. This is truly a great harvest, and the end is not yet. . . .

It is true that these people are ignorant. They are superstitious. They have very low moral standards. They have only a vague regard for truth. They are sometimes guilty of stealing. Yes, we must admit that they are not what we would wish. They are far from perfect! But measured by such a standard how many could prove out? When we consider the environment out of which they have come, where the only religion they have known has been frankly and openly immoral and where society has condoned any kind of moral lapse, provided there was no open discovery of the same, the real wonder is that they are as good as they are. They may be ignorant and superstitious; they may not be able to ex-

pound theological questions; they may not be able to tell the difference even between a fundamentalist and a modernist! But they do know how to face hunger and thirst, false accusation, beatings, and even, on occasion, death for the sake of their faith in and loyalty to Jesus Christ. In many an obscure village throughout this province these humble folk have given their witness with steadfastness and patience, unmoved in the Lord. . . .

Herein lies the peril of the Mass Movement. They have come to us ignorant, superstitious, idolatrous. The best we can do for the older generation is to try and bring them to an appreciation—however dim—of the meaning of salvation. Now, unless we are able to bring their children farther out into the light, to train their moral conscience, to enable them to fully appreciate the meaning of sin and salvation, merely baptizing them and calling them Christians is futile, if not worse. We must either assimilate them into the Church of Christ, or they will lapse into heathenism, or remain an unleavened lump to darken and besmirch the name of Christian. . . .

Surrounding us on every side, pressing in upon us with the pressure of millions, is a great cloud of witnesses. These are the non-Christians. In the Punjab, those for whose evangelization and education the Methodist Episcopal Church is solely responsible number about six million. These people, from all castes, classes and conditions, are to-day accessible in a remarkable way. Long, patient years of putting in the leaven of the Gospel is bearing fruit to-day.

We have been witnessing a series of religious movements of great significance recently. First in time have been the Hindu reform movements represented by the Arya Samaj and other associations. These have taken on in many cases not only the methods but also many of the objectives as well. For example, the Arya Samaj is to-day seeking to lift the age-long stigma attached to the outcaste and trying to make him acceptable to Hindu society. Succeeding this movement there has been a reform wave sweeping through the Sikh community. Old habits of worship are being purged and greater emphasis is being put on sincerity and purity of motive, on self-denial and self-sacrifice. Finally the Mohammedan community is beginning to feel the first stirrings of the reformation that is under way in Arabia and Turkey. The action of the Turkish Government in separating church and state, and thus giving a death blow to the idea of Pan-Islam, has produced a great effect. How deep will be the reaction it is too soon to judge. But all the signs point to an agitation that will be profound, if not revolutionary, in character.

There never has been a time when the educated non-Christians have been so eager to learn of Jesus. The soul hunger has not been satisfied in their own old beliefs. The figure of Jesus Christ stands as a challenge to a better life, to a life of faith. Not only in the educational institutions and centers, but also in the far-away villages this interest is shown.

[Can our American Methodism face this situation? Do they know that we have single churches in the United States whose local budgets are very frequently equal the total amount contributed each year by our Board

of Foreign Missions to the Bombay Area, with its population of seventy-five million people, one third of whom are Mohammedan? The recent "Cut" has cut! And this is largely true of all our foreign areas. Listen to Rabindranath Tagore as he pictures the ideal of India: "India's destiny is bound up in soul force and not in muscle. It must uplift human history, transport it from the confused valley of material struggles to the high plateaux of spiritual battles."—EDITOR.]

PROVING THE POWER OF PRAYER

THERE is a group of girls in Japan who have such faith in the power of prayer that their faith made real a dream of a summer conference camp when everything seemed to conspire against it. They prayed without ceasing, they worked, they never lost sight of the goal and they never lost faith. Michi Kawai, National Secretary for the Young Women's Christian Association in Japan, declared recently on a visit to this country that the faith of these girls has a parallel in the story of David and Goliath. They could not refuse to use the humble stone at their feet, demanding a sword and all the other trappings of the war. They were like the humble shepherd of the story who must use what was at hand, and have faith in God as to the results.

Their longing for a summer conference camp reached the ears of girls attending summer conference camps in the United States, who raised ten thousand dollars, and sent it to them for the purchase of the land. They felt that God was with them when the gift came, and that they had further proof when the land first decided upon, and almost definitely chosen, was swept into the sea by the earthquake. Had they taken it, which was almost done, the little nucleus for a camp would have been swept away. Seven acres were purchased at Gotemba, and then came the tremendous effort to raise the money for the necessary houses. The girls of Japan are very poor compared with girls in the same station of life in this country. "Your young folks," said Miss Kawai, "have everything. Ours have, comparatively, nothing." So that the money was raised by the most rigid of self-denials, donated in sums ranging from what would be the equivalent of twenty-five cents to sums that were never very great. They gave up concerts and parties that they might raise money; they denied themselves clothes; they asked gifts of money from their parents instead of new garments, and little by little enough was raised for the first building. Their enthusiasm knew no abatement when the time for the opening of the conference found the buildings uncompleted. They slept on the floor at one end of the unfinished building, with workmen occupying the other end, and held their first meeting to the accompaniment of hammer and saw.

That girls may go off to camp and be actually benefited by this revolutionary experience was a new idea to the parents of that country, so in order to open the eyes of the mothers, the camp the first season was opened for the mothers and younger brothers and sisters of the girls,

becoming a family affair. What the mothers learned in this brief period sufficed to stamp the summer camp with their unqualified approval, so many mothers approving that, all told, eight hundred eager young girls attended the last conference in Gotemba, as opposed to one hundred and fifty who came when the camp was opened five years before.

"Their prayers made it possible," continued Miss Kawai, "their prayers and work. They did not forget that work is necessary if we would have our prayers answered."

FRANCES L. GARSIDE.

Y. W. C. A., New York City.

OUR BOOKSHELF

The Christian Advocate. Centennial Number, September 9, 1926. Pp. 160. JAMES R. JOY, editor. New York: The Methodist Book Concern. Price \$1. (New subscribers can get this issue and all others until January 1, 1927, for \$1.25.)

"LITTLE of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without both feeling and looking queer."

So wrote Oliver Wendell Holmes concerning the "One Hoss Shay." Its humor has little adaptation to this Centennial issue of *The Christian Advocate*, to appear September 9, 1926, excepting a high emphasis on the word "value" and making "queer" descriptive of its originality and rarity.

This number, bound like a book with colored covers, is opulent with so many marvelous features that no full description of such a Cyclopean Copy could possibly appear in this Review. Merely to mention its contents in detail would require many pages.

It starts with Centennial greetings from President Coolidge, from our Bishops and from the religious press, both in America and England. Then follows a prodigious portraiture of *The Advocate*, 1826-1926, by Doctor Joy, telling of its beginning and growth, biographing its editors and their assistants, with their portraits, autographs and sample writings, romantically narrating the growth of the Book Concern with pictures of its buildings and publishers. (Our subscribers will be interested to know that three of those editors, Nathan Bangs, George Peck and Daniel Curry, also are in the editorial pedigree of the *METHODIST REVIEW*.) Perhaps the most inspiring portion of all this record is in the examples given of the influence of *The Advocate* in starting great movements in the life of church and nation. Consider these: The founding of Oregon by Jason Lee, the inspiration of that missionary prophet, Bishop Thoburn, and the germination of the growing hospital life of the church.

Then follow historical articles written by ablest authorities, such as Professor J. A. Faulkner, Bishops Cooke and Berry and others, giving a bird's-eye view of a hundred years' history of American Methodism, the changes in its ecclesiastical law, the story of its episcopacy. Eric North describes the many channels of Methodistic division and subdivision, and

two editors, one of the Church South and the other Methodist Protestant, give fuller accounts of two of the biggest side channels. "The Negro Group" is portrayed by that brilliant black man, Professor Willis J. King, "Worship, Music and Hymns" are discussed by Earl Harper and Carl Price, and "Church Building" by E. M. Conover, who furnishes pictures of churches from the log cabin to the Chicago Temple.

Missions, "America for Christ" and "The Regions Beyond," educational records of a century culminating in the account of the "Conference Courses of Study" by Bishop Hughes, stories of the Methodist press, including the Book Committee (Connor), Fountain of Books (Downey), Sunday School Publications (Meyer), the Advocate Family (Luceock), the record of Methodist Charitable Work (Davis), Preachers' Pensions (Hingeley) and Temperance (Pickett)—these are new and freshly written essays on many sides of Methodist life from 1826 to 1926.

Statisticians write, not in mere figures, but with interpretive skill; Dr. Oliver S. Baketel on Methodist History in Figures, and H. K. Carroll on Christianity in the United States in 1826. Grace Foster Herben describes the "Women of Methodism" and Frank Collier the relations of "The Presidents and the Methodists." The appointments from the General Minutes of 1826 are printed in full.

Perhaps the most attractive feature is the Rotogravure Section of sixteen solid pages, containing reproductions of Lincoln's Letter to the Methodists, six historic Methodist paintings, portraits of all the bishops past and present. This number is rich in pictures, 250 of them, new and old.

This review gives our readers only the slightest glimpse of this Centennial Number of *The Christian Advocate*, which is more than that, it is a Centennial Exposition of Methodism. Every copy of this should be purchased and preserved as a precious souvenir, not simply of a single noble periodical, but as a topical and pictorial history of the Methodism of the last hundred years. One dollar is a very low price for an artistic volume, equal in reading matter to a book of 300 pages, exquisitely printed and adorned with priceless portraiture.

The *METHODIST REVIEW*, born in 1818, and therefore eight years older than *The Christian Advocate*, gladly greets its younger brother on this completion of its hundredth year.

Wesley: Christian Philosopher and Church Founder. By GEORGE EAYES.
Pp. 288. London: The Epworth Press. 7s. 6d. net.

WHOLE libraries of books on historic Methodism have been published, but the final interpretation is yet to come. Here is a fresh portraiture worthy of universal ownership and study. Perhaps no writer, more than Doctor Eayes, combines large literary knowledge of the life, work and writings of Wesley with a personal vision born of his own rich religious experience. His work fulfills its twofold purpose: "To claim for Wesley his place among constructive thinkers, and to show his work as a church founder which issued from his Christian philosophy."

Certainly a new Wesley is emerging, not only because of the vast

wealth of old material newly discovered, but also by the fact that this father of Methodism equaled the most progressive evangelical spirit of the present age, and is discovered to be still a leader in religious thought. It is well to go "back to Wesley" as he has been known in the past, but better still to go forward to Wesley, a true prophet whose spiritual leadership is before and not behind the pious opinions of to-day.

So here is "New Light on Wesley and His Quest for God." His life and work are concisely but ably outlined, and fresh revelation and comment made of special literary documents of Wesley and his Christian experience. In this light even new meaning is seen in his previously well-known works. Most interesting and informing is the review of Wesley's *Survey of the Wisdom of God in the Creation, or a Compendium of Natural Philosophy*. He was a genuine Baconian thinker, a fact which made his dogmatism to constantly decline and his piety to grow.

Best of all in this volume are the hundred pages given to a study of Christian experience realized and taught by Wesley, followed by the necessary implications, wise answers to some criticisms of this practical mysticism, and a brief showing of this philosophy as developed in religious literature up to the present time.

The second half of this work describes the church founder, not only as to the special acts of John Wesley in this regard, but as to "Wesley's Regulative Principles as Church Founder," based on the primacy of spiritual intuition and moral consciousness, divine guidance through Holy Scripture, the verdict of the common sense of Christians, and, pragmatically, on "Value as Discovered by Use."

A valuable Appendix follows this noble thesis, which contains notes and literary quotations worth the price of the entire book. To master the arguments of the main treatise and then to absorb this appendix treasury would give the world a united Methodism free from factions, full of evangelistic zeal, and forward moving to frame a New Jerusalem out of the present world, divided by dogma and separated by sin.

The Meaning of Methodism. By GILBERT T. ROWE, D.D., Litt.D. Nashville, Tenn.: Cokesbury Press. \$1.

DOCTOR ROWE, Book Editor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and editor of the Methodist Quarterly Review, has rendered a valuable service in writing this *Apologia*. He knows where the shoe pinches for our wayfaring Methodists, who care little about maps drawn to scale, and prefer pictures with perspective, to be sure, but with the colors made vivid. This book, conciliatory in tone but frankly facing all the facts, is the more welcome because even Methodists are being unwittingly drawn into the arena of dogmatic theological controversy and are in danger of overlooking the primary task which has thus far been discharged by us with such extraordinary success.

Methodism has always stood for a catholic Christianity and for the essential vitalities of Christian experience. This fact has made us liberal in espousing "an alliance offensive and defensive with every soldier of

Jesus Christ." Unlike other denominations, we have no fetish. Since we hold the faith common to all Christians we believe in the reality and supremacy of the spiritual life, which expresses itself in the practical mysticism of deeds of daring rectitude and heroic righteousness. Doctor Rowe gives substantial reasons why we should insist on these anchorages.

One of the early descriptions of Methodism as religion in earnest aptly sums up its characteristic feature. John Wesley's notable definition, "A Methodist is one who lives according to the method laid down in the Bible," makes a distinction with a difference. It clearly implies that the substance of Methodist preaching and experience is derived from the Holy Scriptures. The formulated creeds are revered milestones in the path of Christian progress, but they possess no authoritative finality. They cannot limit the course of investigation or speculation which aims to discover more of the unsearchable riches of God in Christ. Methodism does not sit loose on doctrine, but emphasizes the two great doctrines of the universality of the atonement and salvation by faith, which lead to the witness of the Spirit and impart the sacred fire of Christian experience (p. 159). For this reason we emphasize in a deeper way than Francis G. Peabody that likeheartedness is greater than likemindedness. We rejoice in a reproduceable Christian experience which must, however, be translated into a language "understood of the people," in respect of words and phrases and also of the thought forms, which inevitably change with the progress of philosophy and science.

He who knows only Methodism has a limited knowledge of it. If justice is to be done this spontaneous movement of the Spirit, which has continued since the eighteenth century, it must be placed in the currents of world life and compared with other interpretations of Christianity. Some of them could hardly be called "roads that lead nowhere" (p. 76). Doctor Rowe, however, shows in how signal a way Methodism has been a triumph of Christian common sense. It has shifted the center of gravity from authority to experience by magnifying the sacramental principle of faith as against the sacramentalism of rites and ceremonies, by recognizing the value of organization on a flexible basis as against the rigidity of institutionalism, by exalting reason as one source of divine light above intellectualism, which regards a single function of personality as characteristic of the whole, by demonstrating that the religion of the Spirit carries further than the religions of authority. This must continue to be our mission, however much our methods may change. Let us do our work with the same unction that helped the fathers to save souls and glorify Christ. Such is the meaning of Methodism so wisely given in this book.

Plainfield, N. J.

OSCAR L. JOSEPH.

The Inescapable Christ. By WALTER RUSSELL BOWIE. Pp. 206. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.25.

THE Rector of Grace Church in the city of New York is a leader among the forward-looking, evangelical section of the Protestant Episcopal Church. In his opening remarks he explains why he so frequently

resorts to the use of the personal pronoun. One of the charming phases of this delightful book is precisely this personal touch. One sees through all these chapters, not simply a master mind, but also a heart that beats high with the spirit and idealism of Jesus.

Sometimes one wishes that certain books might be adopted by all the denominations at one and the same time, so that every church might get the benefit of the message they contain. That has been done in one or two cases on a small scale, and ought to be done in many more on a large scale. Here now is a book that might well be circulated throughout Christendom. There is not the faintest suggestion of narrowness or denominational bias about the entire production. For a human and sanely evangelical utterance one would have to seek far to outdo this one.

The book is literally full of unusual and arresting statements. Regard this one: "There can be as much cant and crass new-fangled orthodoxy in the dogmas of modern freedom as ever there were in the most old-fashioned dogmas of organized religion. Some of our contemporaries consider themselves emancipated from anything so old-fashioned as the authority of the Bible, and then meekly accept the brazen authority of—let us say—THE AMERICAN MERCURY." This is but one sample of numerous thrusts that have back of them both drive and insight.

What a Christian will like most about this book is its adoration of Christ. In his chapters on "The Exclusiveness of Christ," "The Simplicities of Christ," "The Formidableness of Christ," and "The Gladness of Christ," Jesus stands out, not as an ænemic and ancient oracle, but as a dauntless spirit who cannot possibly be accounted for except as the unique Incarnation of God.

Most of us waste a good deal of time wading through books we read to scant profit. To this book one may repair, confident of securing insight, illumination and inspiration.

JOHN M. VERSTEEG.

Newark, N. J.

The Holy Spirit in the Gospels. By J. RITCHIE SMITH. Pp. 394. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

It is an achievement of no small proportions to write an interesting book dealing with biblical theology, and this Professor Smith has accomplished in his study of the Holy Spirit in the Gospels. Such a theme, perhaps, should rightly wait for the years of riper scholarship, for the pen of one who has long studied his Gospels and deeply penetrated the mysteries of religious experience as well as the intricacies of scholarship.

The volume treats really of the Holy Spirit in the Bible, for over three hundred and fifty passages from the Old Testament are cited and fully as many from the New Testament, outside the Gospels, appear, though less than a score of these are discussed at length.

Too much space, probably, is given to the virgin birth, notwithstanding the general excellence of the treatment of the evidence. Professor Smith rightly concludes that "the New Testament writers did not hold the virgin birth to be an essential article of saving faith" (p. 80),

but the reviewer doubts that the gifted author is quite as correct in his view of the authority of Scripture, for it appears that one must incorporate a belief in the historicity of the virgin birth in one's system of theology, for "fundamentally the question at issue is simply the authority of the Word of God" (p. 81).

In his treatment of the evidence from the Gospels and other parts of the Bible Professor Smith operates under the influence of a view of inspiration which preserved each writer from error and enabled him to convey the truth (p. 217), hence he can find no possibility of erroneous statement or expression of a personal opinion on the part of a writer which that writer believed to be true yet which was really out of harmony with the facts. The peculiar view of the author of Hebrews, for instance (Heb. 6. 4-6; 10. 26), involving the impossibility of a second repentance, needs to be explained as the sin against the Holy Spirit, that is, the unpardonable sin (p. 208), in order to avoid the implication that a writer of a New Testament epistle might hold and express a mistaken view. Why, anyway, is it necessary, in a monograph like this, to spend so much time on "the unpardonable sin"?

The book was referred to above as an essay in biblical theology, and such it is, properly. At times, however, the writer moves over into the inviting field of systematic theology, as, for instance, when he traces the doctrine of the Holy Spirit into the later centuries, where much more than biblical data was involved. The writer's prepossession for the doctrine of the Trinity really tends to warp his judgment upon some evidence, if one may judge from such ill-advised statements as that on p. 241, "No less familiar to the thought of Jesus was the conception of the Trinity." Professor Smith even finds the Trinity in the Old Testament.

In the judgment of the reviewer, this book is, on the whole, a very creditable study of an important field and withal, it is carried on in a most delightful good temper. Its style is excellent and readable. The proofreading is not up to the usual Macmillan standard, however, for both Greek and English have suffered at the hands of the types.

To those of a rather conservative tendency the book will prove most useful, but it will interest, stimulate and challenge any thoughtful reader.

ERNEST W. BURCH.

The Gospel According to Saint Luke. Commentary by BURTON SCOTT EASTON. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A COMMENTARY for English readers on the Greek text of the Gospel according to Saint Luke, incorporating the findings of such scholars as Bernard and Johannes Weiss, Welhausen, Billerbeck and Strack, Streeter and H. J. Cadbury and the two French commentators Loisy and Lagrange, has been long overdue. This need has, in some measure, been filled by this new work of Doctor Easton, the professor of New Testament Greek in the General Theological Seminary, New York. We say, in some measure, because we feel that for lack of space, the author has withheld from us discussions of vital importance presented by the Gospel.

The question of authorship should have received greater consideration and the use of medical language in the Gospel ought not to have been summarily dismissed by the remark that H. J. Cadbury's findings are probably final and that no weight should be laid on linguistic matters to show that the Gospel was written by a physician. The general reader should be informed of the nature of these findings and in what way they disprove the arguments of men like Harnack, Plummer and others. A brief discussion of Streeter's arguments, presented in his book *The Four Gospels*, on the source which he designates proto-Luke, would also have been of value, especially as Doctor Easton does not accept Doctor Streeter's position, but makes an important contribution of his own on the character of the L source. More welcome still would have been the discussion of the supernatural element in the Gospel, its theology and religious value. We should also have liked to know Doctor Easton's judgment on the "Formgeschichtliche" method, so ably advocated recently by Dibelius, Edward Meyer, K. L. Schmidt and Bultman. It is becoming increasingly evident that full justice cannot be done to our larger Gospels by one-volume commentaries.

The aims which Doctor Easton has kept before him are fivefold; to establish the text written by the Evangelist, to explain this text in the sense he meant it to bear, to determine the source or sources he has used and the modifications he has introduced, to ascertain the meaning of the narrative in these sources, and to investigate the original form of the words or events related. All the five aims have been carefully and admirably accomplished.

Doctor Easton accepts the results of the two documentary hypotheses in the main. In L he thinks there is only the difference between an Aramaic original and a close Greek translation which separates us from the actual words of Jesus.

The most important and valuable contribution of the commentary is the discussion it contains of the third main source found in the Gospel, on which so much work has recently been done, the most recent of all being that of a young English Methodist scholar, Vincent Taylor, whose book has been published by the Clarendon Press, bearing the title *Behind the Third Gospel: A Study of the Proto-Luke Hypothesis*.

Doctor Easton's detailed presentation of the nature of the third source was given in two articles in the *Journal of Biblical Literature* as long ago as 1910 and 1911. By the use of valuable tables of Greek words he brings overwhelming evidence to prove the homogeneity of the sections in Luke's Gospel which he has enumerated as belonging to this source designated by the letter L. Doctor Easton, it seems to us, has anticipated, in the main, by some years, the conclusions of Doctor Streeter. We should have liked more detailed reasons for the contention put forward by Doctor Easton that this source, which is so intensely Judaistic in tone, contains much historical matter of high worth and much that is secondary in character because colored by theological interests. The narrative he claims is halfway between the best Marcan tradition and the narrative of the fourth Gospel.

The Gospel as a whole, Doctor Easton thinks, was written by a Gentile for Gentiles, but was compiled from Jewish sources which the Evangelist has followed conscientiously. All of these sources need not have been written later than 65 A. D.

In the detailed exposition Doctor Easton shows very clearly that he is well acquainted with the best literature on the Gospels in England, Germany and France, but though he is out on the main international stream, his judgments are independent, and are characterized by wisdom, balance and accuracy. It is to be regretted that he did not follow the plan adopted by recent commentators, of giving before the detailed exposition of a section a discussion of the paragraph as a whole, outlining the principal problems presented, a method adopted perfectly by Dr. A. J. Rawlinson in what we consider to be one of the most stimulating and suggestive commentaries we possess on the Gospel of Saint Mark in the Westminster Series. Compare, for example, the two commentaries on the incident of the feeding of the five thousand (Mark 6. 38-41 and Luke 9. 10-17). Rawlinson has an important discussion of the nature of the miracle, in which he sets forth the attitude he adopts toward it, while Doctor Easton plunges into a discussion of the linguistic and other details without giving any clue of what he himself thinks of its historical and symbolical character.

Very interesting is his comment on the Parable of the Prodigal Son. He claims that the interpretation of the parable has been hampered by the supposition that the father is a figure for God. The father in the parable is not meant to represent God completely, for the parable seems to have purposely represented him as somewhat niggardly. If a faulty human father, who is none too generous toward any of his sons, is so moved by the return of a prodigal, who can measure God's welcome to an erring child?

We heartily recommend this commentary to both student and preacher, which they will find of inestimable value in their work.

Drew Theological Seminary.

J. NEWTON DAVIES.

The Self and Its World. By GEORGE A. WILSON. Pp. x+383. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.20.

THIS book is not for those who are asleep in Zion nor for those who desire intellectual peace without victory. It is for men who wish to "re-examine our profoundest convictions" and who believe that it is necessary for every generation to think through the fundamental problems afresh. The book was written carefully and thoroughly and should be read in the same manner.

After a preliminary account of the nature and value of philosophy, the book is divided into four parts. Part I, "The World of Sense Perception," argues for the view that perceived objects are thought structures, and raises the question, What is the source of the stimulation to which we are responding when we build up sense objects? Part II, "The World of Organized Knowledge," shows that personalism can answer this ques-

tion more reasonably than either realism or absolute idealism. Part III, "The World as Value," gives an account of cognitive, æsthetic, moral, and religious values. Part IV, "The Self in Its World," devotes a hundred pages to a scrutiny of the nature of the self. This is a fitting climax to a treatise which makes self the key both to the world of nature and to the world of value.

Perhaps the most characteristic and original feature of this substantial book is the use made of the conception of stimulus and response. Many men to-day are able to view problems only from the standpoint of biology. Reason, self, morality, and psychology, not to mention religion, are regarded as purely biological products which are to be studied only by biological methods. Very well, says Professor Wilson in effect, the concept of stimulus and response which is central for biology is central also for philosophy. But any view which regards the stimulus-response situation as a transaction within the world of physical things, useful as it may be for a special science, is uncritical philosophy. When critical thought has analyzed the facts, we find that the whole biological stimulus-response situation is itself a response of a self to stimulation from a source which is other than any or all physical objects. God is the source of all stimulation. The entire physical world as we perceive it is the response of human selves to that stimulus. Hence, Professor Wilson holds, it is absurd to explain the human self in terms of any biological or physical concepts. One cannot explain a cause by its own effects. To use the author's words, there is an "essentially dynamic relation between the self and the source of stimulation whereby the objective world is seen to be their joint product" (p. 167). In the view that physical things "have their reality in being the concrete responses of the mind to stimulations," the author sees implied the position that "they exist only because the mind attends, becomes interested, evaluates"; and he infers from this that "reality is value" (p. 169). The position thus established is used suggestively elsewhere in the book, as in the interpretation of volition in general and prayer in particular in terms of stimulus and response (p. 267); and again in the explanation of order (p. 279). This may be called beating the biological philosophers at their own game!

We have already seen that the stimulus-response idea leads to the view that reality is value. The treatment of value is another suggestive feature of the book. It was formerly supposed—and still is by some—that we are able to apprehend facts without any reference to value and that evaluation is a sort of external addition to their existence. Professor Wilson, however, agrees with those recent thinkers who hold that our whole world of experience rests on value-judgments. "All tests of truth are practical," he says, yet without committing himself to the pragmatism of his form of words; "they have to do exclusively with value-judgments. . . . Judgments of rationality are also value-judgments." In the detailed treatment of the various values there is much genuine interpretation. The chapter on æsthetic values, which is largely influenced by Volkelt, is an illuminating treatment of a difficult subject. The chapter

might well have included a reference to Professor Herbert C. Sanborn's essay, "A Personalistic View of Art," which appeared in *Studies in Philosophy and Theology*, edited by Professor E. C. Wilm. There is an illuminating defense of the need of a supreme moral good (pp. 212ff.), and a frank facing of the difficulties in making self-realization the unconditioned good (pp. 223ff.). One might perhaps have wished for a more explicit definition of the concept of value and for a fuller treatment of cognitive values. The sane and helpful treatment of religious values quite properly limits its field to "those which issue from the highest forms of religion" (p. 238). The chapter is chiefly concerned to examine the ideas involved in religion and does not take up the problem of the "irrational," which is perplexing philosophers of religion just now. There is a very sensible treatment of prayer (pp. 265ff.).

The main topic of the book is, as the title shows, the self. The handling of this subject by Professor Wilson is well worth careful study. After all the recent developments of realism and behaviorism, the author is still convinced of a self which is non-spatial, a monad-agent, with an inner life (pp. 312ff.) Sounder in insight than many of his contemporaries, Professor Wilson builds his view of self on the thought of Kant and Hegel (pp. 291ff.). He stands with Kant and more recent writers, such as Bowne, James, John Laird, Hans Driesch, and Nicolai Hartmann, in defending freedom (pp. 233, 328), while recognizing to the full the truth in determinism (pp. 330f.). He brings out very aptly the point that the very mechanistic ideal is "the perfection of intelligence and power. . . . The causal law then is the requirement of thought in its effort to realize its own ideal of order." Hence, "the more order the more freedom" (p. 331).

It seems to the present reviewer that Professor Wilson's treatment of the problem of the self is much better than most recent discussions of the theme. It forces the reader to think about precisely those aspects of the problem which current thought is prone to forget—the unity and identity of the self, and the reality of the self as distinguished from its objects. Some readers, however, may feel that the author has laid too great stress on viewing self as a mystery (pp. 312, 319); that it is a mystery we knew before we started to philosophize! Some will also wish that he had defined the self more explicitly. The reviewer is not quite certain himself whether Professor Wilson means to assert that the self is other than consciousness (and hence a not-conscious something) or is the unity and agency revealed in consciousness. Frequently Professor Wilson speaks of self as distinguished from its experiences (cf. p. 275); yet he also says that "through its experiences it stands revealed in its inmost nature" (p. 310). Doubtless the apparent contradiction can be explained; but the explanation does not appear to lie on the surface of the text.

The reader of this book will find many challenging ideas couched in vigorous language. The argument often moves forward vividly in rapid, compact sentences, as on page 169, one of the meatiest pages of the book. There is an exceptionally clear statement of the distinction between the

new realism and critical realism (pp. 143ff.). Faith is subtly defined as "the act of venturing upon evidence" (p. 241). Bergson's popularity is said to "come from the impression that his brilliantly figurative language half conceals and half reveals some new thing" (p. 288). "The practical value of devices that rest the mind without informing it" (p. 309) is a phrase worthy of Bowne. Many other gems of thought and expression could be culled from these pages.

The Self and Its World is a real contribution to contemporary philosophical thought. It is a valuable addition to the growing literature of personalism. It shows the influence of Bowne, yet treats every problem freshly and independently. All who are looking for the spiritual meaning of experience should read this book. It will furnish them guidance and will invigorate their thought.

EDGAR SHEFFIELD BRIGHTMAN.

Boston University.

Contemporary British Philosophy. Personal Statements. First and Second Series. Edited by J. H. MUIRHEAD, LL.D. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$4.50 for each volume.

A DEFINITION of philosophy is as difficult as a definition of religion. Theories of philosophy differ as to the nature and scope of their inquiries. But since philosophy is a spirit and a method rather than a set of conclusions, finality could hardly be expected. The perfect round of truth is still an ideal. The search for complete knowledge has been diligently pursued through the ages. Philosophy has repeatedly changed its ground by the compelling appeal of subjective experience as against objective authority. This change of attitude was partly caused by the reactions of science, which is interested in phenomena and sequence. Science is essentially analytic and deals with laws. Philosophy is synoptic and has to do with values; in a profound sense it is directly related to religion, which busies itself with the Ultimate Reality. There is, however, a partnership of science, philosophy and religion. Any antagonism between them is unfortunate, for all three agree that truth is to be found by the processes of the reason based upon assumptions, which is another word for faith. Professor A. N. Whitehead has set this issue in a most lucid context in *Science and the Modern World*, a book which will be consulted for years to come.

We cannot contemplate modern philosophy without realizing that there are common tendencies in different lands. For instance, a similar attitude to the philosophical problems appeared simultaneously and was known as Pragmatism in America, Humanism in England, and Ritschlianism in Germany. Such spontaneous movements are a fact in history. But the modern tendencies stress, "not the despair of progress in speculative thought but rather the extreme hopefulness of an enterprise which purposes to explore the frontier provinces of human experience and perchance to bring back authentic tidings of what is beyond." They also definitely lead toward religion, and specifically the Christian religion, as affording the *bonum consummatum* of life. Since philosophy holds up

the mirror to Nature, human and divine, at least some of its conclusions confirm what is truly and finally real.

Any attempt to gather up the findings of modern philosophers is therefore to be welcomed. It is an open question whether there is a British philosophy as such, for it has been largely influenced by Continental and American thought. Any description *sui generis* would thus refer to geographical rather than to intellectual boundaries. These two volumes are of interest because of the confessional element and the autobiographical feature which suggest some of the processes that led to the conclusions of the respective writers. They give a reason for the faith or unfaith in them with sincerity, seriousness and sobriety. There is no general agreement of interpretation, which could hardly be expected, but there is a sympathetic understanding of the problems to be solved and a deeper conviction of the necessity of reaching the synopsis in which true philosophy consists (2. 14). The widening outlook is further seen in the more extensive application of experience to other fields than those covered by sense-perception. Religious experience, which magnifies the God-consciousness, is at last coming to its own. Two other things should be noted. One is the unanimous impatience with "the loose thinking, the somnambulistic speculations, the slovenly writing which characterize too much of what is offered as substitutes for philosophy." The other is "a special distaste for the self-advertisement of the commercial travelers in spiritual wares who start movements and push them into public notice" (2. 233f.). Many current schools which disguise their lack of consecutive thought beneath popular philosophical and religious phrases receive in these pages an effective exposure. All who desire to cultivate the genuine philosophical spirit, which in essence is the same as the religious spirit, will find in these independent summaries much that is profitably suggestive.

It is only an encyclopædic mind which could pass judgment upon these personal statements, sixteen in the first series and twelve in the second series. It is more to the point to meditate critically upon what is revealed here of the patient effort to think out the implications of life's experiences without too much reliance upon conventional terms and phrases. One cannot but be impressed by this ardent quest in unison to determine Reality; to discover the Spirit that is both immanent and transcendent; to estimate the intrinsic values of truth or insight, of beauty or loveliness, of goodness or love; and to establish such a standard of moral and religious guidance which deliberately reckons with the Idea of God, who is the Source of all reality (2. 2ff.). These writers discern with varying degrees of conviction the wholeness of the spiritual. Their very eclecticism is an indication of a much desired working synopsis. R. F. Alfred Hoernlé expresses this purpose in his essay "On the Way to a Synoptic Philosophy." He says, "The philosopher must draw on all types and modes of experience—scientific, moral, æsthetic, religious—in his interpretation of the world, and his interpretation will depend on the kind and degree of his first-hand acquaintance with each of these types of experience no less than on his synoptic power" (2. 139).

The drift or burden of these essayists might be briefly stated. J. B. Baillie declares that knowledge does not exhaust reality and that experience is a perpetual process of experiment, trial and error (41). Bernard Bosanquet argues that totality expresses itself in value and that the test of reality is its ability to satisfy. Mysticism keeps alive the genuine insight but in its full contention it is not everyone's affair (59, 73). C. D. Broad holds that a great deal of so-called skepticism is simply a particular kind of dogmatism. If idealism cannot see the trees for the wood, realism cannot see the wood for the trees (81). H. Wildon Carr insists that idealism, far from indicating an elusive, shadowy, dreamlike vagueness in scientific truth, shows the way in which abstractions can be overcome and the need for concreteness and integrity satisfied (111). Viscount Haldane maintains that reality is based not on experience but on knowledge, which enables us to look beyond the fragmentary and the partial (139). L. T. Hobhouse expounds the philosophy of development and concludes that this world is the dwelling of a spiritual power (188). Dean Inge is persuaded that we cannot philosophize at all without an act of faith, and that philosophy is not merely an intellectual pursuit but a kind of priesthood requiring a consecration of the whole life to a quest of the Holy Grail (198, 210). John Laird sees in a reasonable ignorance a type of knowledge (216). J. S. Mackenzie deals with the intrinsic values of truth, beauty and goodness as necessary for a constructive philosophy (243). J. E. McTaggart conceives of philosophy as the systematic study of the ultimate nature of reality (251). C. Lloyd Morgan sees the universal activity of spirit everywhere and everywhen (306). J. H. Muirhead offers a discerning review of the past and present in contemporary philosophy (309). Carveth Read holds that culture is the discipline of thought and character, the result of heredity and experience (350, 354). Bertrand Russell, courageous in his negations, discusses the effects of syntax and vocabulary on philosophy (368). F. C. S. Schiller re-presents his views on Humanism (401). Bishop Temple maintains that theism supplies the corrective needed to deliver Value-philosophy from the chaos of humanistic pragmatism (428).

The Second Series begins with a eulogy on F. H. Bradley, the last of the Oxford idealists. This volume is dedicated to this fertile and stimulating thinker. A reference to the two indexes will show how frequently he is quoted in these pages. James Ward, a veteran philosopher and psychologist, gives his last will and testament, so to say, in the essay on "A Theistic Monadism," discussing the difference between idealism or spiritualism and materialism or naturalism (36). E. Belfort Bax protests against dogmatic construction because the notion of finality is a vagary (80). Douglas Fawcett establishes through imaginism a partnership with idealism and realism (102). G. Dawes Hicks is convinced that there should be a closer approximation to the truth of things and points the way (118). C. E. M. Joad endeavors to reconcile vitalism, pluralism, the life force, neo-realism and teleology, and modestly claims that it is only a provisional synthesis (161). G. E. Moore's dogmatic defense of common sense overlooks ultimate problems (194). J. A. Smith sub-

stantiates his assumptions that reality is a timeless process, that history is spiritual, that spirituality manifests itself most freely and fully in self-consciousness (236). W. R. Sorley is assured that synopsis and analysis are not opposed and that a view of reality which gives impartial recognition to the realm of values cannot dispense with the idea of God (266). A. E. Taylor advocates free will against scientific determinism (278). J. Arthur Thomson, as an open-minded biologist, declares that the momentum of evolution is not against man's best endeavors but in line with them (334). C. C. J. Webb offers an outline of a philosophy of religion which recognizes the mystery of personality—human and divine—and argues that communion with God is not an illusion but a verifiable experience (352).

This council of philosophers does not reach unanimity. Far more important than that is the unity of purpose and the seriousness of spirit shown by them in the presence of perpetual enigmas. What they have discovered may not wholly be accepted by us but their conclusions merit the earnest consideration of all who study the problems of human life and destiny.

OSCAR L. JOSEPH.

Personality and Reality. By J. E. TURNER. New York: The Macmillan Company.

THE author of *Personality and Reality* has undertaken the very difficult task of analyzing the place of personality in reality from the dual standpoint of Hegelian principles of logic and a thoroughgoing realism in metaphysics. The results will be briefly outlined in this review and their value left to the judgment of more competent students.

The first four chapters are devoted to a criticism of the atomistic logic in psychology and a study of personality from the standpoint of coherence. From Plato to Hume the attempt to find the self or soul and God in some elemental and simple substance vitiated psychology, and the error persists in much modern theory. The true reality of the self, however, is to be found in the organic system as a whole, which is complex, plastic, persistent, and dynamic. The explication of this view will delight the heart of the ardent self-psychologist. If, however, he were also a personal idealist he would demur at the statement that "the self is in no sense unique," for by this the author means that its character is the same as the character of reality in general, that is, as matter, the atom. At every step the organization, persistency, etc., of the self is compared with the atom. The latter is credited with the same type of organic unity and complexity, persistence, and activity, differing only in degree. But for the argument of the ontological question one is only referred to a previous work of the author, *Theory of Direct Realism*.

The remainder of the book is devoted to the explication of the relation of this self to the physical universe.

The next step in the argument is the exposition of the thesis that the advancing dominance of mind over matter "always takes the form of so arranging and ordering the constituents of the material environment as

to constitute some type of mechanism" (p. 120). Mechanism is the machinery of mind. The obvious implication is that "every material mechanism, as such and in its essential characters, is in the end the expression of the activity of mind—the manifestation of a form of reality which is, in principle if not in detail, one in its nature with the highest types of human experience" (p. 125). Such mechanisms are caused by and completely controlled by mind, but he specifically disavows anything which smacks of Berkleyan phenomenalism. Yet this concession appears to the idealist to be a surrender of the faith of realism.

The vast mechanistic organization of the physical universe requires the postulate of a Supreme Self, yet it is so complete in itself as to conceal that Self. "The unity, intricacy and automatism of the mechanism of the material world are so perfect, and its extent is so vast, both spatially and temporally, that the immediate action of a dominant mind is nowhere necessary, and its immediate presence therefore can nowhere be discernible. If, then, such a dominant mind at all exists, it need be only . . . of the type of the absolutely transcendent God of Aristotle or of Deism—the 'absentee God' of *Sartor Resartus*."

Doctor Turner thinks that he has refuted the conclusions of materialism and naturalism. "They have restricted themselves to the principle that the only logical implication of the perfect mechanism of the natural world is the total absence of any directive mind" (p. 151). But on this view the material world must always remain a static machine. The introduction of the idea of evolution requires an appeal to a mind which can generate ideas. "The actual evolution of mechanism, in short, does not merely suggest, but necessarily implies, as its ultimate cause, the evolution of ideas in an adequately dominant mind" (p. 157). The dependence of progress upon mind as presented here is certainly an interesting argument for the materialist to face. From the standpoint of realism the case for personality in reality could not be better stated. But the net result of the Deism here adhered to is not far in advance of the position of Spencer. Evolution testifies, after all, to the work of a Mind, but the absolute mechanism of the universe conceals rather than reveals this Unknown.

ALMON R. KING.

Revere, Mass.

Human Experience: A Study of Its Structure. By Viscount HALDANE.
New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$2.

EXPERIENCE seems to be a term well understood by us all. That it is not so clearly understood by even professional philosophers will be evident to everyone who reads this book. Professor John Dewey's essentially materialistic notion is what the author challenges. The former makes it something larger than mind. That is, as the author says, "Mind is a sort of thing of which our experience is a detachable activity or property." For Professor Dewey, "Mind or knowledge is never more than a product within the world of experience." Now to the plain man what meaning experience can have apart from mind is beyond him. He can understand

that a conscious creature may have what we understand by experiencing, that is, it can be aware of feelings which are pleasurable or painful. But to speak of experience below the plane of consciousness means nothing to him. And to talk of human experience apart from human minds is the height of absurdity to the plain man, the man of common sense. To the plain man of common sense experience has meaning and reality only for mind. And the plain man is right. Mr. Benjamin Kidd spoke in his *Social Evolution* of the "common mind which is so often more scientific than our modern science," so we feel that it is even more evident that the common mind is so often more philosophical than some of our professional philosophers.

Viscount Haldane takes sides against such professional philosophers as Professor Dewey in favor of the common sense attitude of the plain man. The plain man keeps close to the realities of his experience. This is a lesson the professional philosopher might learn with profit from his unlearned brother. The bane of the professional philosopher has always been to stray too far into the theoretical field and thus get lost in abstractions, that is, unrealities. The author holds that Professor Dewey has done just this in his discussion of experience. To quote his own words: "The account of experience given by Professor Dewey appears too abstract, and to be inadequate to the facts. Beauty, morals and the divine play too large a part in the world which confronts man to admit of mind being made a mere product." So his problem in this volume is to examine afresh the meaning of experience. Holding closely to the facts of experience he finds that Kant was right in the essential constitutive activity of the human mind in all its knowing. As the author puts it: "Mind for Kant, his synthetic activity, is indivisible and constitutive. Its work is of the nature of thinking, and it imposes on a raw material the forms of time and space within which it fashions its world creatively." Thus the mind builds up its experience. And no human experience is possible apart from such mental activity. It assumes that the laws of the raw material, the not-self, run parallel to the laws of the self, or the human mind. This forces us to the source of the laws of the self and the not-self, which must be a common source. And thus we see the superficial materialism of Professor Dewey must be replaced with theism.

The author, starting with Kant's constitutive activity, makes a thorough examination of the idea of experience, that is, human experience. The reader will find thought-provoking discussions of the meaning of truth in science and in art, knowledge and reality, the self in experience, and how meaning enters into reality, among other things. But the most thought-provoking of the many problems of this volume are the discussions of the "universal and particular," "man and God," "soul and body," "human personality," and "man and death." The discussion of human personality is especially good. The author even claims that the self is in a sense super-personal, "not in being dominated by another and different self of a higher order, but in, as it stands, displaying orders of knowledge and reality alike in which it tends to pass beyond the limits within which a consistently conventional standpoint would confine it."

The book is not easy reading. It is profound in thought and clear in diction, but the very nature of the problems makes them difficult. It will make the reader think. It has a miserable pretense of an index.

American University.

FRANK W. COLLIER.

Music in Work and Worship. By EDMUND S. LORENZ. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company, 1925.

THIS rather bulky volume is put forth as "a companion volume" to the author's earliest book, *Practical Church Music*. It is intended to reach three classes of readers: students in theological seminaries, clergymen, and musicians actually engaged in carrying on the music of the church. Judging from the many "classroom suggestions" and "review questions," the first group was kept prominently in the mind of the writer. It has also an index and a glossary of musical terms.

Mr. Lorenz has taken himself very seriously throughout, and evidently has a sincere desire to promote religion and to improve worship. Whether the word "work" is significant beyond its function in forming an alliterative and assonantic title may be questioned. The temptation to elaborate the obvious has not been sufficiently resisted. Indeed, an adumbration of this fact seems at least once to have come to the author, when, after several pages of assertion that a choir is a good thing and should have a religious purpose, he adds, "Let us sum up the whole matter in a few words: the fundamental purpose of the choir is spiritual inspiration and edification"—a proposition which, once enunciated, is not likely to be disputed by anybody. The book would be more stimulating if, instead of using so many words and being so repetitious, it had been materially reduced in size.

The reviewer has read it through from cover to cover, and finds many things to commend and much vigorously to disapprove. Some of the truths well emphasized, for example, are, that the organ prelude is a part of the church service; that congregations can be, and should be, trained to take part in the responsive parts of the service; that the musical leaders of worship should themselves be spiritually minded; that the minister's attitude toward congregational singing has much to do with its success or failure, and that he should keep the matter before his people constantly; that everybody should be encouraged to sing; that the people should be supplied with hymnals; that tunes demand a tempo depending at least in part on the hymns sung to them, being frequently spoiled by being sung too fast; that discerning pastors may do much to organize the church musically; that the choir director needs tact; and that in many churches it is futile to attempt two similar preaching services on a Sunday.

But Mr. Lorenz, who for many years has been flooding this country with his *Choir Leader* (to which he frequently refers), is sadly under its spell as regards the sort of church music he would have used, and his judgments are often preposterous. The tunes of Dykes are "nervously

depressing"! "Nicaea" "has nothing of the virility and exhilaration of 'Duke Street'"! Beethoven's "Hymn of Joy" (from the Ninth Symphony) is "rather light"! Mr. Lorenz frankly suggests the use of "commonplace" music, and apparently thinks it hopeless to attempt the education and elevation of the church taste and practice in congregational singing. While admitting that there are "only thirty or forty out of twenty thousand gospel songs whose use should be considered," he recommends the use of such music nevertheless, especially in evening services, as will accomplish its chief purpose, "emotionalization"! It is a false assumption, he says, "that all music used in church should be worshipful." In short, though once he exclaims over the sort of "stuff" sung as church solos, he believes in the perverse doctrine of giving the people what he has judged our "peculiar conditions" call for, under the plea of "Americanism," urging "the physical stimulus of rhythm," condemning the church in America to continued musical mediocrity or worse, and risking as shallow a spirituality as is the stuff by which it is engendered. Sincere as is the purpose of Mr. Lorenz, it would be discouraging to contemplate the next generation of ministers as having been trained to follow his ideals.

K. P. H.

Modern Religious Verse and Prose: An Anthology. By FRED MERRIFIELD. Pp. 470. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.50, net.

ETYMOLOGICALLY, the word "anthology" suggests a cluster of flowers. Surely this anthology is no casual bouquet plucked by the roadside. It resembles more the famous Van Cortlandt Manor garden of Shakespearian flowers, that are mentioned in the plays of the Bard of Avon, each flower distinctive, yet all related to a central idea. Nor has Professor Merrifield been any more haphazard in his arrangement than in his choice of the contents of his anthology.

As you enter his garden, the path leads you progressively through a logical sequence of steps, with copious legends by the wayside, carefully prepared by the author to explain each genus and its setting, and to indicate whither the path of thought is leading you. It is a most skillfully prepared anthology, and as one reads and ponders these great thoughts of great souls upon religion, there develops in the reader a sense of the validity and verity of religious truth.

The editor has arranged his material, prose and poetry, according to an ascending scale, each interval satisfying and logical, the whole falling into the following general divisions: I. The Irrepressible Yearning After God. II. The Upward Urge of Life. III. God—The Infinite Life of the Universe. IV. The Divine Possibilities of Man. V. Jesus in Every-day Life. VI. Service and World Brotherhood. VII. Cooperation With God. VIII. The Spirit of True Worship. IX. The Eternal Value and Continuity of Life.

The first three of these general headings are sub-divided topically. Our readers may plot the curve of the editor's method by scanning the sub-divisions under the first section, "The Irrepressible Yearning After

God." The first six poems, with which the anthology opens, the editor groups together as illustrative of "the universal fact that human nature reaches out instinctively, persistently, passionately for self-fulfillment. The resulting growth, the expanding experience, which accompany this attitude of moral earnestness are commonly attributed to the influence of God, the unseen, but most real Power which impels one to seek the noblest and be satisfied with nothing but the best. All of these writers seem to feel that the divine response to the human need is as certain as the longing of man is intense."

Following this note he shows us the various ways in which each of these poems expresses the soul's yearning after God. 1. "O Thou, God of all," Rupert Brooke; 2. "Wind and Lyre," Edwin Markham; 3. "O Love that wilt not let me go," George Matheson; 4. "Wanting so the Face Divine," and 5. "The Hungry," both by Caroline Giltinan; 6. "Pauline," Browning. Thus, one cannot miss the content of poems, so clearly annotated, nor their place in the general unfolding purpose of the book. In the second sub-division, bearing four poems, "The notes of greater desperation and uncertainty prevail. Man must win his great battle with Life or perish in the attempt."

The third sub-division presents "a new and higher type of religious yearning"; the fourth, the eagerness of this age for a revelation of God in things; the fifth, "a somewhat more positive and reassuring statement of faith in man's ability to reach out and find God"; the sixth, one poem, Whittier's "The Eternal Goodness," as an "experience of many a struggling and very sincere and thoughtful soul of our own day."

This same method of sub-division and of detailed comment the editor follows through the next two general headings on "The Upward Urge of Life" and "God—The Infinite Life of the Universe." From this point forward these sub-divisions are not used, and the notes are more general, as though the conscientious reader had already been sufficiently schooled in this method of analysis as not to require quite so minute a guidance. The notes, however, through to the end of the book are helpful and illuminating.

The book for the most part is well indexed. Curiously enough, however, the editor has listed all the quotations, prose and poetry indiscriminately, in an "Index of Poems." Mary A. Lathbury, author of "A Song To-day," is not named at the end of that poem, but instead we read a copy-right notice bearing the name of J. H. Vincent; which—by the strange perversity which resides in things inanimate—has given our Chautauqua bishop a place in the Index of Authors.

In making his selections the anthologist has culled from such contrasting types of writers as Cardinal Newman and Swinburne, Louise Imogen Guiney and George E. Woodberry, John Oxenham and Don Marquis—two hundred different authors, yielding a little over four hundred selections. Thus, the path through this garden winds to the right and to the left, oscillating between despair and hope, doubt and faith, yearning and satisfaction, but always leading upward; and at the conclusion one has

a sense of having climbed the heights in company with men and women of nobility and power.

CARL F. PRICE.

New York City.

The Negro in American Life. By WILLIS J. KING. Pp. 154. New York and Cincinnati: The Methodist Book Concern. 75 cents.

THE Imperial Wizard of an organization which is less than one half of one per cent either American or Christian wrote this about the Negro: "They have not and cannot attain the Anglo-Saxon level. Both biology and anthropology prove it. . . . The low mentality of savage ancestors is inherent in the blood stream of the colored race in America." Yet here is a book by a full-blooded Negro who has intellect, culture and character superior to all those morons who swear by "white supremacy." And the public should know that no support is given to this pseudo-scientific race prejudice by any of the more prominent biologists or anthropologists in our American universities. Science and religion have always unitedly stood against such a racial mythology.

Professor King has written a World Friendship textbook which deals in a scholarly manner with the theory of racial inferiority, the history of the Negro, his economic, social and spiritual contribution to American life, the effect of the recent Northern migration of Negroes, their present political and social status and also the true Christian attitude in race relations and the various agencies aiding in interracial cooperation.

Here is one fact which the white people of America should consider: It is the Negro who has made the most notable original contribution to the fine arts in our land, especially to music. The only genuine folk songs, both spiritual and secular, have been given us by the colored people. As Anton Dvorak, that great Bohemian composer, said: "The only national music in America was the music of American Negroes." Other races have made similarly great contributions to civilization, but the "New Negro" does not stand in the lowest grade of these racial groups. Black folks are good, bad and indifferent, just like the rest of humanity.

Let every preacher get this work and preach on the subject of World Friendship. Let every Christian organization employ it in church-school classes, Epworth League study classes, mission-study classes, and the church night educational gatherings. For Christianity to win the world we must become one in Christ Jesus. This Negro, named King, is a true King of men. He is among our greatest national biblical scholars, but, better than that, he is a deeply devout follower of our Master, and this able treatise should help to banish the present wicked intolerance not only from Methodism but from the world.

Carlyle Till Marriage. Pp. 442. *Carlyle to French Revolution.* Pp. 434. *Carlyle on Cromwell and Others.* Pp. 421. By DAVID ALEC WILSON. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$5 per volume.

For more than one reason the appearance of the first three volumes of this comprehensive biography of Carlyle is an outstanding event in the

history of English literature. First, because the publishing of a full-length life of the redoubtable Thomas of Ecclefechan could not but be in itself a matter of prime importance. Secondly, this particular biography is a contribution to the most bitterly fought literary controversy of the nineteenth century, since the author is avowedly an opponent of the position taken by Froude in his six brilliant Carlyle volumes. Thirdly, Mr. Wilson's work when completed will, according to all indications, be the most detailed biographical work ever written in the English language.

Mr. Wilson is a Scotchman who has been an intensive student of Carlyle since 1890. He has spent a lifetime in the English Civil Service but has consistently and persistently collated material shedding light upon the facts of the life of the old prophet of Chelsea. Dr. Charles Eliot Norton of Harvard urged Mr. Wilson to publish in 1895 but he answered, "If I live to 1920 or so, a 'Life' of Carlyle is sure to be written. If not, then Providence, whom it concerns, must find some other to do it." To this statement Mr. Norton gravely replied, "What is done in 1920 cannot possibly concern me then."

But here are three of the volumes at last before us. That they are a part of the study which no future historian of the literature of the period can think of ignoring is an almost self-evident fact. Mr. Wilson does not deal with "Carlyle and His Age." The great historical and intellectual movements of the generation receive little or no attention. Neither is there much light shed upon Carlyle's works. In fact, the treatment of books like *Sartor Resartus*, *The French Revolution* and *Past and Present* is conspicuously inadequate. What Mr. Wilson has done has been to go over every conceivable bit of material about Carlyle with a fine-toothed comb. Every slight clue is run down to its source. In 1890 the author inspected what had been the original of the cottage in Sartor, the home of Carlyle's boyhood. At Middlebie he sat by the bedside of a very old woman who wanted to tell him all she knew—her mother had been the midwife who brought Carlyle into the world. In 1895, in Canada, he visited Mrs. Hanning, the youngest sister of his hero, and read the family papers she had. In all, he has had access to five large collections of unpublished manuscript, rich in biographical data. A work prepared in this way has, as one would expect, a wealth of material. All this is rather inartistically thrown together in short, thoroughly annotated chapters. Mr. Wilson is far from being a literary artist, but his fresh, original, human material makes him the author of a truly great biography.

It would be hard to write a dull book about Thomas Carlyle. But Thomas himself, interesting as he is, has to take second place in the first and second volumes. Until he passes from the stage of action the most dominant character is James Carlyle, master mason of Ecclefechan, a pithy-speaking, hard-hitting, forthright Scot, with every bit as much personality as his illustrious son. The chapters dealing with this militant, individualistic personality are crammed full of good stories. On one occasion a preacher was fulminating from the pulpit on the certain damnation of children unless saved by some miracle. Old James rose as if he were going to leave the room. The preacher paused as if to tacitly

rebuke the interruption. James turned and faced the minister, shook his fist and said: "Ay, ye may thump and glower till your een start from their sockets, but ye'll no' gar me believe such stuff as that."

But James Carlyle is not the only additional interesting character in the book. It could be said with some degree of assurance that a man's wife should be a considerable figure in his biography. This is particularly true in these books. Jane Welsh Carlyle is interesting in her own right. Possibly it would not be exaggerating to speak of her as one of the four outstanding letter writers in the English language, the others being William Cowper, Edward Fitzgerald and Thomas Carlyle. Froude used Jane Welsh Carlyle as the white background against which to show forth the dyspeptic selfishness of her husband. Wilson takes issue here with the earlier biography and with considerable success sets out to relieve Carlyle of the odium of being pointed to as a crotchety, disagreeable husband. Another character of rich human interest is Edward Irving, Carlyle's dearest friend, a young preacher whose tragic story is not easy to forget. John Stuart Mill, Francis Jeffrey and John Sterling come and go. One is almost tempted to say that there is no biography in existence which contains quite so many clearly defined etchings of men and women, pictured so clearly that we seem almost to have met them in the flesh.

As the narrative progresses one misses the rich rural background of the earlier pages, savoring of Ian Maclaren and James Barrie. But taking it all in all the third volume is as interesting as the first, and anybody who has read the material which has thus far appeared will lose no time in procuring the fourth when it comes from the press. The chapter based on the conversation of Carlyle with David Masson as recorded in *Carlyle on Cromwell and Others* is especially rewarding reading.

"Masson used to say that Carlyle was fond of a good fire. As they were sitting together at the cosy fireside one evening Masson broke the silence with: 'All things considered, the genius of Shakespeare is nothing less than a miracle.'

"'Yes, you are right,' said Carlyle. And I remember that because such acquiescence was so rare. If you wanted to hear what could be said for a man, run him down to Carlyle; and if you praised anyone excessively you might hear mistakes of fact corrected and something said on the other side. Thus once, as became a disciple, he was exalting Goethe, and Carlyle said he was given too much to 'Kunst (or Art) and Literatur.' 'O Carlyle!' ejaculated his wife, but he persisted, saying, 'I think so.'"

Another brief chapter in this volume deals with the visit to Carlyle of "the American apostle Alcott." On the occasion of the first visit of the Yankee transcendentalist to Cheyne Row he was graciously welcomed because of his letter from Emerson. Alcott availed himself of the opportunity to draw away by the hour to his own high satisfaction. Mr. Wilson gives us the new information that Alcott converted Tennyson to vegetarianism for three whole months. On his last visit to the home of the Carlyles he encountered Browning and was "pitilessly chaffed." When at last he arose to go, Carlyle as a dutiful host inquired, "When shall I see you again?" "Never," was the laconic reply of the pilgrim from Concord.

Samuel Johnson once spoke of "the biographical in literature which I love the most." In this regard the rugged old philosopher is not alone. Where do we find a clearer transcript of real life than in a good biography? Mr. Wilson is giving to the readers of our day a work which is certain to rank among the great literary biographies. He who reads it once will come back to it again and again.

LEWIS H. CHRISMAN.

West Virginia Wesleyan College, Buckhannon, W. Va.

The Other Side of the Medal. By EDWARD THOMPSON. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. \$1.50.

THIS book, which portrays certain barbaric atrocities by the British rulers in India during the 1857 Mutiny, is indeed another "side of the medal" which in history has emphasized the savage cruelty of the mutinous East Indian race during that horrible struggle. Probably each side of that medal would picture like horrors wrought by both races. Militarism, especially when fighting for or against an imperial power, is very apt to be a source of atrocious hatred and beastly brutality.

Yet it is doubtful that the Indians to-day are full of hatred caused by that wicked warfare of nearly seventy years ago. They are certainly dissatisfied with the present slow movement toward granting them the full right of self-government. But it probably would not assist them to secure this privilege of self-determination to awaken the hatred caused by those ancient horrors. The British may have been almost as black as the Indians in the past; yet the present somewhat sluggish tendency toward granting local self-government by the Dominion method, while it may not satisfy India, will certainly help to wipe out hatred. Such men as Gandhi stand for liberty but not for hatred.

History ought to tell the whole truth, but rarely does. Yet there are some events which may well be forgotten. Both sides of some medals may well be effaced. The sympathetic feeling for India of this book is far more noble than its logic is wise. Ferocious cruelty has been too common on both sides of every political problem. It is brave for an Englishman to indict the English criminality in the Mutiny, but one fears that this is not told quite sensibly enough to control the conscience of to-day in either the British or the East Indians.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Our Father. By ANTHONY C. DEANE. *In the Form of a Servant.* By FRANK H. BALLARD (Doran, each \$1.25 net). These two little books on the Christian life are both devotional and educational. Canon Deane has given a most fresh exposition of the Lord's Prayer. It is worth while to know what the words really mean in that highest form of universal worship. Mr. Ballard's book treats of Jesus as a boy, in the home and the school, as carpenter and workman, as physician and teacher, as a critic of

the catholic mind and as the Man of Sorrows. We need to realize our Saviour's relation to every form of human life.

The Christian Good of Scotland. By JOHN ADAMS (Scribners, \$2). This introductory volume to the Scottish Library for Laymen is not without its worth to laymen everywhere, dealing with national ideals, church life and work, religious education, missions, evangelism, and ending with three instructive biblical expositions.

The Vatican Mission Exposition. By JOHN J. CONSIDINE (Macmillan, \$1.40). This "Window on the World" is looked through with Roman Catholic eyes. Yet there is little of papist bigotry in its pages. It not only describes the Exposition held in the Vatican during the last so-called Holy Year, but gives most interesting pictures of their missionary work in all parts of the world. Protestants may find in this beautifully printed little book both information and inspiration. It contains about threescore illustrations and an appendix containing seven charts of statistics covering well nigh the whole field of Romanist mission work in the world.

Five Minutes Daily With Luther. By JOHN T. MUELLER (Macmillan, \$2.50). Three hundred and sixty-six pages furnish that many daily lessons taken from the writings of Martin Luther, each based on a biblical passage, and followed with a selected hymnal comment chosen by the editor. Luther had a great gift for exposition. This translation is a vigorous one that renders very well the rugged method of Luther's language. It does seem strange that he paid more attention in these teachings to Galatians and Peter's Epistles than to all the rest of the Bible! Yet it would be quite helpful both for Lutherans and all other Christians to give five minutes a day to this book.

Alcohol and the New Age. By DEETS PICKETT (Methodist Book Concern, 75 cents). For the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment two things are needed—the instruction and the inspiration of both young and old. Every church and Bible school could easily give a dozen lessons such as these to their pupils. It deals, on the basis of accurate research, with the scientific, political, social and religious problems involved in this vital issue of to-day, with abundant information and striking questions for discussion. Deets Pickett is well known as one of the most efficient students of the subject of temperance and prohibition.

Religion in the Heart. By WILLIAM CHALMERS COVERT (Revell, \$1.50). Doctor Covert is not only a fine preacher whose caliber includes both clarity and charity, but also a noted Presbyterian leader in Christian education. These sixteen sermons, beginning with "Religion in the Heart" and ending with "God in His World," are quite varied in their themes, but one in the vital and spiritual element. And illustration and quotation are not overdone but well done. There is no mischievous modernism or foolish fundamentalism in these sermons.

Crowds of Souls. By CLINTON TRUNDER (Revell, \$1.50). All ministers to-day should train themselves in the problems of promotion, publicity, business methods, church advertising, etc. They do not need to follow all the plans of Drs. Christian Reisner, William L. Stidger or this alert and busy Baptist boy, who writes this book, but they can secure many

useful suggestions from all three. Some of us may not feel so much the need of being after crowds as after souls, but it is better still to seek *Crowds of Souls*. Of course, more than publicity is necessary. Folks must not only be drawn to church but get something when they come. This is a vigorous treatment of the successful management of the modern church by a young preacher who brings thousands to a downtown church and holds them.

Constructive Modernism. By LAWRENCE W. NEFF (Banner Press, Emory University, Ga.). This is a fine forecast of the final valuations in religion. It sees in a genuine and instructive modernism positive factors in the sanest and strongest spiritual movement of the Christian era. Note these striking statements: Uprooting and Replanting, The Requirement of Rightness, Scriptural Modernism, and Christian Modernism. Surely we have a Christ who is leading us forward and a Holy Spirit who will guide unto all truth.

Why I Believe in Jesus. By EDWARD LEIGH PELL (Revell, \$1.50). This book is, what many sermons should be, a record of personal experience, a message out of life to life. It is not a doctrinal treatise, although it will furnish a pathway to theology for all who can read it sympathetically. Doctor Pell shows the perplexities and confusions which ever come to those who find everything in the Bible but its spiritual and ethical appeal, and who can see in Jesus a lot of troublesome things about him, rather than coming to first-hand fellowship with himself. It is a thrilling account of a personal experience which almost matches Paul's picture of his immediate unity with Jesus Christ, there finding God and beginning to share his righteousness. One's heart will burn by the way as he begins to feel the spiritual reality of this form of faith.

The Speaker's Bible. Edited by JAMES HASTINGS. Vol. IX (W. P. Blessing Company, Chicago, \$4). Probably there are no better final expository interpretations of the Bible than these homiletic volumes. This one is on James, and, like all previous volumes of *The Speaker's Bible*, has gathered its material not merely from commentaries but from nearly all the greatest sermons that have been preached and published on passages in this epistle. This material has been melted into a single form, rich in messages and illustrations. It may be dangerous for plagiarists, but is a mine of wealth for those real preachers who must live a truth before they proclaim it.

Problems on Faith and Worship. A Record of the Church Congress in the United States on its fifty-first anniversary, A. D. MCMXXV (Macmillan, \$2). The Protestant Episcopal Church can be seen at its best in these stirring debates on Heresy, World Relations, Miracles, the Holy Communion, and other problems. For the speakers certainly do disagree with each other in opinions and yet feel a fine personal unity in their church fellowship. The High do not boast of their attitude, the Broad of their latitude, and the Low are without platitudes. Let all Christians learn this religious tolerance, and Baptists, Presbyterians, and Methodists as well, will be saved from the wickedness of controversial hatred.

A Tribute to the Triumphant. By FRANCIS WESLEY WARNE (Methodist Book Concern, 75 cents). A glowingly written, beautifully illustrated, and elegantly printed biographical sketch of the widow of Bishop Parker, Mrs. Lois S. Parker, who recently passed from Hardoi (India) to Heaven. Did any missionary in modern times ever pass through nobler service and sacrifice or see a more marvelous expansion of Christianity in a heathen world than did this triumphant worker in world service in the sixty-six years of her "unremitting toll for the womanhood of India"? This story of a long life is a brief one but filled with holy inspiration.

The Early Days of Christianity. By FREDERICK C. GRANT. *Hebrew Life and Times.* By MARION O. HAWTHORNE (Abingdon, \$1.25 and \$1). These two books are Teachers' Manuals on two most important works in the Abingdon Religious Education Texts. They are worth while for all schools, whether Sunday or week day.

Foundations of Faith. By W. E. ORCHARD (Doran, \$1.75). This ablest leader of what is called the New (and also the Free) Catholicism is also an open minded and soundly evangelical theologian. In this, the second of his doctrinal discussions, he presents Christology by the historical method, based upon apostolic teachings and the ancient creeds, but not precisely in the rationalistic way of many of the so-called fundamentalists. He does make *homocousion* mean "of the same substance," not noting that Athanasius did not, any more than Origen, regard *ousia* as meaning anything else than "essence." Yet this is a fair statement of the Person of Christ, and the chapters on the Trinity and Atonement are of like value.

The Unfathomable Christ. By FREDERICK F. SHANNON (Revell, \$1.50). These sermons and speeches are rich in rhetoric, glow with brilliant color and are direct religious messages. He is a middle-of-the-road man who says, "Here is a prayer modern men may pray with profit: *From dry-as-dust orthodoxy and bright-minded heterodoxy, Good Lord deliver us!*"

Evolution Disproved. By WILLIAM A. WILLIAMS (published by author, Camden, N. J., \$1). One of the numerous books on this subject which either does not really understand the various theories of evolution or does not care to distinguish them. Probably evolution has not yet been perfectly proved, but this author cannot disprove it. It is almost wholly based on mathematics (!), that postulate which is merely an instrument for describing nature and not for explaining it. And the writer evidently does not know anything about non-Euclidean geometry, needed to describe the movements of the planet Mercury and the bending of rays in a solar eclipse. He uses the theory that population necessarily doubles in 1,612 years to prove that the human race could not be more than 6,000 years old, not knowing that that ratio does not apply to primitive savages or any merely animal life. Doubtless the theory of evolution has led some to skepticism and atheism, but that is largely the fault of those who ignorantly try to show that such a creative method is contradictory to the book of Genesis. Many evolutionists and non-evolutionists are pious, and many of them are not.

Evolution and Creation. By Sir OLIVER LODGE (Doran, \$2). This is a far more sensible treatment of the relation of science and religion than

the book just mentioned, yet it probably finds too much religion in scientific theories. The realm of nature, with its necessary laws, is not just the same as the kingdom of grace, which is a moral empire of freedom. Nevertheless, this work will certainly prevent young students from being led either by Bryan or Darrow to the foolish faith that physical science and religion cannot be equally true.

Building Sermons with Symphonic Themes. By WILLIAM L. STIDGER (Doran, \$2 net). This is a quite able application of Doctor Stidger's new method of homiletics as set forth in his previous *Symphonic Sermons*. Indeed, much of this preacher's prose is more rhythmic than the symphonic couplets on which it is based, and he has the gift of quoting verses still more poetical. Dean Knudson is not wrong in affirming that "Doctor Stidger is a homiletic genius."

The Gospel Story in Art. By JOHN LA FARGE (Macmillan, \$2.50). *The Genesis of Christian Art.* By THOMAS O'HAGAN (Macmillan, \$1.50). John La Farge was one of the few who did know some of "the notes in the great song by the human soul." This is a reissue at a reduced price of his book with eighty full-page plates. They picture the Gospel story all the way from prophecy to Pentecost. The second book is a fairly useful handbook as to the sources of architecture, painting and sculpture in our holy religion. Possibly it places too much emphasis on the creative genius of Romanism. Much of the Papist art is really pagan, born of the revival of Greek culture in the Renaissance. The latter book gives deserved credit to Ralph Cram, the present chief Gothic architect of America. There are some of us, however, who feel that a real wrong was done when the design of John La Farge for the Cathedral of Saint John the Divine was allowed to be transformed into traditional Gothic by Ralph Cram.

The Springfield Church Survey. By H. PAUL DOUGLASS (Doran, \$4). This scientific research of the urban church life of a New England town has a lofty value not only for the information it furnishes, but even more as a suggestion of methods which should be used to measure the religious life of any community. And it is more than a survey; it pictures a program.

Peggy in Latin America. By HERSELF (Abingdon, 75c.). Those who read *Dear Family*, those charming letters by Peggy Ann, should secure and read this book, in which we discover that she finally could efficiently practice the missionary spirit, achieved with such difficulty in the earliest years of her service in South America. Peggy is on the road to "another Great Discovery."

The Modern Sunday School, Its Theory and Practice. By GEORGE HAMILTON ARCHIBALD (The Century Company, \$2). This principal of an English college knows the methods of religious education as used both in England and America. It is not a psychological treatise, but is written from the standpoint of a practical psychologist. Reformation in the ways of teaching in Bible schools is greatly needed. Here are some solutions of these difficulties.

The Portraits of Jesus Christ in the New Testament. By HENRY SLOANE COFFIN (Macmillan, \$1). A charming exposition of the various

portraits of our Lord as found in the Pauline letters, the Four Gospels, Hebrews and the Apocalypse. These portraits differ in details but back of them all is the one divine Person, the historical Jesus. No combined photograph of these seven pictures needs to be made. To demand the doctrinal use of all the varied items misses the actual personality back of them all. Doctor Coffin, now president of the Union Theological Seminary, makes no attempt to harmonize all the details of these different conceptions. These varied viewpoints each "present a whole Christ." "What is essential is found in them all." Scholarship is back of this noble interpretation but is the simplest and best of instruction for plain folks and everybody else.

The Unknown Bible. By CONRAD HENRY MOEHLMAN (Doran, \$2). The Bible is the best seller of all books; but is it intelligently read and sensibly understood? Probably too many folks do not let it talk to them, but use it as a source of support for their own opinions. The genuine Bible is much neglected. This plain-speaking book deals with the sources and selection of the Scripture Canon, discusses the strange uses of the Bible by both Romanists and Protestants and other problems, leading up to a portrait of the real Bible. Some people will be surprised and even shocked with what this theological professor has written, but they need to be. It will help to turn the mechanical treatise which they use for confirmation of prejudices into a Living Book.

The Christian Conviction. By CLELAND BOYD MCAFEE (Macmillan, \$2). These lectures, delivered in many lands in Eastern and Southern Asia on the Joseph Cook Foundation, by this distinguished Presbyterian theologian, were of course primarily adapted for instruction of people in the non-Christian world. While they would be specially fitting to the information of those who heard of the Christian Faith for the first time, they have high value to all who wish a simple yet scholarly exposition of our holy religion. Christian conviction is given a personal origin in experience, a basis in the Person of Christ, and then reaches further convictions regarding God, man and salvation. Its climax is the kingdom of God, with its democratic social order and a universal human brotherhood. This pragmatic path of thought is the only one to be traveled.

Jesus Christ in History and Faith. By the Rt. Rev. ARTHUR C. HEADLAM, D.D. (Harvard University Press, \$2.50). Bishop Headlam's previous volume, *The Life and Teachings of Jesus the Christ*, was restricted to historical questions. The present volume takes up theological questions bearing on the personality, death and resurrection of Jesus. This re-statement is made in the light of criticism and of the testimony of Christian experience. A distinction is also made between secondary and essential matters. In emphasizing the validity of Christian presuppositions, Doctor Headlam makes it clear that our conclusions are not to be reached by logical proofs but by attending to the probable view held by the great majority of competent judges. For instance, he argues that the Virgin Birth was accepted by the early church not on the grounds of evidence but because it harmonized with the general belief in the supernatural character of our Lord's birth. Such a method of procedure is more con-

vincing than radical denials and evasions. It also confirms our faith in the Divine-Human Redeemer and worthily magnifies the Lord of grace and glory.

The Great Partnership. By JOHN ARCHIBALD MACCALLUM, D.D. (Doran, \$2). The joint enterprise between God and man was established on a firm basis by Jesus Christ. These essays deal with various aspects of this fellowship in labor for redemption, from the standpoints of God in action, in attribute and in essence. Where only a few are willing to master the solid argument in Pringle Pattison's *The Idea of God*, many will be ready to read MacCallum's work, which is a contribution toward a more popular and practical theology. It suggests several subjects for sermons.

The Five Portraits of Jesus. By W. M. CLOW, D.D. (Doran, \$2). The New Testament conception of our Lord is that of a progressive evaluation and exaltation. Due to the deep apprehension of the saving and satisfying Christ by the consciousness of the early church, each of the five stages in this delineation was controlled by a leading idea expressing the convictions that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God the Father, the Risen Lord, the Divine Redeemer of the world, the Everlasting Priest and King. Doctor Clow makes an original study of the New Testament. His conclusion is that every advance in the coming of the kingdom of God has been inspired by a larger conception of Christ and his work, which has been in harmony with the New Testament. This book assuredly helps to enlarge that conception.

The College President. By CHARLES F. THWING, LL.D. (Macmillan, \$2.50). This is a page out of life written by one who has made history in the educational world as a university president for thirty years. It is a balanced review of the history of American education with illustrations from other countries and suggestions toward larger educational policies. The qualifications of a president are discussed with a profound appreciation of his strategic position. This book is thrice welcome at a time when larger endowments are needed for educational work and when educational standards are being keenly scrutinized. The preacher will find in this volume much to help him in his particular vocation.

Finding the Trail of Life. By RUFUS M. JONES (Macmillan, \$1.75). Doctor Jones holds that the average boy is deeply religious, sensitive to intimations and flashes, and hospitable to surprise and wonder. Whether the boy comes naturally into the religious life depends largely on the right atmosphere of the home and on his group guidance. In a semi-autobiographical way, Doctor Jones reviews some of the events in boyhood and youth and recalls the days of positive religion and genuine hospitality common among the Quakers of a former generation. This life of a country boy suggests to parents and teachers some ways to unfold the religious life of all boys up to the high-school age.

In Christ's Stead. By ARTHUR JOHN GOSSIP (Doran, \$2). The one thing we must have is a passion for Jesus Christ. So asserts this lecturer in the first chapter. His concluding chapter exhorts the preacher to get his tempted and disheartened people to look into the face of Jesus Christ.

This is the burden of a rich book on preaching. It has the flavor of common sense and bravely faces the complex situations that meet every preacher and pastor. Gossip is firmly convinced that preaching is the greatest agency to further the kingdom of God. His direct counsels brace up the disheartened preacher and offer timely guidance to the novice.

Chinese Culture and Christianity. By JAMES LIVINGSTONE STEWART (Revell, \$2.50). Is it just for China to repel the Christian faith for the fear that it will destroy her own thought system and social culture? This is most interestingly discussed by a professor in a Chinese university, picturing the primitive psychology and ancestral practices of that great Oriental people. Quite valuable is the account of various prevailing religions in China beside the ancestral faith, such as Taoism, Confucianism, Buddhism, and Islam; ending with a chapter on "Recent Culture Contacts." It is both entertaining and instructive, and should be in all missionary libraries.

History of Ancient and Medieval Philosophy. By HORATIO W. DRESSER (Crowell, \$2.50 net). Those who have used both for information and instruction Doctor Dresser's two cyclopædic textbooks on *Ethics* and on *Psychology in Theory and Application* will want this similar treatise on philosophy and its history. Covering a period of 2,000 years (from the dawn of philosophy in ancient Greece, 600 B. C., to the death of Bruno, 1600 A. D.), it is an excellent source book as well as textbook on the subject. There is less than we suppose of absolutely new conceptions to-day in speculative thought and it is worth while to see a bit of Pragmatism in the teachings of such Sophists as Protagoras. It deals justly with all systems.

A Summer Program for the Church School. By MILES H. KRUMBINE (University of Chicago Press, \$1.50). This lifts to a high grade the program of the Daily Vacation Bible School. It is based on plans tried out by the First Lutheran Church, Dayton, Ohio, for six years, and presents a curriculum from the kindergarten to the high-school grades. From 8:30 to 11:15 A. M. periods are devoted to Bible, hymn and mission studies, including stories, dramatization features, and ending in recreations. The worship period is an assembly of all grades. The training in prayer leads to impromptu devotions. The whole culminates in a Service Day project in which the pupils are taken in automobiles to children's homes, asylums, day nurseries, etc.

These Sayings of Mine. By LLOYD C. DOUGLAS (Scribners, \$1.50). A rather remarkable interpretation of the teachings of Jesus, one which brings the gospel up to date by applying it to the problems of the twentieth century. It begins and ends with portraying the Light of the World. Did He not have us in mind as "unborn torchbearers of the future"? "The bequest of heavenly light is a legacy still proceeding to the sons of men." Dare we phrase and practice our Lord's commands in the language and life of to-day? This is certainly first hand exposition.

A READING COURSE

Providence: Divine and Human. A Study of the World-Order in the Light of Modern Thought. By E. GRIFFITH-JONES, D.D. Volume I. Some Problems of Divine Providence. New York: George H. Doran Company, \$2.50.

ATTEMPTS to justify the ways of God with man have been made in every age. Their success or failure to convince has depended on the range of facts obtained from the study of life. Oswald Spengler in *The Decline of the West* rightly criticizes what he calls the Ptolemaic study of history, which confined its attention almost exclusively to the activities of the Occidental world. They who made a specialty of prejudice thus overlooked the other half of the hemisphere. Spengler contends for the Copernican study of history, which includes the contributions of the Oriental world. The day of isolation has passed and all the tokens favor the virtue of wholeness. We are thinking to-day in terms of continents and of the universe.

The illusion of finality is giving way to the insight of progress since we belong to a dynamic and not to a static universe. It is "strung along" and its movements are serial and directive rather than circular. It does not repeat the processes in cycles but goes forward from one stage of attainment to another and a higher. It will so continue until the triumphant climax is reached when God shall be all in all. This is the truest philosophy and theology, so discerningly outlined by Saint Paul in 1 Cor. 15. 20-28 and in Romans 9-11, where he deals with the pregnant ideas of election and service.

This is the spiritual idealism which advocates the Christian view as at once evolutionary and redemptive. It regards the physical universe as the stage for man's training to fit him for subordinate partnership with the Supreme Creator and Sustainer, who is over all, God blessed forever. Such a view takes note of the immanent and the transcendent activity of God, who works in and through the universe and who controls it. The pantheist stresses the divine immanence so exclusively that it is impossible to distinguish God from Nature. The deist magnifies the divine transcendence so as to separate God from Nature and make him the spectator of its manifold drama and tragedy. The Christian theist relates the natural to the supernatural, the mundane order to the supramundane, and conceives of God as truly personal, holding the universe in the hollow of his hand and not immersed in it. The divine initiative, moreover, does not interrupt or disturb the orderly continuity. The reinforcement of spiritual energy rather directs life into larger channels for its greater efficiency.

The traditional theories of the world-order have been challenged by science and philosophy. Their structures would seem to be justifiable in the light of recent disruptive events. The Babel of voices is disconcerting and there is confusion in the minds of many who are alarmed over the safety of the Ark of God. Ingenious correlations are sought and ap-

parently discovered by those who subordinate reason to fancy. The times call for the patience and the endurance of faith and for a candid and reverent examination of all the facts. No theory that accounts for everything is reliable. Then again, any departure from previous solutions is not necessarily a repudiation of them but an advance beyond them. The earlier thinkers correlated the realities and experiences of Christianity to the systems of thought of their day and conserved the validity of spiritual values. In like manner, we should reckon with the modern conceptions of reality so as to demonstrate that we are not the prey of chance forces which work with erratic dexterity.

A careful distinction between the divine and the human factors enables us to place the onus of responsibility where it belongs. Many of the misfortunes and disasters that have overtaken the human race resulted from the culpable shortsightedness and cupidity of mankind. They cannot by any process of reasoning be ascribed to the Almighty. The fact is that man's failure was God's opportunity in Providence to introduce the redemptive movement into human history, which found its fullest expression in the Redeemer Christ. In the light of the Cross we understand that the story of the race unfolds the consistent purpose of God to lift mankind to the higher levels of fellowship with the Eternal Father. This is what the late Principal Forsyth meant by "the cruciality of the Cross," for, "in Christianity everything, for time and eternity, turns on the Cross." It sets forth the puissant principle that has governed all the outstanding personalities of history, who will be remembered long after the ominous procession of the men of mere might has passed into oblivion.

Some of these questions are frankly discussed by Principal Griffith-Jones. He knows where the modern pressure is keenest and he has in mind the needs of perplexed Christian believers. They require a word of assurance concerning the love of God in a world where brutal passions and demonic exploitations are rife, and men are penalized and victimized to feather the nests of tyrants and traitors. He does not presume to explain everything, nor does he suppose that reason by itself is capable of solving the tragic enigmas of life, which are made all the more complex by the two facts of divine sovereignty and of human freedom. But the acknowledgment that we are ensphered in mystery need not bring us to an *impasse*. There are some explanations which help to lessen the blank misgivings and querulous questionings and which suggest some ways out of certain obstinate dilemmas.

Doctor Griffith-Jones succeeds in showing that God is "the Personal Ruler and Guide as well as Creator and Sustainer of the universe, and holding a special relation to men as free moral agents; but ever and always actively and efficiently directing all forces and wills and events toward His holy ends" (p. 68). Such a conclusion helps us to regain faith in God's Providential Order. Faith, however, is no drawing-room virtue, but the hardest and loftiest exercise of the soul's energy. Its vitality is exhibited by its ability to avoid the extremes of the Scylla of credulity and the Charybdis of skepticism, and to help one to remain a consistent

evolutionist and a convinced Christian (186, 249). This volume is one of the most helpful contributions to Christian Theism. It occupies the middle ground between a type of popular Christian apologetics that does not go far enough and a type of metaphysical thinking that only a few could appreciate. The courageous candor, sweet reasonableness and spiritual certitude will commend it to thoughtful preachers, who will welcome its fine exposition of the divine purpose for redemption.

The introductory chapter on "The Eclipse of Faith in Providence" is an impartial examination of the course of recent thinking. Pessimism in philosophy, evolution in science, agnosticism as to the divine Nature are three factors which have discredited faith in Providence. They really produced only a temporary set-back, for they compelled religious and social thinkers to re-examine their premises. The shallowness of the new Humanism is seen in its lack of buoyancy, and though it has outgrown the parochial theory of existence it has not yet adjusted itself to the forces of the world-order. Book I, on "The Christian Theory of Providence," shows how the center of gravity has shifted from authority to experience. Dean Inge has pointed out in *The Platonic Tradition in English Religious Thought* that we must distinguish between "religion in itself" and "things about religion." Indeed, religion has produced contrary results, and yet, as Otto has reminded us in *The Idea of the Holy*, the sense of religious awareness of the Numinous or the Divine is the most real and universal of all human experiences. Its most intensive and satisfying utterance is found in Christianity. Note the reasons given by Doctor Griffith-Jones for this conclusion (58ff.). The word Providence implies a God of unbounded wisdom, goodness and power, whose activities demonstrate his sustaining operations and his moral government in the furtherance of his all-controlling ends. What, then, is the relation of the divine sovereignty and foreknowledge to human freedom, and what is the significance of contingencies? (67ff.) The truth of the personality of God emphasizes the ideas of the universal consciousness and the continuous interest of God in all happenings, and it establishes God as the Sovereign Ruler and Lord. Such an acceptance of the universe as a dynamic system of reality provides for miracles and prayer (107). It is far more intelligent than the Buddhist idea of *Karma*, that excludes all thought of Providence and enslaves man to a chain of fate.

The problem of purpose is the subject of Book II. Doctor Griffith-Jones discusses the three main views of evolution. He rejects the Hegelian or idealistic theory and the naturalistic theory because they conceive of a block universe which is only the reverse side of a mechanism. The epigenetic theory is more satisfactory because it treats of reality not as a fixed quantity determined by the past or the future but as a creative process in the present (126ff.). It further makes a place for the Christian conception of God as personal and enhances the intrinsic worth of the individual human soul. Why is the mechanistic view of life inconclusive? (135f.) The criticisms of the maladjustments of life and of what seems to be waste overlook the truth that the universe is a developing order. Nature really observes a close and rigid economy and even death is to be

explained by the principle of natural selection (161ff.). Indeed, the divine Providence covers the whole drama of life. The process is not yet complete, the living world is one of ends, its intrinsic and extrinsic aspects set forth an inner purposefulness making for the ascent of man and for the manifestation of moral and spiritual values.

The gravity of the problem of evil is duly acknowledged. When Doctor Griffith-Jones declares that "reason alone cannot handle so dark and painful a mystery," he does not give away his case. What he means is that there is no readymade solution. Reason must be supplemented by faith, which is not a fatalistic surrender to the inevitable but an energetic exercise of the soul which penetrates through life's discords and affirms ultimate deliverances through the mercy of God (249).

Book III takes up some of the difficulties. The chapter on "Evil as Limitation" notes the painful pressures of experience involved in the inequalities and contrasts of human life, against which men have always rebelled. What are the disciplinary values of limitation for the maturity of character? (203ff.) Life is not a struggle for existence but for excellence, and they who reached the heights did so with much travail of hardship. Some unfortunate experiences might have been avoided, but constituted as we are, misjudgments of error have not been wholly due to moral perversity, but often to inevitable contingencies. Note the important distinctions between pain and suffering and between joy and happiness (219f.). What function is performed by pain? (240ff.) Our kindness to animals need not be lessened when we acknowledge that "the amount and intensity of suffering in the animate creation is far less than the exaggerated accounts given by some observers of animal life, and the morbid sympathy of many humane people, would lead us to believe" (239). One of the deepest mysteries of life has to do with vicarious suffering. The Cross helps us to understand how such suffering becomes ennobled even when its purposes are not immediately realized (243ff.).

The nature of sin as evil is best understood when contrasted with the fact of good. From the standpoint of Christian Theism, "Good is that moral attitude and conduct which are in accord with the nature of God and with his holy and loving purpose for the world of moral beings whom he has created for the attainment of a spiritual character realized in loving and obedient fellowship with himself" (256). According to this view evil did not originate with God, nor is it a principle coordinate with the Creator. The Gnostic dualism between matter and spirit, the Alexandrian variant of this dualism between flesh and spirit, and the Greek or psychological theory that regards sin as originating in ignorance, are all fallacious. They have a defective grasp of personal relationships as the real sphere of ethical action. The essential superiority of the biblical conception lies in locating the origin and guilt of sin in the human will (292). Modern views which regard evil as an illusion or as a necessary and inevitable element in the progressive nature of man fail to reckon with the final end of creation, which is the development of the spiritual life. Consider also man's greater proneness to evil than to good and

it will be seen that sin is not a form of imperfection but a willful transgression. Christianity is preeminently the religion of redemption. In the person of Jesus Christ God entered the stream of human history, not in the way of "a divine intrusion" but of a new departure. This entrance is perfectly consistent in the realm of personality and conserves the truth of the divine sovereignty in a world of human freedom and evil (303ff.).

The final reconciliation is yet in the future. This is not understood by the pessimist who affirms an overplus of evil, nor by the optimist who looks at life through rose-colored spectacles. It is the Christian mellorist who sees the whole of life, the sordid and the sublime, the evil and the good, not merely in their contrasts but in those gracious processes where the morally repulsive is redeemed by the spiritually attractive. For instance, *The Golden Bough*, by Sir James G. Frazer, unfolds a tale of hazardous struggles, bloody sacrifices, tortuous and torturing exhibitions. To the sympathetic imagination these are not evidences of brutality and barbarism but of the persistent quest of the human soul for fellowship with God. We see not yet all things subjected to the Lord of life but a meditative view of the pageant of human life, from the standpoint of the redemptive purpose of God-in Christ, gives us assurance that the one far-off divine event shall yet be realized "in the End beyond the end," that God may be all in all.

Side Reading

The Christian Doctrine of the Godhead. By A. E. GARVIE (Doran, \$4). Section II, on "The Love of God," ably relates the divine transcendence to the divine immanence with reference to the modern theories and problems of evil and redemption, and shows how the truth of the divine Providence revealed in Jesus Christ furnishes an acceptable answer.

Landmarks in the Struggle Between Science and Religion. By J. Y. SIMPSON (Doran, \$2). This most instructive survey of the unavoidable conflicts in the quest for truth has many lessons for the advocates of religion, who have not always appeared to advantage, largely because they misunderstood the aims of science. Such a conciliatory and constructive exposition is most timely. The chapters on "Creation Human and Divine," "The Conception of Natural Law," "The Idea of Progress," and "Jesus' View of the Universe," are particularly helpful toward a clearer appreciation of the world-order, which unfolds the holy, wise and powerful governance of God over all his creatures.

For further information about books in general, address *Reading Course*, care of the METHODIST REVIEW, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

OSCAR L. JOSEPH.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
I. SOME PRESENT-DAY LATIN-AMERICAN PROBLEMS	839
Professor WILLIAM W. SWEET, Ph.D., Greencastle, Ind.	
II. LUTHER'S MESSAGE TO US.....	849
Professor A. W. NAGLER, Ph.D., Evanston, Ill.	
III. WOMAN AND WAR.....	859
The Reverend GEORGE MACADAM, Glencoe, Ill.	
IV. THE WARRING MOODS OF MAN.....	873
The Reverend FRED W. MORROW, Corvallis, Ore.	
V. IS CHRISTIANITY THE ABSOLUTE RELIGION?.....	879
HARRY SARGENT SCARBOROUGH, D.D. (Deceased).	
VI. THE SOUL OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.....	890
The Reverend WALTER E. HAVIGHURST, Boston School of Theology.	
VII. SATAN.....	897
Professor ROBERT H. PREIFFER, Ph.D., Cambridge, Mass.	
VIII. A GRAVE OF FAME.....	903
WILLIAM EDWIN TILBOE, D.D., Los Angeles, Cal.	
IX. HIS INHERITANCE.....	917
ALFRED RAYMOND JOHNS, D.D., Muskegon, Mich.	
X. SAINT FRANCIS OF PROTESTANTISM.....	925
F. TRALANCIA, Rome, Italy.	
XI. THE CASE FOR PERSONALISM TO-DAY.....	929
Professor H. OSBORNE RYDER, Ph.D., St. Paul, Minn.	
XII. THE GENIUS OF METHODISM.....	934
The Reverend J. J. HOFFMANN, Chicago, Ill.	
XIII. POEMS: GOD'S LOVE, by Emma Elliott, 896; A CHRISTMAS SONNET, by Emma Elliott, 924.	
EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS:	
NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS.....	942
A Franciscan Christmas Lyric, 942; Bimonthly Brevities, 943; The Word Was Made Flesh, 946; Gloria in Excelsis, 950; Not Servants, But Friends, 957; Marks of the Kingdom, 959; Two Centenarian Methodist Preachers, 961.	
THE HOUSE OF THE INTERPRETER.....	964
Moses: Law Liver and Law Giver, 964.	
THE ARENA.....	966
Will the Churches Ever Unite? 966; Humor in the Pulpit, 968; Zebedee 2,000 Years After, 970; The Centenary of Joseph Arch, 971.	
BIBLICAL RESEARCH.....	973
The Brand of Jesus, Gal. 6. 17, 973.	
FOREIGN OUTLOOK.....	975
The Separation of Church and State in Germany, 975.	
OUR BOOKSHELF.....	980
Luccock and Hutchinson's Story of Methodism, 980; Kelley's My Gray Gull, 980; Hayes' The Heights of Christian Love, 981; Selwyn's Essays Catholic and Critical, 982; Clutton-Brock's Essays on Religion 982; Rope's The Text of Acts, 983; Manson's Christ's View of the Kingdom of God, 984; Bonaiuti's Gesù il Cristo, 986; Hurst's History of Christian Literature, 987; Hutton's Greek Point of View, 988; Osborn's The Heritage of Greece and the Legacy of Rome, 988; Bulcock's the Passing and the Permanent in Saint Paul, 989; Bryden's The Spirit of Jesus in Saint Paul, 989; Foakes-Jackson's The Life of Saint Paul, 989; For Youth and their Leaders (7 Books), 991; Tolley's Alumni Record of Drew Theological Seminary, 993; Books in Brief, 994.	
READING COURSE.....	999
An Outline of Christianity. In Five Volumes.	

WHO'S WHO IN THE REVIEW

THE frontispiece in this issue is a portrait of two centenarian Methodist preachers still living, sketches of whom can be found in the Editorial Department.

Professor WILLIAM W. SWEET, Ph.D., a well-known historian, has charge of that department in DePauw University. . . . Professor A. W. NAGLER, Ph.D., is an assistant professor of church history in Garrett Biblical Institute.

THE Rev. GEORGE MACADAM is a Methodist pastor at Glencoe, Ill. . . . The Rev. FRED W. MORROW is minister of the First Congregational Church, Corvallis, Oregon.

HARRY SARGEANT SCARBOROUGH, D.D., an honored member of the New York East Conference, died September 22, 1925. His wife has furnished the REVIEW this posthumous article. . . . The Rev. WALTER E. HAVIGHURST, of the Illinois Conference, is attending the Boston University School of Theology. . . . In this same theological school Professor ROBERT H. PFIEFFER, Ph.D., is an instructor.

WILLIAM EDWIN TILROE, D.D., is professor in historical theology in the Maclay School of Religion, University of Southern California.

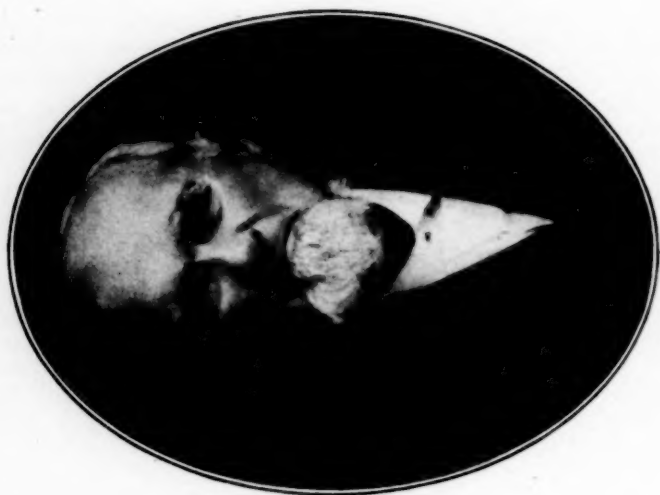
ALFRED RAYMOND JOHNS, D.D., has charge of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, Muskegon, Mich. . . . Miss EMMA ELLIOTT, who contributes poetry, is a sister of the EDITOR of this REVIEW.

FULVIO TRALASCIA is an assistant editor of the *Evangelista*, a weekly paper of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Rome, Italy.

Professor H. OSBORNE RYDER, Ph.D., teaches literature in Hamlin University. . . . The Rev. J. J. HOFFMAN is in charge of the Sangamon Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Chicago, Ill.

Among writers of portions of the Editorial Departments are the Rev. NORMAN McLEOD, a Southern Methodist pastor, Troy, Alabama; the Rev. PAUL BARTON, El Dorado Springs, Mo., and Bishop JOHN L. NUELSEN, D.D., of Zurich, Switzerland, in charge of the Central European Area of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

W. V. D. ne



JAMES R. LATHROP
Born Nov. 2, 1825



EDWARD STUART BEST
Born Sept. 3, 1824

TWO CENTENARIAN METHODIST MINISTERS